

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1905

THE COMMERCIALIZATION OF LITERATURE

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A RECENT little volume containing *A Publisher's Confession*,¹ has been received with enough interest to lead the editor of the *Atlantic* to believe that the views of another publisher upon some of the points discussed in it, and perhaps upon one or two others, may not be unwelcome. But I should say frankly that the general subject is one where analysis can be only qualitative, seldom quantitative; where conclusions cannot always be demonstrated, and are in unusual danger of being influenced by temperament; and that my own conclusions are open to special weakness from my having reached the age when a man is apt to become *laudator temporis acti*. But realizing at least these dangers, I shall guard against them as well as I can.

While our confessing publisher is evidently up to the requirements of his trade, he is also alive to the higher responsibilities of what he is pleased persistently to call his "profession;" and in connection with it he even uses such a word as "glory." He says: "The great difficulty is to recognize literature when it first comes in at the door, for one quality of literature is that it is not likely even to know itself. . . . To know its royal qualities at once under strange and new garments, — that is to be a great publisher, and the glory of that achievement is as great as it ever was." Now if such words as "profession" and "glory" tend to make any publisher more faithful to his higher responsibilities, much can be said in justification of them. But many things

need saying on the other side, — among them not a few for which the publishers themselves, or many of them, are responsible. Hence I fear this may turn out an essay in "the gentle art of making enemies;" but I trust that the cause justifies the risk.

A "profession" is generally understood to be conducted only by men whose qualifications have been approved by a body of experts; but anybody who has enough cash or credit to start the business can be a publisher: a publisher who gave me more than one bit of good advice in my callow days was a jolly, ignorant Irishman who had lately been a porter in a bookshop. The services of professional men are paid for by their clients; but publishers (the best of them) generally pay their clients, and seldom accept work for which their clients pay them. Men in a profession consider it anything but professional to advertise; but publishers advertise more, probably, in proportion to their chances of return, than any other traders. Men in a profession consider it unprofessional openly to seek clients, and not only unprofessional, but disgraceful, to seek one another's clients; but publishers are more and more being drawn into these habits.

Yet there certainly are features of publishing which rise to a professional dignity. In addition to the stimulating utterance already quoted, our author justly says: "From one point of view the publisher is a manufacturer and a salesman. From another point of view he is the personal friend and sympathetic adviser of authors, — a man who has a knowledge

¹ *A Publisher's Confession*. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

of literature and whose judgment is worth having. . . . We know something about books, about the book market, about the public, that no author is likely to know. With this knowledge we can serve those that write; and with our knowledge of the author and of his work, we can serve the public. . . . A publisher who is worthy of his calling regards himself as an educator of the public . . . no publishing house can win and keep a place on the highest level that does not have at least one man who possesses this true publishing personality."

Farther, it may be remembered that a few publishers exercise an appreciation of literature in large superiority to financial considerations, often giving their efforts and money to the exploitation of what they believe good, even when they believe that it is a kind of good too far outside of general appreciation to bring them any adequate direct return. Yet no man with views broad enough to command success can be unconscious that the indirect returns of judicious indulgence in such a policy may be very satisfactory indeed. Professional, too, may be considered many of a publisher's activities, — such as suggesting the titles (a weak point with new authors and not a few old ones) and determining the style and suggesting the illustration and decoration of his books. Higher still, perhaps, is his frequent suggestion of the topics of books, or perhaps the topics and arrangement of a great series of books, and the selection of men of the capacities requisite to carry out his ideas.

These functions are certainly professional. How far the American publishers are living up to them, we shall have some indications as we go on. Yet in considering them, as it is always well to see both sides, we may bear in mind the story of the first Appleton saying to that splendid gentleman, his son William: "The only misgiving I have regarding your success after I am gone, arises from my having noticed in you some symptoms of literary taste." But on the other side, all that our

author says goes to support the view that books are not bricks, and that the more they are treated as bricks, the more they tend to become like bricks, — the more authors seek publishers solely with reference to what they will pay in the day's market, the more publishers bid against one another as stock brokers do, and the more they market their wares as the soulless articles of ordinary commerce are marketed, the more books tend to become soulless things.

Our confessor, or, canonically speaking, our penitent, virtually limits his consideration to the publication of books of literature from living writers, — "miscellaneous books," as we call them in the trade, as distinct from technical books on the one hand, and established classics on the other. I will follow his discussion of the relations of author and publisher, of publishers to one another, and of the publisher to his market.

I AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER

Touching the relations of authors and publishers of such books, he says: "It is a personal service that the publisher does for the author, and almost as personal a service as the physician for his patient, or the lawyer for his client. It is not merely a commercial service. Men of most crafts work with their fellows, and they forget how much encouragement they owe to this fellowship. A dreary task is made light by it, and monotonous labor is robbed of its weariness. Lawyers work with clients and with associated and opposing lawyers. Even teachers have the companionship of their pupils in the work. But the writer works alone. Almost the first man to be taken into his confidence about his work is his publisher. A peculiarly close friendship follows in many cases — in most cases, perhaps, certainly in most cases when the author's books are successful. Almost every writer wishes to consult somebody. If they do not wish advice, they at least wish sympathy. Every book is talked over with somebody. . . . A publishing house needs a

head — an owner — who will read every important manuscript, and freely or frankly talk or write about it, and can give sympathetic suggestions."

As confession is in order, perhaps I may not be too forward in saying that while I am writing this, I am sending to press the second manuscript of one heretofore unprinted work, and the third of another, all three rewritings having been made at my instance. There are a good many ways of selling books. The best way is to make books that sell; and, given an author of capacity, his chance of doing that thing is vastly increased by conference with a publisher of capacity, and keeping his books together in the hands of such a publisher. It is not yet proved, however, that in the rewritten manuscripts just alluded to, those conditions meet; and my opinion of the conditions is not shared by several respectable people, among them the ever-delightful Mr. Bernard Shaw, whose name is evidently a corruption of Pshaw, as indicated by his attitude toward things in general; and who, so far as can be ascertained, does not share any opinions whatever. On this topic he has lately said: "Whenever a publisher gives me literary advice I take an instant and hideous revenge on him. I give him business advice. I pose as an economist, a financier, and a man of affairs. I explain what I would do if I were a publisher, and I urge him to double his profits by adopting my methods."

Now if Mr. Shaw has devoted proved capacity for many years to studying the publisher's business, as any publisher worthy of Mr. Shaw must have devoted proved capacity for many years to studying the author's business, such a publisher would highly value Mr. Shaw's advice. I do not know who his English publisher is, but suspicion is cast upon him when his brilliant client says that the author's business advice "always makes the stupid creature quite furious." No man can be much of a publisher without enough sense of humor to keep his temper over anything so charmingly inconsequent as Mr.

Shaw always tries so hard, and so successfully, to be. Most types of talent gain by advice, but there are other types which an ideal publisher would no more attempt to regulate than he would attempt to regulate a lightning flash or a humming-bird or a box of monkeys; success is impossible, and if it were attained, the charm would be destroyed.

Mr. Shaw's *non sequitur* regarding reciprocal advice, and the race-track view of his relation to his publisher, which he stated in his well-known article, are strong arguments for the very different relations which some consider ideal, — for the need of a man of imagination being steered by a man of affairs — when he is far enough evolved to be steered at all; for the need of a man with whom theory is generally too nimble to settle into conviction, being steered — when he is far enough evolved to be steered at all — by a man to whom theory is nothing before it has had time to settle into conviction.

Of the relation between author and publisher, our penitent farther says: "Having found a real publisher . . . you will discover as your acquaintance ripens, that he has your whole career as a writer in his mind and his plans."

This point may be farther elucidated by some extracts from a recent actual correspondence: —

A publisher to a young author: —

"When I read your book [this member of the house had not read it before publication], I at once issued an order to advertise it more, although we had probably then spent in advertising more than any return we had received. . . . Whether the encouraging recent sales have been the results of this advertising, or of a recognition of the book's merits, God only knows. Now in connection with this increased advertising, naturally arose the question, 'How much?' and in connection with it arose the further question, 'How much, under the circumstances, is for this book alone, or for the author's future? In the latter case, if the future is ours, let her rip; in the former, be cautious.'

"Now while you have apparently felt every disposition to tie up to us, you have not yet been tempted away. Our advertising, however, and the increased sale of the book, are going to send you temptations to untie, that you have never felt before; so I want you to let me know your intentions regarding the future, in order that we may shape our policy now.

"If this request takes you aback, and you do not know exactly how to answer it, read *A Publisher's Confession*, and perhaps you will receive a little help. We have stood by you in the face of a good deal of discouragement, and our faith and hope at last show some prospect of being justified, and probably there are few persons, outside of your immediate personal *entourage*, who will take more satisfaction, unselfish as well as selfish, in that circumstance than we do."

From the author's reply:—

"Your feeling of course is natural and right, that a share in the success which you help an author to win belongs to you; on the other hand, how can he pledge you his 'future?' Are you asking specifically that I promise to offer you every book I write for the rest of my natural days? It seems to me I might as reasonably ask you to pledge yourself to publish every such work. If there is to be an agreement, let it be specific, at any rate. Without any agreement, merely bearing in mind that it is right that you should have a share in what you have helped to create—why, I have a weakness toward living up to my obligations, and consequently a dread of indefinite obligations."

From the publisher's answer:—

"I don't think we need any cast-iron agreement about the future. Our views of the equities and policies of the situation appear to be about the same, and I only wanted to make reasonably sure that they were. I think an author needs a publisher with whom he shall be identified all his days. Of course if he gets a bad one, or the publisher gets a bad author, the need has n't been met. I take these to be your views, and with that impression,

shall feel justified in spending more time and money on your work than if I did not believe that you held them."

By the way, this book responded a little, apparently, to the advertising, and stopped when the advertising did. The advertising was done at a loss. More of this later.

Certainly very different views of the ideal relations between author and publisher are held by a class whose interests in the subject are as real as the publishers'. I refer to the literary agents. Their ideal (though they have begun to see the impracticability of its realization) is that an author shall never see a publisher, and that an author's books shall be scattered among those who will bid highest. I have had literary agents expostulate against my writing to authors whom they had brought me, and I have seen a certain justice in their defining the limits of the intercourse which they have created. The question is where, in justice to all parties, the limits should be placed.

Perhaps some readers need to be told that the literary agent first appeared some dozen or score of years ago, in London. He has found great uses,—great relatively to the little industries of literature,—and great powers. The uses are in finding publishers for new authors, especially authors living away from the literary centres—often steering them away from sharks. He can also be especially useful in serializing matter: for as the periodicals pay all the way from half a cent to fifteen cents a word, it requires an expert to deal with them on behalf of average authors. Moreover, the agent can be very useful in arranging the business of a few authors popular enough to be published in both serial and book form in England, the United States, Canada, and Australia, and sometimes—occasionally through translations—in other places. Although such business could be as well, and perhaps better, arranged by a competent publisher, to such authors as have not been fortunate in their publishers or have

not had confidence in them the agent has been a great convenience, and there is no doubt that at first he materially increased the incomes of some such writers. The most promising author of the present generation told me he could not do without his agent. But Tennyson, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Dickens, not to speak of all who preceded them, did without agents; and somehow the promise of the author I have quoted, who could not, has not been fulfilled. His earliest works were his best, as he frequently says himself. Perhaps some reasons may suggest themselves as we go on.

Among the first things the literary agent set himself to do, in London at least, was to break down the old relation between authors and publishers, and to make the connection mainly a question of which publisher would bid highest. "Business methods" being introduced, and most of the authors who had before been attached — in a double sense — to their respective publishers, being put up to the highest bidder, bidding began with a vengeance. Many a "publisher" without any of the qualities which our author justly declares essential to the publisher's best functions, could or would bid as high as, perhaps higher than, the publisher who had most of these qualities. Young houses felt that they could gain standing, whether they gained money or not, by getting authors of standing; old houses would often "see" the bids, even at a loss, rather than let their authors go; and a few ambitious and perhaps unfriendly rivals would bid beyond all reason, to spite each other. Royalties and payments in advance of them rose wildly. The American agents were of course in the game for English authors, and the fashion spread to our own. I have just been told, reliably, I believe, that one American house pays an author five thousand dollars a year whether he writes or not, and pays him in addition a royalty of twenty per cent on all he does write. Now the publishers who have kept sane, if there are any, know that there is no pro-

fit in paying a twenty per cent royalty before a book has sold from ten to twenty thousand copies, not to speak of a five thousand dollar bonus, representing a royalty of twenty per cent on nearly seventeen thousand more.

Soon tales of the marvels the agents were accomplishing raised the mirage of a new Eldorado in the literary world, and authors flocked to the agents, and placed themselves in their untried hands as confidently as they had ever placed themselves in the hands of the longest-tested publishers. Some assumed, and perhaps some were told, that it was to the publishers' interest to rob them (as if reputation were worth nothing in the publishing trade); but that the agent was inevitably disinterested, except that it was to his interest to get as much as he could for the author, in order to make his own commissions large.

Of course all this army of authors wanted their work serialized, though there are not periodicals enough to contain it. For a time the deft agents insisted on the purchase of serial rights as a condition of book rights, thus saving themselves the trouble of disposing of the serial rights separately, and their authors (and themselves) the risk of their not being disposed of at all; and there were publishers enough to take those risks. In the competition serial rights have been bought for the sake of securing book rights, even when the buyers had no magazine, or not enough magazines, of their own, or any definite idea of any other magazine where the purchase could be put. Often these serial rights died unpublished, and one publisher tells me that he possesses a fine collection of their mummies.

Yet, even under all this stimulus, authorship, except to a very few of its votaries, is not a money-making pursuit. Many men would rather be poor as authors than rich as anything else. But nevertheless these poor men not seldom regard their comparatively rich publishers (there are no positively rich ones) with the feeling general among the poor against

the rich. A literary agent told me that among authors the feeling is quite frequent that the publisher is to be squeezed to the last possible cent. The agents have not been slow to please their clients by falling in with this feeling. Between them, the publisher has lately been treated merely as a *corpus vitum* to be exploited for money. The possibility of there being any thought or feeling, not to speak of aspiration, in him has been ignored. And in many cases the treatment has been richly deserved. Many of them have been tempted into the mean and short-sighted competitions that inevitably recoil; many of them have danced to any tune the agents saw fit to play; and many of them, as the one with the collection of mummies bitterly confessed to me, have been "licking the agents' boots." Let it not be taken, by the way, that this man's confessions are the wails of a suffering victim. He is a capable man, who has wrenched success from the situation, while he utterly disapproved it, and blames himself for his share in upholding it. So far as I know, but one prominent publisher in England and perhaps two or three in America have kept out of the scramble. The agents' standard plea was: "True, Mr. So-and-so is your author, but such a house offers so-and-so for his next book; what am I to do?" In at least one case the answer was: "Do what you please; the argument that another man will make a fool of himself if I don't, does n't appeal to me."

At first the success of the literary agents was literally maddening. One of them had his picture published in classic drapery, and one said to a leading publisher — a man whose position compared with his as that of an established banker in high credit, with that of a new broker — that the agents were needed to see that the publishers did their duty. I do not understand that he stated who was to see that the agents did theirs.

How much the recent astounding failures in the American trade were due to the literary agents, and the British branch

houses' introduction of British advances and royalties into American conditions, is open to question. They certainly helped on the failures somewhat. There have been three serious failures in the English trade since the agent appeared, and two new houses have rapidly grown to considerable dimensions there, without, so far as I know, possessing any of the qualities considered requisite by our penitent, but, rumor says, with an influential literary agent as silent partner.

The state of affairs I have described does not look like one of stable equilibrium. The golden goose was found for the author, — a whole flock of golden geese; and of course they were killed. The number of books that authors could produce was limited, the capacity to publish them was practically unlimited. The bidders who had failed to get "the next book," and perhaps the bidder who succeeded, came up smiling for the book after the next, and so popular authors were sold three or four unwritten books deep, nobody knowing what he was buying, nobody knowing what he was selling: for successful authors often write unsuccessful books; and they never wrote so many unsuccessful ones before. And yet I have been told that the money in these mad trades was often paid in advance of composition. The author was "relieved from all anxiety," and overflowing with gratitude to the agent, the business genius and faithful friend, who had wrought those happy miracles.

But *was* the author "relieved from all anxiety?" Many of these sales of books before they were written were made to periodicals, and for fixed dates. And when the dates came around, perhaps the author wanted to go yachting, or get sick, or indulge in some other rich man's luxury, now that the agent had made him rich. Perhaps, even if he was not an extravagant man, circumstances in himself or near him made work painful, and good work impossible. Yet work had to be done for all this money, — generally, vastly more work than ever had to be

done before,—and what sort has been done in recent years, the reader knows.

How has the literature thus turned out been fitted, both in composition and handling, to the reasonable conditions of the market? In addition to the effect that the system has on the author's literary production, it deprives him of benefits that he ought to have from the publisher's practical criticism and his business enthusiasm. The number of books that can be sold is not a fixed quantity. There is no more a book fund than there is that old superstition of the economists, a "wages fund." The amount of books sold depends more on the kind produced than probably the amount of any other means for using or killing time. It takes a pretty attractive book, in town at least, to keep many people away from other attractions. A good book may not be an attractive one. Whether it is or not, almost anybody can tell better than the author. If it is not, a good publisher is apt to see how it can be made so; and a very good publisher, how it can be made so without prejudice to its artistic quality. But to give his best advice, he must have his heart in the work, and must know not only the book, but his man, and be in sympathy with him. This is not an affair of hours or days, but of a long intimacy, such as has occasionally adorned the records of literature and human nature.

Now, as our author says, such a relation as this, once started, has no place for the literary agent. He writes: "As soon as a writer and a publisher have come into a personal relation that is mutually profitable and pleasant, a 'go-between' has no place. There is no legitimate function for him."

But this should be supplemented by admitting that sometimes, in spite of the best intentions, the agent may have established a "personal relation" that is not "profitable and pleasant," and he may then be very useful in dissolving it and seeking another. And even when the relation is profitable and pleasant, human nature being what it is, there may be, in

spite of obvious dangers to harmony, a justification for a person so unbusiness-like as the author generally is, supplementing himself with a business adviser to look over contracts and royalty statements,—a sort of lawyer and auditor. I do not see how any publisher could fairly object to his closest client having an agent to go that far,—if he would stop there. But I unhesitatingly say that in carrying his functions farther, the agent has been the parent of most serious abuses has become a very serious detriment to literature and a leech on the author, sucking blood entirely out of proportion to his later services; and has already begun to defeat himself. These are hard truths, and I shall probably find it expensive to tell them; but they need telling, and I am trying to do justice on the better side of the agent's activities as well.

The literary agent naturally wishes to have a hand in the author's whole career, and a publisher entertaining the same desire should be slow to find fault with him. Moreover, this desire for a permanent grip on the author should not be laid entirely to avarice on the part of the literary agent, from which you and I, Reader, are happily free; but it is partly a matter-of-course outcome of English ways. Over there, more than here, people leave the management of their interests to others; and the hold of those others on the interests is more permanent. If an English real-estate agent rents a house for you, he is apt to expect a future hold on that house; while lately an American agent's efforts to claim the same thing, lost him business. But so far are we from the English ways, that an American literary agent has said to me substantially: "I won't even take my pay in a commission on royalties, because I don't want to depend, for a future connection with an author, on anything but his actual needs, and the quality of my work. I know the temptations."

Those temptations, however, have no terrors for at least one English agent: for I know that an author brought up a per-

manent contract with him as an excuse for being dragged through a particularly disagreeable, not altogether clean, and absolutely unnecessary and (except to the agent) unprofitable piece of business.

Yet, as already indicated, if an author's books go to a given publisher as a matter of course, the literary agent is a very "superfluous necessity" indeed. Therefore he must be more than human if he is not inclined to give a new book to a publisher different from the one who had its predecessor; and as it is to his interest to appear to earn his commissions, he naturally tries to make as big a racket as he can in disposing of each book. Lately one has tried to cover his tracks by disposing of an author's books in couples.

But the publisher who has the present book (or the present couple), knowing that the next one, or the next couple, goes to another house, not seldom through some process that he feels unjustifiable, must be more than human if he takes the interest or the advertising risks in the present book that he would if he were paving the next book's way for his own interest instead of somebody's else. I have heard a publisher, when told by his staff that the outlook of a new book was not as promising as expected, say: "Well, if this one does n't succeed, we'll at least have the consolation of not paving the way for the next one, that Blank robbed us of." Whether this feeling was creditable or not, it was to be reckoned with; and it was inevitably shared by advertising clerks, drummers, — the whole staff.

When I told all this very plainly, a few weeks ago, to an English agent, he had the very ready answer: "Why, I have come to America especially to try to get the scattered books of two authors into the hands of one publisher for each author." I have not seen him since, but I was told yesterday that he had gone back without succeeding. In such a task, he certainly could not have had the heart that forces success.

And now I will reward the reader who has been patient through my much ex-

pounding and theorizing, with a pretty story illustrative of it all. There are dozens of stories like this one, but perhaps not many quite as full of charm and edification.

Some thousands of years ago, more or less, a lovely lady wrote a book, and got an agent (which is a Latin word meaning "doer") to find publishers for it at home and across a big ocean. He sent it to another "doer" of authors and publishers, across the said ocean. This one took it to many publishers, who would not risk it, till at last he had to take it to a crusty old fellow whom men in the doer's trade did not like, because the crusty one thought that they not only minded their business, but minded too many things beyond their business. This old man made a scanty living by picking up jewels which those who had seen them before had consigned to the dust-heap. He thought he saw some jewels between the covers of the new book, and took it at its price.

"But," said he, "pirates will swoop down for these jewels, and the law will not punish them. Moreover," continued the old man, "this book is not worked out as it should be. Tell the lady to work it out in certain ways that I counsel, and to change its name, and we will get the law to say that the pirates shall not touch it in its new shape; and then we can sell more copies, both because it will be a better book, and because the pirates cannot seize upon it." The lady gave heed to the counsel of the crusty old publisher, and he sent her thousands of shekels, when without him she would not have had hundreds.

In course of time the lovely lady wrote another book, and another lady, whom in gallantry we must believe to be only less lovely than the first, went to her and said: "Behold, I am the 'doer' in this place for certain great men in the 'profession' of publishing, across the ocean; and if your first book had been published by them, they are so much greater and wiser than the crusty old man, that they would

have sold twice as many copies as he. Be wise and give unto my great masters this new book of thine." The lovely lady answered: "Go to! How canst thou prove thy bold saying? The crusty old man hath instigated me to make my book better than it was, and he hath saved it from the pirates, and made for me many thousand shekels. He hath been faithful unto me, and I will be faithful unto him."

But the doer of literature near the old man, learning these things, went to the masters of the lady second in loveliness only to her who had written the book, and said: "How many shekels will ye give in advance on account of the tribute for my lady's second book?" and they answered: "It is not seemly that we of our high profession should make an auction with that old man who hath already done faithful service for thy lady. He will do faithful service for her yet again."

But the doer proceeded to do, in his subtle way. And the men of the great profession wanted the book sorely, that it might add to their fame, even if not to their store, so at last they said: "Well, if we must, we will give thee in advance four thousand shekels." Then the doer went straightway to do the old man, and said unto him: "Lo! other men in the great profession will let my lady have no peace, but they come to her with great offerings for her new book. Wilt thou offer as much as they?" And the old man answered: "So many shekels as that book will make for the lovely lady, that many shall she have; but it is not seemly that because strange men with strange reasons crave that book, the lady should take from me piles of shekels so many that her book may perchance not restore them, and that so there will remain big holes in my little store. So much money as the book shall return unto me for her just share while it is new and men clamor for it, will I give, month by month, and not wait for the time of yearly settlement. Mayhap in that way, the lady will soon have more shekels than my reluctant brothers in the 'profession' have offered to advance."

But the doer said: "The lady hath sore desire for what profane men, not in great professions like thine, call C.O.D." And the young men who worked with that crusty old man, labored with him, and brought forth a doctrine that of late had grown of great power in the "profession," which is to say: "Business is Business," Business being the name of the god most worshiped in that land. And so the old man, being of much religiousness, though thinking he had not been well treated, yielded to the teachings alleged of the god, and suffered that the doer should do him. Yet it should be chronicled that no harm came to him from the doing, though much might have come but for the protection of the gods.

And then, after two or three moons, came the lovely lady, like Venus, over the foam of the sea, and the crusty old man did glad homage to her, not cherishing it against her that her doer, or her doer's doer, had caused him to be done. And she seemed to find under his hard aspect something to make her most gracious unto him. And he put on fresh raiment, and though the sun was passing hot, encased his hands in the yellow skins of dogs, and took the lovely lady to nibble viands and sip wine; and she did talk and smile — talk and smile so sweetly that he — Oh, Paris, shepherd of Mount Ida! And they talked of all things, from the jewels on the lady's hands to the reasons why their souls should live forever, because to each the soul of the other was so — so congenial, as the Romans said, signifying that they were born to find joy in talking together.

And among the many things they talked of was that second book. And the old man, having learned many tricks of books, told her certain tricks for the bettering of that book also, tricks which he and she joyfully did together. And she told him of a third book she would write, and indeed of a fourth, and gave him two or three little pieces which she had even then written for the third. And they made

him to laugh and marvel and admire very much, and to tell her still more tricks to use in the writing of books. Moreover, she gave unto him books that she had written before the book that he had first seen, that he might counsel the putting into them of more of his strange tricks, and that he might publish them also, in form and with names that should both be for their bettering and save them from the pirates. And among the tricks was one to make what they thought would be as great a thing as had yet been written down. And the lady too thought of new tricks; and among their tricks they had much glee, and more still of what the Romans named congeniality.

And after a season that they both said was — like the bitten tail of a terrier offered vainly for a prize — “all too short,” the lovely lady sailed back to her home, but leaving the old man a consolation, which was also like the terrier’s tail, — something, but not enough, — in that they should write much about all the things they had talked over, and many more (if any were left); and that she would, in the fullness of time, send him the new books, and the old ones with the new tricks and new names, and they should remember in them the happy hours when they had made devices for their bettering, — and should also make together many more shekels.

Of course, before the sailing of her fairy bark, they stepped down together to the front of the stage, and sang a beautiful duet, in which his lines ended with art, and heart, and smart, and part; and her lines ended with prize, and ties, and other skies, and flies, — the verb, not the substantives that get onto the sugar: they came in later.

And being parted, they wrote much to each other. And was n’t it all beautiful, and was n’t the crusty old man proud of his “profession!”

Meanwhile the stage had been set for a new act. The fellow with green tights all over him, and a big red wig, and elec-

tric bulbs over his eyes and in his ears, — you know that fellow, — even Beelzebub, or Sathanas, for he hath many names; or mayhap even Mefisto, who hath red tights, — they began to get in their fine work. They instigated the doer and the doer’s doer, who had already done the old publisher, to do certain other things after their manner. And after they had done them, the doer’s doer came into the old publisher’s office, and said: “The lovely lady is going to write another book.”

“I’m aware of it,” said the old publisher: for he had long been peculiarly aware of it, and did not see the necessity of anybody who had not been privy to their counsels sticking in his oar.

“What advance wilt thou agree to make on it?” asked the doer.

“Not one cent.” The old man was mad now, and did not talk figurative shekels.

“But why? You know that you would be safe, and other publishers are offering large sums.”

“Those publishers have not the relations to this lady’s work that I have, as you know very well. My relations do not justify your trying to sell me something I have not seen, even if anything can justify such a way of doing business. It is not decent to put me on a par with gamblers who consent to such a way. I ‘saw’ their bids, indecent as the whole proceeding was, on the second book, because then I knew what the first book had done, and had also seen the second book. But my prognosis from even all that knowledge may be mistaken. Public taste is fickle, but I was willing to take the risk. Now, before the second book is tried, and before the third book is even written, you come and ask me to bid on it. This sort of thing evolved by you agents is sending literature to the devil. That may be none of my business. But it’s sending the publishing business to the devil, too, and that *is* my business.”

“But,” asked the agent, “is n’t it all as much the fault of the publishers as of the agents?”

"So you say, and you're half right, — mainly, however, because you and your kind began by putting publishers up to it. But they're not the sort of publishers I am. If I can't make a living in this trade without doing that sort of thing, I'll go into some trade that's at least honest enough to profess to be what it is. I'd respect myself more if I kept a professed gambling house at once, than such a publishing house."

"But here are these offers, — I can't help people making them." (He had begun, the competing publishers say, by worrying the offers out.) "What am I to do? I owe something to the author's interests."

"You may not be a wise judge of her interests, and you are working for your own. If you owe anything to her, it is to leave her where she is. You did us both a good service in establishing our relations, and you've been well paid for it. Your legitimate service ended there. There's nothing more for you to do, unless by breaking the relations up. You know I will do my full duty by her, and pay her all her book warrants. Your legitimate function is ended. You can continue only to her detriment and mine. I will not be forced into taking whatever risks may be taken by anybody who needs authors worse than I do, and who will do *any* foolish thing to get them. I won't advance a large sum on a manuscript before I see it, and in this case, as a matter of principle, I won't advance anything. You ask me what you shall do. Do what you please."

"But you may be throwing away two books. Did n't she speak to you of still another?"

"I don't care if I'm throwing away two thousand. This sort of thing has got to stop, or I've got to."

"Well, if all publishers took the ground you do, the agent's lot would be in some respects a less unhappy one."

"Yes, for then he'd be doing real services, instead of the pretended ones he's making mischief with half the time now."

"Well, I have no authority. I must refer the matter to my principals. I've only acted under instructions, you know."

The story is too long already. The results can be summed up briefly. The agent did not come near the publisher again, even with the auctioneer's usual warning of "last call." The third book, and a fourth, went where the American agent had got the bids. The author received four thousand dollars advance on the second book. Had her agent exacted no advance, but taken the royalties month by month, long before she got any more she would have had nearer eight thousand dollars.

The three books, if with the same publisher, could have been made to support each other in many ways that they could not with different publishers; the publisher of the first two could not push them as lavishly as he could if he had expected the third; very probably the "advance" for which the agent separated them was, like the advance on the second book, less than the publisher would have paid in monthly royalties; and the author paid the agent ten or fifteen per cent of all she got, for doing worse than nothing.

The London agent said that *she* decided to place her third book away from her old friend. She said the matter was entirely in her agent's hands. The New York agent said the competing firm pestered him with bids. The competing firm said that he pestered them to get bids. The New York agent said that he closely followed the orders of the London agent. The London agent said that he gave no instructions to get bids.

The competing firm said that it never takes a book without seeing the manuscript, but that it made an exception in this case of the "third book," and took it after seeing a third of the manuscript. The author said that they never saw a tenth of it. The competing firm said that they went for the author only to get material for their magazine. They hawked

the serial right around to other magazines, and got it into none, so far as I have ever seen; and never offered the book-right, which they said was merely an incidental consideration, to the publisher of the previous books.

The London agent said he offered the third book to the publisher of the second, before he offered it to anybody else. A New York publisher outside of the muddle read from a written memorandum that he refused the third book in London months before it was offered to the publisher of the second book. The London agent then admitted that he did so offer it, but at a "bluff price" which he knew the publisher would refuse. That "bluff price" was the one which, I learn on good authority, the agent eventually got.

The fact that each party to the proceeding tried to put the responsibility for it upon the others, shows what they all really thought of it.

Such situations are inseparable from pushing the agent's business beyond its legitimate functions: for it unquestionably has legitimate functions, even beneficial ones. But the pretense of doing a service where none is really done, inevitably becomes underhand and deceitful, and infects all who are brought in contact with it. Its first victim is the author: his business interests are torn away from a place where they ought to support each other, and grow strong in unity, symmetry, and breadth, as long as they grow at all; they are transplanted for a similar brief, abortive experience into new soil; the care of them is shifted constantly to people unaccustomed to them, and not permitted long to accumulate knowledge or interest regarding them; and their growth in all soils is forced, until their productiveness loses in strength and quality. For all these pretended and far worse than useless services, the author is mulcted in heavy commissions to the agent so long as his books sell.

The other victim, the publisher, loses so much of the legitimate reward of his labors as is inherent in future crops; his

interests in authors are narrowed to the moment and to dollars and cents; the dignity and intellectuality possible to his functions — his professional career, as distinct from his money-grubbing career — are destroyed; and his old-time friendships with his authors and "professional" brethren are reduced to games of dog-eat-dog.

But while much of the blame for this belongs to the literary agents, it does not all belong to them. A pursuit that requires no qualifications for admission cannot always be kept up to professional standards: if a business open to everybody is to have a professional character, it requires from such of its members as are capable of appreciating professional standards, all the more rigorous and strenuous observance of them. In the forty-odd years that I have been a publisher, there never before has been so little of that observance among the recognized members of the trade as there is to-day. And as to such relations with authors as prevailed in the days of Fields and the elder Putnam (*Stampa non rupta*), it is at least suggestive that while our penitent names some existing publishers because of their business talent, it did not come in his way to name any because of their sympathy with literature.

II PUBLISHER AND PUBLISHER

We have already somewhat anticipated our second topic, — the relations of publishers to one another, — and have to some extent indicated how those relations affect the author. As we consider them farther, more of this will appear. Our confessing publisher says: —

"It was once a matter of honor that one publisher should respect the relation established between another publisher and a writer, as a physician respects the relation established between another physician and a patient. Three or four of the best publishing houses still live and work by this code. And they have the respect of all the book world. But there are others — others who keep 'literary

drummers,' men who go to see popular writers and solicit books. The authors of very popular books themselves also — some of them, at least — put themselves up at auction, going from publisher to publisher, or threatening to go. This is demoralization and commercialization with a vengeance. But it is the sin of the authors."

Not entirely theirs, I think. A little history may elucidate this matter. Considering that I am on record more than once against "Philosophical Anarchy," it is strange for me to have to testify that never were the relations to one another of American publishers so near our author's "professional" ideal, as for some score of years while the part of their property then most valuable (their English reprints) was unprotected by law. But sometimes, when I have stated this, I have been told that they were an exceptional body of men; and certain it is that a very different body of men soon used that absence of law to destroy the property of the "exceptional body," and force them to work their hardest to secure an international copyright law to protect it. Thus, through the best illustration in favor of *Philosophical Anarchy* that I know of, it was again proved impracticable in an unphilosophical world.

At first American publishing consisted principally in reprinting British works as they could be got. At the outset they were seldom paid for, and American publishers often reprinted on one another. As anybody who could get a printer to trust him or unite with him could print an English book, it soon became a matter of self-interest among American publishers to respect one another's rights: it gradually became the custom to leave the first publisher of an English reprint undisturbed, and to respect arrangements with British authors, and then to leave an author's later books to the publisher who had introduced him. This practice extended to relations with American authors, and from about 1870 to 1890, no American publisher, among the first dozen, would

have been more apt to think of approaching an author identified with another publisher, than men in other professions would be to think of approaching one another's clients.

But, as already indicated, this state of things was too ideal to be general or permanent. Soon arose a lot of jackals who took no risks on new British authors, but whenever one made a success, issued a cheap edition of his book in competition with the house which had taken the risk of the initial edition. Although the international copyright law about cleaned these gentry out, — so many of them as had survived their mutual throat-cutting, — they were succeeded among the publishers who take risks, by some who had not grown up under the old traditions of courtesy, and who, as soon as another's risk on a new author is justified, exert every means, from the dinner-table to the auction block, to get hold of the author. To the credit of the "profession," it can be said that the three houses most active in this way — who turn up as regularly as the three interesting Anabaptists turn up in Meyerbeer's *Prophet* — are in a sense new houses: one of them is literally new, another is an old house under new management, and the third is new in the publication of general literature. While the pirates against whom the international copyright law was leveled were generally unknown in the society of gentlemen, these successors belong to the "profession" and the best clubs.

Such is the result of putting the rude hand of law to the work which before had been done by the gentle hand of courtesy. The law has been abundantly justified, but its introduction, like the introduction of all improved machinery, has wrought much incidental harm. The kind of competition it has engendered must in time destroy itself: it is not only suicidal to the interests of the publishers, but it is also destructive of that continuity of relation between authors and publishers which is of at least as much importance to the authors as to the publishers. Much of this

was because the literary agent got in his fine work; and because the security of literary property bought in London led to the placing there of many American publishers' agents (some have since been withdrawn), who, being generally young, emulous, and ambitious to justify themselves, would do almost anything to secure an author. The fashions spread from there to America, until now there remain only a scant half dozen houses governed in their relations with one another by what were once, and perhaps should be still, regarded as the instincts of gentlemen.

And yet these instincts sometimes lead to unexpected trouble. For instance: an eminent author and valued friend of mine includes in his big intellectual outfit some strong business capacities. An agent of another valued friend — a publisher — tried to get a book from this author. The author told me that the other house had been after him, and that he had concluded to give his book to the higher bidder. I wrote at once that I would not do business in that unprofessional way, and then went to ask my publishing friend if we were to follow the practices of some newer men, and go after each others' authors. He said: "Of course not!" disclaimed the act of his agent, and added that he had *decided before I came*, as I had decided, not to go into any such auction as proposed. But whoever had the writing of his letter announcing this decision to the author, put the decision *on the ground* that I had objected to their competing. My author-friend wrote me that I had gotten up a boycotting conspiracy against him, and he sent his book to a third house. It was long before I found out how the matter had been represented from the office of my publisher-friend. When I did (through the peace-making labors of a common friend of the author and myself, at whose house we had often met), the necessary explanations were made; I confessed that I never before had seen "professional courtesy" quite from the author's point of view; harmony at

least was restored, and he sent me his next book.

It's a hard question, this of reconciling the author's right to the benefits of competition with the maintenance of anything like professional courtesy between publishers. But how about the same question among lawyers and doctors? A continuity of relation is as important in the one case as in the others. An intelligent publisher will do justice, even as a matter of mere business policy, without needing to be forced by competition. But certainly professional courtesy should not be carried as far as I once carried it in my young and quixotic days, when an eminent author brought me a work, of his own accord, and I declined it because he would not assert that he had cause of complaint against his then publisher. He now publishes "all over the place," and of course has no publisher with any abiding interest in him; and his books do not support each other as they would if tied together. Partly in consequence of this, his sales are small, though his fame is large.

III PUBLISHER AND PUBLIC

We now come to our third topic, the relations of the publisher to his market, and the effect of them upon the author.

A notable feature of recent publishing has been the growth of advertising, and a consideration of it, though not apt to be as interesting as that of some other features, may be at least as instructive.

Our author begins his treatment of it by saying:—

"About the advertising of books nobody knows anything." I have to take issue at the outset with this statement. There are several things known about the advertising of books,—among them, that it must be paid for, whether it repays or not; that it can repay only through the books that would not be sold without it; that probably more of it, in proportion to sales, is now done for books than for any other merchandise; and that it is like poking the fire,—everybody (but our

author) believes he can do it better than anybody else.

Before illustrating this last point by my own beliefs, I may give a more amusing illustration from recent experience. An American woman became enthusiastic over a novel by an English woman, and wanted to do all she could for its success. Among other efforts, she warned the author that her American publishers were "smothering it" with inadequate advertising. The letter crossed one from the author to her American publishers, saying that her English publisher (presumably a competent and not over-lenient judge), who had just returned from a visit to America, "says you are advertising it splendidly." The book is a brilliant success in America, and it probably would have been without any advertising at all.

Our author, despite his disclaimer, goes on to show that he knows several more things about advertising. In various ways he substantially supports the following propositions, which I have distilled from his expressions:—

1. Books cannot pay for advertising, like things which everybody uses and which are sold everywhere.
2. Books are not generally long-lived: so their advertising must do its work in a short time or not at all.
3. Some books do not need advertising.
4. Some books cannot be made to sell by advertising.
5. The sale of some books can be helped by advertising.
6. There is great danger of a publisher advertising too much.
7. It is not wise to advertise before a book shows its quality, on the chance that the book will pay for it.

On this point our author goes so far as to say: "I have sometimes thought that your upright publisher, if there be one, would risk nothing in advertising a new book by an unknown writer, until the book began itself to show some vitality in the market."

He has "sometimes thought!" Why, I have been in business over forty years, and I never thought anything else, if by "nothing" is to be understood nothing beyond enough to let the makers of opinion know that such a book exists.

Of the opposite policy, our author says very wisely: "It is only now and then that a novel has a big 'run' by this method. The public does not see the hundreds of failures. It sees only the occasional accidental success. . . . This is not publishing. It is not even commercialism. It is a form of gambling."

Now, despite our author's modesty, those seven propositions seem to contain a pretty good theory of book advertising. Let us consider them more fully. There are three classes of books: the first class do not need advertising; the second class cannot be helped by it; and the third class can. Much money spent on class one is wasted: every expert knows that there was no more money spent in advertising *Called Back*, *Ben Hur*, *David Harum*, *The Honorable Peter Stirling*, *Looking Backward*, or *The Prisoner of Zenda*, than in advertising the general run of books. All money spent on class two is wasted. Money can be profitably spent, then, only on class three.

Yet these classes shade into one another, and there is no way of telling in advance to which class books by new and doubtful authors belong: experiments must be tried, and the loss on them must be faced. Yet there is a strong chance against any one such book responding; and if it appears to respond, there is a strong chance that it is only the book's native strength asserting itself, and that it belongs in class one, and does not need much advertising after all. The only dead certainties are that the advertising must be paid for, whether the book responds or not, and that the response will not last long, unless it lasts on the inherent power of the book, which puts it above need of much advertising.

"But," would say the advertising agents, "you prove too much: the re-

views would start such a book: so it needs no advertising at all."

My answer would be: I believe that to be nearer the case than most people would think. But a little advertising, to remind busy people, may not be a waste, whatever much may be.

Plainly, then, experiments should be tried very tentatively, stopped as soon as a book is found not to need advertising or not to respond to it, and then continued tentatively on others.

Now I am going to make a very startling assertion, which probably the majority of publishers will not at first sight agree with, — *the sales of books that do not need much advertising constitute the bulk of the miscellaneous publishing business, and nearly all of the business done at a profit; while books that will not return dollar for dollar spent in advertising, make up the bulk of the remainder.* If this is true, my class three, that will return a profit on advertising, *cannot* be a very large class. The advertiser's art, then, is in recognizing this minor class; but generally he employs that art so little, that his greatest expense is wasted on the other classes.

I know a book which, after trial, appeared unable to respond. When its fate seemed fixed, one of the firm publishing it read it for the first time, and concluded that, after all, it must be able to respond. He ordered it advertised more, and it did respond, but only about enough to return the advertising; and when the advertising stopped, the sales stopped. He only exchanged one dollar for another, if indeed he did as well as that; and he had his labor for his pains. The experiment only proved, as nearly all such experiments do, that the book belonged where the first experiment had put it, among those unable to respond. The same was true of the book touching which I have quoted some correspondence with a young author. I believe the cases are typical of the vast majority of books.

What is the reasonable average amount to experiment with? On a book by an

unknown or doubtful author (and the vast majority of books published are by such), before the reviews come out, I say little, if any: for nobody will pay any attention before a favorable review can be quoted, unless the publisher himself can give a very convincing puff, and get a skeptical world to believe it disinterested — a likely case! In this I may be taking issue with our penitent, who has a very slight opinion of the effect of reviews, — apparently slighter, even, than my opinion of the effect of advertising. If there is not enough favorable reviewing to quote, advertising money would better be saved, and the book let go to its predestined death, — unless the author's saying that the death was the publisher's fault, is more damage than the loss of the advertising money.

One of my staff has asked: "How would this affect the bookseller's first orders?" and others may ask the same question. My answer is that, for a book by an unknown author, the difference would be too small to be worth taking into account, unless the orders are inflated by means — including premature advertising — that cost more than they effect. A few books will be ordered, anyhow, as our author points out, before any considerable advertising would begin, even if reviews were not waited for.

But when there is something to go on, either from an author's reputation, or from notices, what is a reasonable amount to start the advertising experiment with? Has the reader patience for a few figures? A liberal advertiser told me: "When I want to boom a book, I start with \$800;" but of course he does not often dare very early to boom an uncertain book. We were discussing one whose predecessor had sold some 3000 copies, and he thought \$200 a reasonable start for it. That amount will make the "opinion-makers" well aware of a book's existence and character, and seems a fair one to assume for an average. But it would use up all the profits of a \$1.50 novel selling 2000 copies, after plates and its share of office

expenses are paid. It is twice too much to risk on the four books out of five that will not average 2000 apiece. The trouble is to know *which* four. A generation ago nobody thought of starting an average book with more than half of \$200, and the books in the "Leisure Hour Series" did very well on less than half. But advertising cost less then than now (largely because the publishers have lavishly increased the demand for it), and the New York papers used to do the work for the West, which they do not now. Well, let us be bold and enterprising: for that's the present fashion, and risk \$300 on each book. Where do we come out? Take as an example a house that advertises thirty new books a year. As we have figured, \$9000 would be a very liberal amount for it to spend in initial advertising before books show to which class they belong.

But our author says, "Even a small general publishing house must spend as much as \$30,000 or \$50,000 a year, in general advertising," and a house advertising thirty books a year, is not a very small one. Then such a house either wastes money on classes one and two, that do not need advertising or will not respond to it, or spends from \$20,000 to \$40,000 a year on class three, — more than twice as much on a very minor part of its sales, as on all the rest. This may be wise, but is it probably so? Of course all figuring on the question must be based on assumptions and guess-work, and results can at best be but conjectural. The best figuring I can do converges toward indications that, with the output we have been considering, a house advertising thirty books a year may, with fair success, reach a year's sale of about 200,000 copies of them, of which 80,000 would be fairly apt to come in class three. Half of these, say 40,000, could reasonably be expected to pay for their advertising. A net profit on them, exclusive of advertising, would reasonably be about \$15,000; then the "small publishing house" would, according to our author's figures, have to pay

out of this \$15,000, from \$20,000 to \$40,000 in advertising.

Now I have proved too much, or our author has asserted an error, or our publishing house has failed. Each is probably the case. But I figured according to my best knowledge, throwing all doubtful details against the conclusion reached, and without any idea where I was coming out, except the general idea that most publishers advertise vastly more than they can afford.

But perhaps our author's statement was erroneous, or at least needs some qualification. When he wrote of small houses spending from \$30,000 to \$50,000, and a big house spending \$250,000, he probably included what was spent on advertising magazines, and at full prices in the pages of the advertiser's own magazines, and in circulars and postage, and, I suspect, in some cases on drummers, school-book agents, and even on advertising dinners. Now, the dozen publishers who meet at monthly lunches in New York are the leaders of the trade there, and I *know* that at least one of them never spent over \$25,000 in any one year in newspaper and periodical advertising of books; I have excellent reason to believe that a second never did; and that a third, whom I suspect of being one of the richest men in the group, never spent half of it. And the "income bonds" of the \$250,000 advertiser have lately been offered at fifteen cents on the dollar!

I cannot but think that lately many American publishers were as crazy about advertising as the Dutch ever were about tulips, or the French about the Mississippi Bubble. This belief is supported by the facts that they are now advertising much less; that some think they are still advertising too much, but nevertheless let competition force them to it; and that none, so far as I know, think they are advertising too little. It is not long since the proprietor of the paper in which probably they advertised most, used to laugh at them, saying: "But I think I can stand it as long as they can." I state this on the

authority of one of his staff. He may laugh still, for all I know: he is not without cause.

The history of the craze was substantially this: Some years ago a bookseller published a novel. All booksellers want to publish (just as all publishers want to criticise, and all critics want to create); and all booksellers think that publishers do not advertise enough. This one did advertise enough, — more than anybody had ever advertised before. His novel reached an enormous sale, and he attributed it to the advertising. He published more novels, and advertised them in the same way. Some of them took: he had a keen scent for novels that would take, but he believed that they took because of the advertising. He noticed a phenomenon which he reported to an author, and the author reported it to me. As nearly as I can, I reproduce the words; they were: "I set aside, for advertising, a sum, say \$50,000." (\$50,000 would absorb the profits, after royalties and reasonable office expenses were paid, of at least 250,000 books, and I doubt if one in five of this man's books, or any other man's, have sold 250,000. But the author told me \$50,000, whether the bookseller told him that amount or not.) The story went on: "I spend, say, \$4000, and the book hardly moves. I spend \$4000 more, and the movement is noticeable. I spend \$4000 more, and the movement is rapid. I spend \$4000 more, and it becomes a perfect rush. I spend the rest of the \$50,000, and the rush keeps up." He made these remarks quite early in his experience. He probably did not tell the fact that most of the great "sellers" before his day went through something the same course, without having more money than usual spent on advertising them, — sold very little until they began to find themselves, or the public began to find them. *Peter Stirling's* third year was its best, — long after anybody had thought of advertising it. Its experience was perhaps extreme, but it was quite of the usual kind. That of *Ben Hur* I un-

derstand to have been substantially the same.

The first boomer's booming, of course, made imitators, and while they were making so much noise, nobody else could be heard without making a good deal of noise too: so publishers generally began increasing their advertising. In this advertising avalanche, the two greatest and oldest houses went under, not mainly because of it, perhaps, but who shall say which pound turns the scale?

Nevertheless, advertising became a charm, a fetic, a "great medicine," a thing to be taken whenever anything went wrong. One day the papers contained the intelligence that a great house had failed; the next day *The Times* had a full-page advertisement from it; and within two or three days, one or two more, unless my memory is at fault. Competition spread the rage. After the great houses went down, the struggle for the front place among the survivors settled down into a duel. If one combatant took half a page of *The Times*, in the next issue the other had a page. If one had a page, the other took two. Once, I think, one of them had three. Now, a page in *The Times* is all very well for a department store that appeals to everybody, and does more business than all the advertising publishers put together, but these publishers' flinging pages at each other had no more real "business" in it, than if they had competed in the size of their watch-chains or scarf-pins, and some slow people thought it about as dignified; but most of the rest of the "profession" followed the fashion the two and the original boomer had set. When I joked one of the leaders about it, he said: "Well, this year I've spent only \$25,000 more than usual." Now in publishing, \$25,000 is a good deal of money. Of course it is not much in Wall Street, but there are not a dozen publishers in America who ever averaged that amount of clear annual profit out of publishing widely advertised books; I doubt if there are six; I should not be surprised if there were not one. Half a dozen

who publish "miscellaneous books" have made as much, — several times as much, but it has been contributed to by books that were not of the kind extensively advertised. Our author says: "There is not a publisher in the United States who is to-day making any large sum of money on his general trade."

Moreover, despite the big figures of our boomer, and even of our confessing publisher, \$25,000 is a big fraction of what any publisher has spent in book advertising in one year, even in the mad days.

The authors have been as wild as the publishers, or would have been if they were in the publishers' case, — the money they propose to spend, their own, and the only certain profit, somebody's else. I have known at least two to propose as a condition of entrusting publishers with books, that more should be spent on advertising them than I believe to have been the entire profits of their next preceding books. Probably the authors had not figured on the situation; and I think I have known cases where publishers did not seem to figure any more than these authors did.

Well, I have learned from sources that convince me, that the discoverer of the magic of advertising has not found his later experience confirmatory of his earlier, and I know that for *some* reason he does not advertise nearly as much as he did. But his authors have made money: for, unless I read all the signs wrongly, he, generous soul, has spent two dollars that he might give them one. For this, in these latter days, are we publishers!

Much observation and not a few figures satisfy me that even in a conservative house, from three quarters of the new books more money goes to the advertising mediums, and even to the much-pitied author, than to the publisher; and that from one book out of five, money goes to them and merely goes away from him.

In England they have been bitten by the same mania. A brief story will sufficiently illustrate its influence on both

authors and publishers. A very enterprising London publisher lately told me that he had spent a large sum filling the front page of a London daily paper with an advertisement of a certain book. I exclaimed: "Why, great Heavens, man, have you sunk to our level? And do you expect to get your money back?" His answer was (I think I can give it substantially *verbatim*): "No, I shan't get the money back directly, but it will give authors a great idea of my enterprise, and I may get one or two big ones to pay for it." Now, if his judgment was sound (and it generally is), English authors have been commercialized by *some* influence, so that they can now be expected to be attracted by a style of advertising which would have repelled them a dozen years ago. And the English literature of our generation (not to speak of the American) abundantly illustrates the proposition.

Yet it is wise to advertise some things widely, why not books? Glance back at the first three propositions supported by our author, and then consider what things are most advertised, — patent medicines, drinks, tobaccos, food stuffs, clothes, real estate, investments, and other things demanded by everybody with money to pay for them.

There is the advertising that appeals to the eye, and the advertising that appeals to the intelligence. One shapes popular habit, independently of deliberation: everybody has eyes, and everybody uses food and shoes; so this kind of advertising may take root anywhere, and it pays to scatter it.

But the eighty million people using food and shoes in the United States did not include a hundred thousand who would buy a single book advertised last year, and probably do not include fifty thousand who spend as much on books as they do on shoes. Whatever the number, they are the very people least affected by the sort of advertising that appeals to habit. Let them know sufficiently clearly what there is in the market that they may

care for, and they will make up their minds whether they want it or not; and the more damnable iteration you bother them with, the more apt you will be to turn them away. Very little advertising beyond that which appeals to the intelligence can pay for itself if addressed to them.

Moreover, books are generally short-lived. Not only does a small portion of the public want any one book, but it does not "want that little long." It takes longer than most books live to advertise into a paying reputation even a shoe or a soap — or any other thing which everybody wants; and the few books that do live that long, are those that do not need advertising at all.

In the things most widely advertised, too, there is most competition. But the competition between books is relatively small. A book is a thing by itself: there is nothing like it, as one shoe is like another, or as one kind of whiskey is like another. Intelligent book buyers want *that* book; no other will fill its place; no amount of advertising of another will substitute it.

The next lower class of buyers, and a very large and respectable one, — with a love of books, but without faculty or energy always to make up their own minds, — depend largely upon the advice of their booksellers; but these booksellers often *are* able to make up their own minds, and are comparatively little influenced by advertising. On the other hand, however, one of the most intelligent of them thinks that so far as the readers make up their own minds, they are influenced more by a flaring advertisement than by a full and capable review: they will not read the review, while the big letters of the advertisement impress them at a glance. These very big letters, however, under normal conditions of advertising, — conditions which the trade has wandered away from, but, I think, is drifting back to, — arouse the skepticism of the bookseller, who does more to make up such a reader's mind than the reader does himself.

Yet many buyers of the lower range of books *are* largely influenced by clap-trap and imitation. But the amount of money necessary to affect this grade of mind, regarding even a thing that everybody wants, is so great that the booming publishers themselves do not approximate it. More than a generation ago, when advertising cost vastly less than it does now, and vastly less was needed for any special result, a wholesale druggist told me that a concern in his line which had a very good thing for universal and persistent use, failed because they had only \$250,000 to advertise it.

Professor Cooley says that competition varies inversely as the intelligence and character of the customers appealed to. In other words, it is not on books alone that people of intelligence and character make up their own minds. What he says is as true of competition in advertising, as of any other competition. Is it too much to say that the vilest things are most widely advertised, and that wide advertising, while it has its justifications, inevitably has, unless it conveys knowledge that people actually want, a note of vulgarity? Is there anything more alien to its coarser features than books? And yet, of late years, the broadside page, the loudest type, the showiest pictures, the street-car sign, even the circus form of poster, have been dragged into the advertising of books, till now it has got to the point where many discriminating people discriminate against books much advertised.

But although, for all these reasons, publishers' advertisements seem to be in great part wasted as far as the large majority of the public is concerned, they can appeal to their special public through special organs. Yet here is so good a publisher as our penitent plainly is, saying, "The old-fashioned way was to insert a brief, simple, dignified announcement of every book, as is still done in *The Spectator*, of London, for example. Good; but such an advertisement does n't go very

far. A very few thousand persons see it. They wait until the books are reviewed or till some friend or authority speaks about them. For this perfectly good reason, some publishers do not insert many advertisements in those publications that go only to the literary class,—they are to a degree superfluous. Those that are inserted, are inserted to give the publishers and the books a certain 'standing,' and to keep pleasant the relations between the publishers and these journals."

Now I am bold enough to believe that our author's "perfectly good reason" is entirely overborne by vastly better ones,—that those "very few thousand persons" are the only persons to whom books can be profitably advertised; and that a book's fate is sealed by what is said about it by them; in other words, by the "friend or authority" most readers "wait for." The friend or authority naturally belongs among those who habitually read book advertisements, and look into the new books; one of them recommends one book, and one another; they differ as much as the doctors; they praise all the way from *The Crisis* to the *Synthetic Philosophy*; but what they say determines what books people are going to begin to buy. After they have begun to buy, the general opinion decides what books are going to be favorably talked about, and are going to continue to sell. No advertising materially influences this general verdict. Any amount of it that can be done, in a dozen or two papers, must generally, even in the matter of space, be a trifle beside the reviews in hundreds of papers; and microscopic beside the reviews, favorable or unfavorable, in general conversation. And yet even the immense mass of printed reviews has little influence. Our author says it has none. Why, then, spend large amounts of money for advertising space that, compared with the review-space, is a trifle, and must have even less relative influence? The sales of many books can be somewhat influenced by keeping the public reminded of them, as they are reminded that they

"need a biscuit,"—the more vulgar the public, the more vulgar the reminder,—but not with as profitable results, seldom with any profitable results at all; often, as our author states again and again, with fatal loss.

It would appear, then, unless there is some big flaw in the reasoning, that the wide advertising lately indulged in by the publishers is in imitation of methods which, though very successful regarding some other utilities, are falsely reasoned regarding books; and that they are falsely reasoned is doubly indicated by their being in entire disregard of all previous experience, by their being now distinctly on the decline, and by there having been, as shown, abundant adventitious causes for their meteoric appearance.

The state of affairs I have described in connection with the advertising craze, was also promoted by the passage of the International Copyright Law. One unquestionable result of that law was that, instead of mainly relying on English fiction as before, America "found herself:" within a decade after the passage of the law, American novels reached enormous sales. Moreover, as there was no longer fear of the reprint, these novels were issued in much more substantial form and at much higher prices than the non-copyright English ones had generally been, and publication of them was so profitable as to attract new publishers and authors. A lot of adventurers, including established men of adventurous disposition, were led to think they had found still another Eldorado, and they began a competition fiercer than ever before dreamed of, in advertising, drumming, discounts, credits, royalties, and advances to authors. In the latter particular, English standards had been, as already said, introduced by the English literary agents, and the American agents of British houses, and introduced in spite of the fact that, while American prices are the same, American drumming, advertising, and transporting have to

be done over much larger territory, and American competitive spirit has bred much larger discounts. Hardly any houses escaped the infection of these things. The most dignified and conservative were forced into some of the antics of the most reckless: unless they performed them, authors thought that they lacked enterprise, and went to those whose "enterprise" was beyond all question.

It need hardly be said that when the new raw country "found itself" in literature, the literature was of a corresponding kind. As far as selling power was concerned, the centre of literary production moved to the centre of population, away from the coast, which had been more directly under the influence of the culture accumulated in the older world. At first the stir created by the enormous sales, acting under the "Laws of Imitation," set many people reading, if only out of curiosity, books to which they would not ordinarily have condescended; and made the larger indiscriminating hosts confine themselves to these books, to the loss of their old chance of occasionally lighting on better ones. When booming was at its height, a retailer told me: "My customers come in and ask 'What's the seller?' and take it." All this has made it more and more difficult to get books that are not "sellers" fairly before the public, without an amount of advertising, drumming, discounts, and credits, that makes them unprofitable; or even, with all those risks, to sell them in profitable numbers. Literature, in fact, is (as Dr. Holmes would perhaps have condescended to say) crowded into the cellar, and in all seriousness, its situation is dark enough to justify the pun.

Moreover, as any "saleslady" can identify and sell a "seller" as well as the most accomplished bibliophile, the book business has gone largely, if not mainly, into the department stores. Certainly, despite the great increase of population during the last fifteen years, the book-stores have not increased, nor have the

educated booksellers, who are almost as good guides as the educated librarians.

The increased number of authors led to an increased number of great "sellers;" but the population and the total number of books read did not keep pace with the increase of authors: therefore, as the total sales had to be divided among an increased number of writers, the sale of each particular book began to diminish. The diminution appears to have been increased by a falling-off in the fiction reading habit, — or at least the habit of reading such fiction. The total result was lately indicated to me by a publisher who issues as many "sellers" as anybody, in the remark that: "Lately, the hundred-thousand-men have had to put up with sales of twenty-five thousand." But at the rate most publishers have lately been advertising and paying advances, about the same money is apt to be spent on a 25,000 book as on a 100,000 book. The profit, therefore, has got to begin somewhere in the 75,000 that are not sold. As a consequence, advertising has already diminished, and, apparently, drumming, discounts, "advances," and royalties have got to follow: for a cure at the other end, by forcing prices up to meet all this extravagance, seems, in spite of our author's opinion, out of the question.

There is some hope, however, in the fact that now there is faintly visible a tendency to inquire regarding a book: "Is it a seller?" and to avoid it if it is. The present seller, too, is a great advance on the "yellow-covered literature" of the same class of readers of a generation ago. But it will take yet a long time to get the enormous public which is at last educated up to the seller, educated beyond it to a different sort of seller. On the other hand, many of the other class of readers have been brought down to the seller, partly by the force of imitation, as illustrated by my bookseller's customers, and partly by the increased rarity of anything better, some of the reasons for which we have seen.

The history we have surveyed certainly justifies our penitent in saying:—"Authorship and publishing—the whole business of producing contemporaneous literature—has for the moment a decided commercial squint."

But he adds: "It would be wrong to say, as one sometimes hears it said, that it has been degraded; for it has probably not suffered as nearly a complete commercialization as the law has suffered, for instance."

I fail to see the *sequitur*, and I think that his admission does not state the gravity of the case. I think that he puts it so mildly because he evidently began business when the commercializing was well under way, and therefore does not appreciate the total increase of it. My opinion, based upon a very long experience, is that the remarkable concurrence of the many exceptional conditions I have described,—the piracy under the old non-copyright license, the chaos of the transition from the old license to the new law, the advertising mania, the mad competition stimulated by the literary agent,—has produced a strange and abnormal condition in publishing, and that this condition is destructive and cannot last. It has already wrought great ruin, and how much more ruin it must work before a healthy condition can arise, and how that ruin can be minimized, is matter for anxious consideration. One class of remedies is clear, if the trade has character enough to apply them,—more subordination of the present to the future, more avoidance of petty games that two can play at, more faith in the business value of the golden rule, more feeling for the higher possibilities of their "profession," and more plain, homely, commonplace self-respect. The publishers probably have their human share of the needed virtues; but they have been strangely and sorely tried.

During all this time of upheaval and chaos, the experiments that make up the miscellaneous publishing business, even in the calmest times, have grown much

more expensive. As our author indicates, drumming has been introduced, and advertising has been quadrupled,—doubled both in cost and volume,—dummies are sent out with the drummers, posters have become works of art, and each novel must have a fifty-dollar cover-design, where a couple of dollars' worth of lettering used to fill the bill. Yet not as many books pay for themselves as did before; but the few that do sell, sell more widely, and thus may still do their share to pay the losses and expenses on the rest. Hence the mad quest of the golden seller, the mad payment to the man who has once produced it, and the mad advertising of doubtful books in the hope of creating the seller,—by pictures, dummies, big letters and other methods fit only for candy, whiskey, tobacco, and other articles of unlimited sale. All this reacts, as has been explained, to crush out all books but the seller.

Even temperately conducted, the miscellaneous publishing business—the kind that advertises and, to a large extent, the kind that drums—is an extremely hazardous business. A hazardous business must select its risks carefully, and therefore cannot successfully be a large one, relative to its rate of possible profit. At its wisest, it must be a small business with large margins for profits. The only living American publisher whom I know to have retired with a competence was in a business conducted on this principle, and his chief reason for retiring was the recent tendency to drive publishing into a large business with small margins for profit. Such a business is practicable in staples, for which there is always a market; but is not practicable for experimental books, many of which sell virtually not at all, and three quarters of which, even in the hands of the wisest experimenter or the wildest boomer, do not sell enough to pay for outlay and trouble. Until this very obvious lesson is learned, more houses must fail, or depend upon other publishing than that of miscellaneous books.

As to the authors: largely at the expense of the publishers who have been paying abnormal advertising bills, abnormal advances, and abnormal royalties, authorship has become a business to get rich in. The literature of our mother tongue has been commercialized to an extent not dreamed of in any time of which I have knowledge; and — let him who will, say *post hoc propter hoc* — within our generation our literature has fallen to a lower estate than it knew for generations before. The priest who entered the temple with bowed head and under the vow of poverty has been replaced by the man with the yacht and the motor-car. This morning I saw that an author of national, probably international, reputation is entered to ride in a horse race. Certainly the author is seeking more and more the amusements and the society that are alien to his art, and his reverence for his art is gone.

Yet the unsuccessful authors are a larger majority than before. More and more men have taken up the profession

as a means of livelihood, and entered upon what generally proves a most oppressive slavery — the dependence of the man of only average power upon his pen for daily bread. Few men have ever done it happily. Until these new, and, I trust, transient, conditions, most good authors, from Shakespeare down, have had other resources. There are some pursuits in which it is almost as dangerous to make money the main end, as, in the general conduct of life, it is to make personal happiness the main end; and the higher the pursuit, the greater the danger.

To follow classic precedent, and end where we began, even if by returning to smaller things: along with the deterioration in literature, — whether independently, or as cause, or as effect, — the trade of publishing has come to a pass such that great changes must take place before it can deserve the name of "profession," and before the suggestion in connection with it of anything like "glory," can cease to sadden more than it inspires.

SEED TO THE SOWER

BY SEWELL FORD

It was going to be risky, unusually risky. Sam Trimble admitted as much to himself, and there was little timidity about Sam. He even speculated as to his chances if they should get him before a country grand jury. They would be hostile, those small taxpayers. They always were. Hint to them of a slight juggling with the county funds, and they buzzed like a lot of hornets. You would think each felt a hand on his own pocket-book.

This affair concerned a new courthouse at Cedarton. It had been an unpopular project from the first, and now some of the Freeholders who had voted for it wanted to back out. They looked to Proutt and waited. Proutt was their chairman. He had been the one who had first suggested that the old building ought to go. But now Proutt was non-committal.

Trimble knew the game. Proutt was in the market. After to-day things would be different, for Proutt and Trimble were to meet. Incidental to the meeting would be a little business transaction. Snugly stowed within a long envelope in Trimble's inside pocket were several yellow-backed banknotes of large denomination, — clean, uncreased banknotes, which rattled crisply as he pushed back his lapel to hunt for a cigar.

By to-morrow those crisp banknotes would have changed hands. Likewise Proutt's manner would have altered. To-morrow he would stand for progression, for enterprise, for civic pride. And the county would follow Proutt as sheep follow a bell-wether. Why not? Chairman Proutt owned much real estate, he had a crop of highly respectable white whiskers, he was deacon of a church.

Yet Proutt was in the market, and Trimble was there to buy. It was the par-

ticular kind of business in which Sam Trimble was expert. The judicious distribution of yellow-backed banknotes brought him in a living, a very comfortable, silk-lined, down-padded, gold-mounted living. That his business manoeuvres were often indictable troubled Sam Trimble not at all. It is one thing to do something indictable, and quite another to be indicted. As yet Mr. Trimble had never been indicted. He had skated over some very thin ice, to be sure. Twice he had "appeared;" but once the public prosecutor had experienced a change of heart at the eleventh hour, and once the chief witness had been sent to Europe on a pleasure trip.

Not that the mere handing over to Chairman Proutt of that long envelope would be risky. That was only a preliminary. It would be the things which must inevitably follow that might stir the hornets' nest, might bring that meddlesome grand jury on the scene.

If only that bridge job had been less recent. That had made the tax rate climb. The new courthouse would jump it up another peg or two. Would the taxpayers recognize in the methods of the Colonial Construction Company the methods of the Amalgamated Bridge Building Concern? Mr. Trimble hoped they would not. Chairman Proutt had come through that affair without a blemish. He would be sanguine about this one. Well he might. Who would attempt to accuse Proutt in his own county?

Besides, Proutt covered his tracks like a fox. No checks for him. Catch him putting his name to anything which would not stand the light of day. Why, even this very meeting with Trimble was cloaked by a quarterly church conference. He was there now, probably leading in prayer,

while Mr. Trimble, with the crisp bank-notes in his pocket, awaited his pleasure.

This would be Proutt's programme throughout. If things went wrong, if some meddler stumbled on the irregularities which were scheduled to follow, who would be the first to take up the hue and cry? Why, Proutt. Trimble, you see, knew the variety. But when it is your business to take chances, you take 'em.

Still, Trimble wished that for this once the grand jury possibility might be a trifle more remote. Ordinarily he would have faced the risk smilingly. Here, however, were outside complications. If, for instance, he should find himself mixed up with a grand jury at any time during the next three or four months it would be confoundedly awkward. Edith would n't like it. He was going to marry Edith. Honeymooning under bail was not a cheerful prospect, even to the exuberant soul of Sam Trimble.

With this reflection there recurred to him an unanswered proposal which the morning's mail had brought. Five years before he would have hailed it as manna from the sky, accepted it off-hand. But then he had not discovered the gentle art of raiding county treasuries through the medium of sub-let contracts. Now anything else would seem slow and tame to him. Even grand juries can lend a spice to life. What was ten thousand a year? Why, this courthouse job ought to be good for thirty, net. He and Edith would just about need that much, at the start; for Edith was quite used to the things which such sums could buy. Mr. Trimble was getting used to them, too. Yes, he must take the risk. He had set out to give Cedarton a brand new courthouse, and that was what Cedarton must have. The Colonial Construction Company needed the money. Mr. Trimble was positive about this, for he was the Company.

Having disposed of his momentary hesitation, Mr. Trimble leaned luxuriously back in a wide-armed wicker chair, lighted a cigar, and allowed his dark, audacious eyes to wander approvingly

around the palm-decked sun room of the enormous hostelry in which he found himself a guest. It was the most expensive hotel in this most expensive of pine-belt winter resorts. For this reason he had chosen it. Mr. Trimble had a comfortable, if not an original theory that the best was none too good for him.

Looking at him casually you would have said that Mr. Trimble was entirely in harmony with his present surroundings. It was not simply that he was a well-groomed, handsome fellow. He was more than decorative. To use a trite phrase, he had about him an air of distinction. Perhaps it was the liberal sprinkling of premature white in his otherwise black hair which added this last touch. Also, his figure was erect and his every pose was grace. His fresh-colored, clean-shaven face suggested wholesomeness. A very pleasant face it was.

Those dark, audacious eyes, however, were his strong point. They made the personality of Mr. Sam Trimble a complex problem. Women, seeing the gray hair above the youthful cheeks, concluded that he had known some great sorrow. After looking into his dark eyes they were certain that he had suffered some grave wrong. Feminine instinct led them to suspect their own sex. This won him much sympathy, too much. Mr. Trimble had been obliged to adopt the habit of declining to answer scented notes. The scores of embroidered things made for him he gave away or burned. He found life sufficiently complicated without avoidable entanglements. So it was not vanity which prompted the niceties of his apparel. These were indulgences to his well-developed sense of luxury.

Mr. Trimble was thinking of ordering a cocktail,—he had almost decided on a Manhattan, with a dash of absinthe in it,—when he became conscious that some one was looking intently at him from the door of the sun room. A moment later the person hesitatingly approached.

Trimble knew him at a glance. Yes, that pallid, ascetic face, the colorless hair,

those big, eager, faintly blue eyes, could belong to none other than "Whitey" Wright. His name was Upshur, but at school the boys had called him "Whitey." He was probably the Reverend Upshur by this time. His clothes indicated as much; at least, they would had they been new. They were somewhat rusty now.

Trimble puffed a little blue ring of cigar smoke up at the tinted ceiling, watching it absorbingly. Perhaps Upshur would not recognize him. No such luck. Timorously, as a new boy in a strange neighborhood, he had crossed the rug-strewn expanse of waxed parquetry, and now he was standing tentatively at his elbow.

Without enthusiasm Trimble regarded the prospect of a reunion with this half-forgotten schoolmate. As a youth, Upshur had been rather a tiresome little prig. He doubted if being a minister had much improved him. The company of a minister he did not in the least desire at that moment, for several obvious reasons, of which the inclination to order a cocktail was not the major.

However, there was no escaping Upshur. He was there. He might as well be accepted cheerfully. In that bright, friendly way of his, a winning smile on his handsome face, a quizzical look in his fascinating eyes, Trimble glanced up.

"It — it's Mr. Trimble, is n't it?" There was a note of repressed eagerness in the soft, rich-toned voice.

"No, just Sam," said Trimble, with a laugh, his hand outstretched. "How are you, Upshur? Pull up a chair. You're the Reverend Upshur now, I expect."

A pleased flush flamed fitfully in the pale face. The faintly blue eyes lighted.

"Yes, I suppose I am. They call me Reverend. But I am most unworthy, Sam, most unworthy."

Trimble grinned appreciatively at the conventional wail. Evidently Upshur was not of the new school. He thought it necessary to lug his canting phrases around with him. Trimble told himself that he might have known "Whitey" Wright would grow into that kind of a preacher.

Well, the only thing to do was to humor him.

"Unworthy!" exclaimed Trimble. "Nonsense! Absurdly modest, you mean. I'll bet there are mighty few wearing your cloth who are more of a credit to it."

"No, no, Samuel! You don't know."

"I knew you as a boy, did n't I?" demanded Trimble.

"Yes, but" —

"Oh, I'll back you, Upshur, against the best of them."

It was good fun for Trimble. Why, "Whitey" was actually blushing. He was taking every word at its face value. What a gullible lot they were, these preachers! And how execrably they dressed! Trimble wondered if Upshur wore those trousers in the pulpit. It must have required years to bag them at the knees like that. Were frayed cuffs a part of the clerical outfit, too? Trimble was very near to feeling sorry for him when he saw those cuffs.

"How are you getting on, Upshur?" he asked.

He rose to this avidly. The eager, pale blue eyes beamed with gratitude and pleasure and kindred emotions, beamed on Mr. Trimble. He forgot to say how he was getting on, in his haste to voice his thankfulness. You might have thought Trimble had dragged him from a floating spar in mid-ocean.

Trimble hardly knew what to make of this gentle demonstration. It was a most unexpected response to his somewhat perfunctory show of interest. But then, Trimble never could quite account for the enthusiasm which he often inspired in his friends.

"Ah, Samuel!" sighed the Reverend Upshur, "you don't know how good it seems to me to meet an old friend at such a time."

"Me too," said Trimble easily. "I was wondering only the other day what had become of you. Have you struck a rich church yet, or are they trying to starve you?"

"The very topic that is uppermost in

my mind, the very one!" promptly responded the Reverend Upshur, emphasizing his words by reaching out a thin hand and gently tapping Trimble's chair-arm. "I have at last, as you put it, Sam, struck a rich church."

"Why, that's good! Congratulations, old man! Let's—er—let's shake on it. Got the deal all cinched—that is, the arrangements are all made, are they?"

The Reverend Upshur sadly waved away the proffered hand.

"No," he sighed; "they are not."

"There's a hitch, eh?"

The Reverend Upshur smiled, just the ghost of a weak little smile, and nodded his head.

"It's here," he said, pressing his hand to his left side, and eclipsing a raw metal button that had once been cloth covered.

Trimble stared. Heart trouble? That was bad.

"I wish I might tell you about it," resumed the Reverend Upshur. "It's a distressing situation, very distressing. I am at the forks of a road, and don't know which way to turn. I must decide to-day, within an hour, almost at once."

Then it was not heart trouble. Trimble felt relieved. Invalids were depressing.

"Wish I could be of some help to you," he returned. Surely, it was a safe enough thing to say.

"Do you? Oh, but you can, Sam. I am sure you can. You will know exactly what I ought to do. May I tell you about it? Do you mind if I do?"

Trimble was fairly caught. After what he had said, how could he refuse such a plea? He could not. He was in for it, that was plain. The grotesque irony of the situation appealed to his sense of humor. He had come down here to bribe a county official into winking at a crooked contract; he found himself asked to advise a minister.

Well, he had often thought he would like to give advice to some of them. Here was his chance. Mr. Trimble had his private opinion of clergymen. It was not flattering to them. Perhaps, after all, he

could not spend a quarter of an hour more to his own satisfaction. So he settled himself comfortably in the big wicker chair, fixed his gaze on the lower branches of a pine tree just outside the sun room windows, and told the Reverend Upshur to blaze away.

The reverend gentleman did not do precisely that, but he came as near to it as he could. The recital was not one calculated to stir the blood. To Trimble it sounded petty and sordid. Briefly, Upshur had been called to a bigger church. He had been offered a salary three times as large as the one on which he had been trying to subsist ever since he had entered the ministry. The change would mean a larger field, more congenial surroundings, many material advantages. It would be a step forward in his career. It would mean more, oh, ever so much more than he could express.

"Well?" asked Trimble, faintly curious, "what stands in your way?"

"I don't know," said the Reverend Upshur wearily. "Sometimes I think it's my conscience, sometimes I think it's only my vanity. You would n't imagine, Sam, that I had much to be vain about, would you? It is my little church. I fear I'm tremendously conceited about that. You see, when I was first sent to the Junction, three years ago, the society had dwindled almost to nothing. There were only five names on the membership roll. How many do you suppose I preached to last Sunday morning?"

Trimble did not hazard an estimate.

"Thirty-nine! Christmas Sunday we had a congregation of forty-five, counting children and the sexton. That's doing rather well at the Junction. And the church building looks different. It has been newly painted—I did most of that myself. It has a new roof—they gave me the shingles at the mill. Did you ever lay any shingles, Sam? It is n't such hard work. It's play compared to sawing cordwood for the stoves. That hurts my back. I must have a warm church, though. But the younger men are getting so that they

help me a lot. They all help me, for that matter. They're all my people. Perhaps they are a little crude in their ways, being section hands and folks from the Pine Barrens, but I have learned to look below the surface. I know every one of them now, almost as well as if I had always lived there. They have been good enough to share all their troubles, all their joys with me. I have christened their babies, said the last words over their old folks as they dropped off, sat at their bedsides when they were ill, at their tables when they made merry. Some of them I have joined in marriage. They — they seem to like me. They say they don't want me to leave them just yet. They seem to feel that they need me. There are two or three young men who do need me, I am sure. They are just groping from darkness toward the light.

"I cannot help but think that if my place should be taken by a stranger, although he would probably be far abler than I, he might not get on so well with those young men. They understand me, and I understand them. We were a long time in getting acquainted. If I should leave them now, I fear they would slip back into darkness."

Abruptly the Reverend Upshur ceased talking. He had clasped his thin hands, there was a far-away look in his eager eyes. Trimble regarded him curiously, indulgently, mentally casting about for some common ground. Having found it, he asked, —

"What does it pay, this little church of yours?"

"With outside aid counted in, four hundred."

"A month?"

The Reverend Upshur gasped. "Four hundred a month! No, four hundred a year."

Trimble did not gasp. He whistled. The frayed cuffs were explained.

"But you can't *live* on that, Upshur!"

"I do, though. I have two nice little rooms. I have learned to cook fairly well, too."

"To cook! You're not married, then?"

The Reverend Upshur blushed. "No — not yet."

"Ah! You want to be?"

"We have agreed to put it off for two or three years more. You see, when this offer came, I could think of nothing but Grace. It seemed to put an end to our waiting. You remember Grace, Sam?"

Trimble did; the girl with the mass of brown hair and a face like St. Cecilia's; one of the sweet, serious kind. Yes, he remembered Grace.

"I was planning to go on after her as soon as the matter was settled. I meant to bring her back as a bride to my installation. I had the letter all written to tell her of our good fortune, when — when I met one of my boys coming to see me. He wanted help. It was then that I realized what it would mean if a stranger should take my place. He would not have come if it had n't been me.

"You can see, can't you, Sam, the things which make it difficult for me to decide? Which is the path of duty? Should I go to this new, this larger field where, as it has been urged, there will be more who need help just as badly; or should I let this opportunity pass and stand by the little band of good souls who would grieve to have me go?"

To say that Trimble was embarrassed hardly states the case accurately. His make-up did not allow such a sensation. He was surprised, perhaps perplexed. Why, in the name of all that was great, should Upshur Wright come to *him* with such a question? As if in answer to his question the Reverend Upshur immediately told why.

"You can see these things clearer than I, Samuel. You are a man of the highest moral standards, the nicest perceptions. I have only to look at you to know that. I should know it even if I did not remember what a manly, straightforward boy you were. You have followed the narrow path. Show it to me."

Mr. Trimble was undergoing a novel experience. He felt warmed and thrilled

by a sudden inward glow. A subtle, soothing enthusiasm seemed to have arisen within him. It was new, unique. He had known the friendship of many men, had learned to cultivate it, had come to appraise his knack of making friends as a business asset.

But this was different. This was respect, esteem. Mr. Trimble could not recall having made a like impression on any one else. If he had done so it had not been acknowledged. Like a stray beggar in a banquet hall, he sniffed hungrily the unfamiliar incense.

For one precarious instant he poised exultingly on his pedestal before realizing that he could make no move without tumbling ignominiously off. It would be better to jump and land on one's feet.

"Have n't you drawn it a little strong, Upshur, about my high standards, and all that? I don't class myself as much of a moralist."

"Of course you don't, Sam. I can believe that you are entirely unconscious of your own strong integrity. You are one of those noble souls whose eyes are firmly fixed on the path of honor. I can read it in your face, as all men must."

Trimble winced. He cast a quick look of suspicion at the Reverend Upshur. No, he was sincere enough. He meant every word of it. There was that in the eyes which left no doubt of this.

In the rich-toned voice there was a little quaver as he continued: "It is a great privilege for me to meet you in this hour when I am so sadly in need of counsel. But do not allow me to importune you. Take your own good time, Samuel. I will wait until you have thoroughly considered my perplexity, for I have determined to abide by your decision."

"Eh! You have!" Sam Trimble straightened himself in his chair and gazed at this slender, white-faced young minister who beamed upon him with such implicit confidence. "You don't mean that you're going to put it all up to me to say whether you make the move or not?"

"Yes, Samuel," said the Reverend Up-

shur, with complacent resignation. "You may think it mere chance which led me to wander in here and find you. I am convinced that my steps were directed by the great Intelligence. I shall rely absolutely on your advice."

"But, great Scott, man, I can't!" —

With lifted hand the Reverend Upshur stilled his protest.

"I know, Samuel, I know. You hesitate to impose on another consequences which you yourself would so nobly face. But remember, I have prepared myself to pursue either course, cheerfully and gladly, so long as I know it to be the course of duty. Now I am going to leave you for half an hour, that alone you may fight out my battle in your own noble, generous way. Before I go, however, let me review for you, from my own selfish standpoint, the details of my perplexity. On the one hand is my little church, with the handful of loyal, struggling souls who cry out that they need me and wish me to stay. On the other there is my dear, patient Grace, there are the larger opportunities, the material advantages, everything for which I have so longed. You must make the choice for me, Samuel. My future is in your keeping. God bless you!"

Before Trimble could stop him he had wrung his hand, patted him fondly on the shoulder, and, his eager blue eyes blurred by tears, had swiftly quitted the sun room. Too late Trimble leaped to his feet to detain him. He caught only a glimpse of a time-glazed black overcoat and a rusty black derby disappearing behind a palm.

"Well, I'll be damned!" ejaculated Sam Trimble.

Instantly the words rang discordantly in his ears. What if he had let them slip a moment earlier! What would the Reverend Upshur Wright have thought of him if — Here Trimble laughed, a hard, cynical, mirthless little laugh. The Reverend Upshur, indeed! Why should he, Sam Trimble, bother his head with the absurd fantasies of this insignificant shabby, white-livered little Bible-pounder who could worry his picayune soul to a

frazzle over such profitless hair-splitting? Why had he allowed him to go on with all that drivel about his two-by-four church, his dear people, and his precious Gracie? Why had n't he told him plumply to go to the devil?

With angry strides Trimble measured the ample length of the deserted sun room, trying to shake from his aristocratic shoulders the preposterous load which had been so unceremoniously dumped thereon. The effort was in vain. Try as he might, he could not blot out from his mental vision the insistent confidence of those pale blue eyes. Never had man looked at him in that way before. It was nothing less than implicit trust. It invested him with all the virtues, made him the repository of all honor, the censor of all morals. It was utterly ridiculous, but it was almost sublime.

Yes, there was no evading Upshur. In less than half an hour he would be back, fatuously beaming with gratitude, expecting the oracle to speak. Nervously Trimble consulted his watch. Upshur had been gone ten minutes.

Well, he could n't tell him to go to the devil. Trimble could say hard things when necessary, but he was no boor. He shrunk from crushing this marvelous flower of faith, as he would have shrunk from planting his heel on a fresh-cut rose. No, he must play the part as best he could. He must tell the man something.

Examining Upshur's imagined dilemma with so much sincerity as he could command, he attempted to see the affair as Upshur saw it. He found the task wholly beyond his power. Here the fellow was offered a living salary in exchange for a starving one; he was asked to leave his little dead-and-alive Junction for a town of some size where there were probably persons of intelligence and refinement, perhaps a library, more than one mail a day, and bathtubs. Then, too, there was the adorable Grace of the saintly face, — Grace, who counted time only by years as she waited.

There was all this, and Heavens only

knew how much more; and yet the man backed and filled, hemmed and hawed, and got off rubbish about souls in darkness! He wanted him to decide, did he? That was easy enough. He would tell the Reverend Upshur to jump at the chance, to grab it before it slipped by, to get his offer in black and white. Then he could chuck up his two-by-four church, pack his grip, and send for Gracie.

But how would Upshur take this? Would he expect any frills from the oracle? Trimble groaned. Of course he would. He would look for an ethical solution, for moral filigree. He would want to see just how the hair had been split by this marvel of uprightness, Samuel Trimble, whose eighteen-karat goodness was known of all men.

"Devil take the fellow!" muttered Trimble. "I'm no Solomon."

Once more he tackled the job, pacing with quick, restless strides up and down, a smokeless cigar clenched between his white, even teeth.

No, that first solution would n't do. It was too easy. Besides, it could n't be explained. Whatever there was in that rubbish about souls slipping back into darkness, it was evidently very real to the Reverend Upshur Wright. It was more real to him than a decent salary, civilized comforts, books, friends, — than Gracie. It was the one important thing. Trimble could see that now.

It was the veriest bosh, of course; the distorted chimera of a religion-stuffed brain. But it was the thing. Upshur had as good as said so without knowing it.

Then he must give up Gracie, the decent salary, and all the rest. He must stick in the mud. He must cook and shingle and saw wood. He must stand by his two-by-four. It would be rather tough, especially on Gracie. It would be tough enough for Upshur, though. How he had wanted to take this new place! Why, he had trembled at the thought of it! But all the while, behind everything, was that unexplained, inexplicable maggot in his brain which would not let him.

Would it not, though? How substantial, after all, were these bonds which chained him to the martyrdom of existence at this blessed Junction? Would n't they snap rottenly when the real strain came? Of course they would.

Then this grand pow-wow of his was simply the back wave of joy spending itself against the rock of his determination. Keep him from taking this new church, which meant Gracie and all the rest? Why, you could n't drive him from it with a club! What he really needed was to have the hypocrisy shaken out of him. It would do him good. Trimble thought he saw a way to do it.

"Well, Samuel?"

There he was. Trimble raised his eyes from the polished floor to find Upshur standing before him, a tense expectancy in his pallid face.

"You have made your decision, Sam!" exclaimed the Reverend Upshur, a note of repressed excitement in his soft tones. "I can see it in your look, in your very manner. I am ready. What is it to be; go or stay, Grace or — or those needful ones?"

He stood on tiptoe to put both of his white hands on the elegant shoulders of Sam Trimble. His very soul seemed to be listening just back of those eager eyes, so earnest was his gaze.

Calmly, judicially, Trimble looked down at him; not coldly, nor severely, but with an air of sorrowful benevolence. His habitually pleasant mouth lines, and the gray-sprinkled hair framing the warmly tinted face, carried out the effect. Yet this was his thought: "Now for it. Now to hold up to this simple fellow his shallow pretenses. Now to make him squirm."

"Are you quite sure that you ought to leave this thing to me, Wright?" he asked.

"Yes, yes; quite sure."

Trimble eyed him searchingly for a moment. "Let's see," he resumed, "you're getting four hundred at the Junction. The other folks offer twelve, do they?"

"Yes, twelve hundred, and a parson-

age. It is a very comfortable parsonage, too, — eight rooms, furnace-heated, gas. There's a climbing rose over the front door, and a big syringa bush under the study window." He repeated these details as glibly as a priest chanting a prayer.

Trimble smiled. "And you must take up the offer to-day or let it go?"

"Yes, I am to meet Mr. Proutt here, and" —

"Proutt! Proutt of Cedarton?"

"Yes, that is where I have been called, you know. Mr. Proutt is the president of the trustees. He is attending our quarterly conference, and I am to give my decision to him. Do you know Mr. Proutt?"

"A little." Trimble smiled again. "So Proutt is the man you're dealing with, is he? That's nice. Proutt offers you twelve hundred and a parsonage thrown in. But they need you back at the Junction, don't they?"

"I fear they do, Sam."

"Could n't find any one else who would do as much for them as you have, eh?"

"Oh, yes; but not at once. They are such poor folks, and there are so few ministers who can afford or who are willing to take such a pulpit, that it might be a long time before" —

"I see," said Trimble. "But there are a good many more folks in Cedarton, eh?"

"Oh, many more."

"I expect you could make some of them better, could n't you?"

"I hope I could, Sam."

Once more Trimble paused. He seemed to be thinking intently.

"You have fully made up your mind to follow my advice, have you?"

"Absolutely." There was a ring of fanatic courage in the Reverend Upshur's voice as he said it.

"Then, Upshur," Trimble spoke with the measured deliberation of a judge pronouncing sentence, "I guess I shall have to tell you to go back to the Junction."

The tremor of the frail form before him Trimble felt on his shoulders. The eager look failed from the pale blue eyes.

The Reverend Upshur's arms dropped limply to his side. For a moment he stood there with bowed head, a broken, forlorn, pathetic figure in rusty black; stood like one who has been turned away from a threshold, like one sent into exile.

Silently, impassively Trimble waited for the inevitable result, as a student of chemistry watches the working out of a miniature miracle in a test tube. The wait was a brief one. Bravely throwing back his head, revealing the trembling lip, the swimming eyes, the Reverend Upshur grasped Trimble's hand.

"Thank you, Sam," he said huskily. "Thank you, old friend. I — I had sinfully hoped that it might be otherwise. But it could n't, could it? You have kept me in the narrow path. I — I shall go back. God bless you and — and good-bye."

Then he was gone.

Suppose the litmus paper should turn vividly green instead of red in the acid? Suppose the oxygen bubbles should cluster at the bottom of the tube instead of rising? The chemistry student would stare. Sam Trimble stared. He even looked for him to turn at the door and come back to say that he could n't give up Grace, that he could n't return to the Junction.

But he did not come back. Gradually the full impertinence of his meddling dawned on Sam Trimble. The fellow meant to do it! He meant to throw away the chance for which he had waited years, for which he might wait other years before it would come again. And on whose word?

Ugh! Trimble tossed his unlighted cigar carelessly at a palm tub, and sank into a chair. He brushed an impatient hand across his fine, dark eyes. They were no longer audacious eyes. They were watching a forlorn figure in rusty black, a figure that walked with bravely held head toward an unspeakably wretched Junction somewhere off in the dreary waste of sand and pines.

Many minutes he sat there. Then he

got up, crossed to a writing desk, and busied himself with pen and paper.

Trimble was still at the desk when the keen, bead-like eyes of Jeremiah Proutt, shooting wary glances from under bristly white brows, discovered him. The forward thrust head bobbing between the stooped shoulders wagged a salute.

"I am late, Mr. Trimble. I hope you have n't been waiting long." His words came with gurgling smoothness. He held forth a claw-like hand, which Trimble failed to see.

"You are late," said Trimble dryly.

"I was delayed by — er — a very foolish person." Proutt drew a chair to the side of the desk.

"Not a preacher?" suggested Trimble.

"Yes, a preacher." He made a gesture of impatience. "They have no head for business, Trimble."

"Ah! I suppose they have n't." Trimble's gaze was seeking the wary eyes under the white brows. "You have had a lot of experience with all kinds of men, Proutt," he said abruptly. "What is your private opinion of me? Come now, out with it."

The forward thrust head ducked sinuously, and the beady little eyes snapped a swift glance of inquiry across the desk lid.

"Why — er — why, Mr. Trimble," gurgled Proutt oilily, "you don't need to ask that. I am sure we understand each other by this time. I think pretty well of you, of course."

"Do you? Then you're a mighty poor judge, Proutt. I'm a scoundrel, a mean-spirited, miserable scoundrel. I've just found it out, too."

Proutt responded only with another disturbed, darting glance.

"Do you know what I've been doing as I waited here for you?" continued Trimble. "I've been having sport, Proutt; having sport," he repeated bitterly, relentlessly, "with a human being. I did n't know that he was really human until afterwards. I thought he was just an imitation, a mannikin; a slimsy,

bloodless thing with no backbone and only half a mind. I played with him, Proutt, as a cub bear would play with a rag doll, — tossed him up, clawed him, trampled him under foot. And after all, Proutt, he was a man; a man with blood in his veins, with a brain in his head, with a heart under his ribs, and, somewhere about him, a something else, — a soul, I suppose it's called. I have n't one. But he has. I had a glimpse of it. Yet I played with him, and he a real man, ten times, yes, a hundred times more of a man than I ever was or will be. Now, Proutt, what do you think of that?"

Under the stern glitter of Trimble's dark eyes Mr. Proutt's head ducked and bobbed uneasily.

"Er — ahem!" The lean fingers of Proutt's clasped hands were working in and out like yellow shuttles. "It is — er — very interesting, this — er — parable of yours, Mr. Trimble. Quite entertaining. But really, my time is limited, and there is that — er — little matter of business, you know. Could n't we" —

"Business, eh? Oh, yes." Trimble seemed to rouse himself as if waking from a dream. "Business, to be sure." He pushed aside some of the desk furnishings, and tapped with his finger a long envelope which lay there. "What do you imagine is in that envelope, Proutt?"

Proutt chuckled. "A donation, perhaps?"

"Excellent! It is a donation. Could n't guess the amount, could you?"

The little eyes glistened greedily. "Fifteen hundred?"

"Right again! All of which goes to prove that I am several kinds of a scoundrel. You know why I brought that down here, don't you, Proutt? I ought to be ashamed. You're a nice, respectable old gentleman. You've just come from a church conference. And here I am trying to bribe you — Oh, you need n't look frightened; no one's paying any attention to us — trying to bribe you, I say, into a scheme to plunder the public funds. And you're willing to be bribed. Proutt, you're something of a scoundrel yourself."

Mr. Proutt's sinuous neck stiffened. His little eyes stared stonily. "Mr. Trimble!" he protested.

Trimble waved a careless hand at him. "Oh, that's all right, Proutt. I'll save you. You shall not be corrupted this time. I have decided to send that fifteen hundred to the Reverend Upshur Wright as a wedding present. See?" — and he turned over the envelope to show the address.

"Why — er — why, Mr. Trimble, I don't think I understand."

"Don't you?" said Trimble, rising and placing the envelope in his pocket. "Never mind; neither do I — quite. I am going to send it to him, though."

"But our — er — our little business arrangement?"

"It's off," said Trimble briskly. "I'm taking up a new line."

IMMIGRATION AND THE SOUTH

BY ROBERT DE COURCY WARD

THE North finds itself greatly burdened with the many problems which have grown out of, or have at least been greatly aggravated by, the enormous and very indiscriminate immigration of the past few years, and is rapidly becoming convinced of the impossibility, even with unlimited resources of men and money, of properly assimilating this alien population so long as it is crowded into the slums, and so long as the stream of new immigrants continues to pour in with increasing volume. It is clear that the only remedies for existing conditions are, first, a considerable restriction of immigration, and second, the distribution of the present slum populations, as well as of the arriving aliens, through the agricultural districts. The second of these remedies alone is wholly inadequate, for to attempt to relieve the pressure in the crowded cities by dispersing their inhabitants, without at the same time further limiting the numbers of newcomers who pour in, is like trying to keep a boat bailed out without stopping the leak. Distribution alone simply opens the way for a still larger immigration; the overflowing populations of Europe can send ten new immigrants to fill every opening that may thus be created.

While the North is thus preparing to unload some of its alien burdens upon other parts of the country, and in this effort is naturally receiving every possible assistance from the railroad companies, who see in this distribution-scheme a large source of revenue to themselves, the South is developing a new-born zeal for immigration. From many parts of the South there comes a demand for laborers in the cotton fields and on the sugar plantations; in mines, mills, and factories; on the farms and in the cities. Newspapers in the North as well as in the South re-

peat the call, "more labor needed in the South."

It is not difficult to perceive some of the reasons for this new enthusiasm on the part of the South for the immigration which has thus far gone practically altogether into the Northern states.

(1) The rapid growth of manufacturing interests has resulted in a demand for thousands of workmen in mill and factory, which the native population has not been able to meet.

(2) The old methods of working the land, such as "cropping" and renting, which were adopted partly because of the antipathy of the negro to continuous daily work under the wage system, and partly because of the necessities of the planters, have impoverished the land and do not give the best return from it. Diversified or intensive farming will greatly improve existing conditions, and is developing rapidly. It will supply farm products for the growing needs of the manufacturing community and of the plantation, as well as for the Northern markets. It will preserve the fertility of the soil, and reduce the labor cost of the crop. For this diversified farming the negro is by many considered unfitted, while the northern European immigrant, with his skill in this direction, can find good openings throughout the South.

(3) The South has thus far had on the whole an encouraging though somewhat limited experience with aliens of several different nationalities, and therefore naturally favors a larger immigration. In the matter of alien immigration the South has hitherto experienced the benefits of very gentle, scattered, and refreshing showers, without any of the serious consequences of the alien cloudburst which has overwhelmed many Northern communities.

Small Italian colonies, more or less successful in their outcome, have been established at various points, as at Daphne and at Lambeth, Alabama, at Tonitown, Arkansas, and elsewhere. In Texas, Italians have succeeded in cotton and rice culture, in vine-growing and truck-farming. In Louisiana and in Mississippi large numbers of them have proved valuable help on sugar and cotton plantations and in truck-farming. In South Carolina a new Italian colony is to undertake grape and silk culture.

The Italian seems to be well fitted to do much of the work which needs doing in the South, and in many parts of the Southern country where Italians have settled they are praised as industrious, thrifty, frugal, good citizens, and as having increased land values. On some railroads, also, they are reported as being satisfactory laborers. On the other hand, it must be noted that the most successful settlements have been those of *northern* Italians; that the greater desirability of the northern Italian is recognized wherever experience has been had with both northern and southern Italians, and that thus far the number of Italians in the South has been small, and practically none of the less happy consequences of their congestion have been noted. There are also many employers who have found Italians unsatisfactory; have considered them no improvement upon the negro, and regard them as an undesirable element in the community. Numerous colonies of Germans and of many other nationalities have likewise succeeded well; but thus far the foreign elements have been unimportant, except locally, and data are not yet at hand for any exhaustive study of their effects upon the development of the South.

(4) The southern railroads are another and an important factor in creating a demand for more immigration. The inadequacy of the labor supply has stimulated concerted movements on the part of mill-owners, planters, and other large employers in many Southern states to attract

immigration, and in these movements the railroads are playing a very aggressive part, albeit their influence is not always apparent on the surface. Efforts are everywhere being made by the railroads to plant colonies of immigrants throughout the South. This movement has already gained great headway. In some cases the new arrivals are brought directly from Ellis Island; in some they are taken from one of the large Northern cities; in most, from the farming districts of the West and Northwest. The importation of Italian laborers into the Delta region has been especially heavy, although it is stated that about sixty per cent of these have already gone to the towns. Among other recent importations there have been Germans, Swedes, Hungarians, Danes, Poles, French Canadians, and Mexicans. So active are the railroads in this matter that it is often impossible to tell how much of the "demand for more labor" is a *bona fide* one, and how much is circulated by the railroads for their own ends. In order to increase the immigration of Italians into the South, the Southern railroads recently provided the Italian Ambassador with an extended tour through the South, from which journey that gentleman returned full of enthusiasm for the courtesies which were showered upon him, and determined to do all in his power to encourage the immigration of his countrymen into the Southern states. At a recent conference on immigration held in one of the Southern cities, the influence of the railroads was so strong that a paper urging some reasonable restriction of immigration was not allowed a public reading, and was not given to the press. That a wholesale distribution of immigrants by transportation companies is not so likely to be controlled by a desire to do what is best for the community as by purely selfish interests, is a fact which has not escaped the attention of observant persons in the South, some of whom have not been afraid to express their views very plainly on the subject.

(5) Probably the most important factor

in the Southern immigration situation is the negro himself. There is in the South to-day a widespread and decided reaction against the negro. Many of the white population are losing patience with him. He is charged with being less efficient than before the war; with incapacity, irresponsibility, and instability; with unfitness for and dissatisfaction with his work; with demanding too much pay and requiring too many holidays. Most of these complaints, it may be noted, are similar to those which are heard in the North with regard to white laborers and servants. Furthermore, many negroes, in common with the whites, are leaving the country and flocking to the cities, often making it impossible to secure negro labor for cotton picking or for work on the sugar plantations. Now, while the North has no special interest in the difficulty which some sugar-grower in Louisiana or some cotton-planter in Mississippi experiences in securing labor, it is vitally interested in the effect which foreign immigration into the South is having on the negro. It is perfectly clear that alien white immigrants are displacing the negro. He is going to the Southern cities, and in increasing numbers to the Northern cities. Italians are proving their ability and willingness to do work at least equal to that of the negro in the cotton fields. They have begun to displace the negro on the sugar plantations and truck farms of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas. Mexicans are found cheaper and more easily obtainable than negroes in parts of Mississippi. Hungarians, Slavs, and Italians are being imported from New York into the Birmingham district of Alabama to work in the furnaces and mines instead of the negroes. Italians, Mexicans, and Bohemians are replacing negroes in Texas, in Mississippi, in Georgia. On plantation and truck farms; in furnaces and mines; in factories and mills; in the occupations of city and country; even in domestic service, the black is steadily losing ground to the alien white. The result is twofold: there is a tendency

for the negro to leave the occupations which require greater skill and intelligence, and to take refuge in those which require less, or the negro gives up the struggle and goes to the city, especially in the North. It is the latter tendency which must attract the attention of thinking men and women in the North, who, already familiar with the conditions of negro life in the cities, cannot fail to view with anxiety the inevitable congestion of these Southern negroes in the slums of Northern cities. Into one city of 100,000 inhabitants in Massachusetts there came during the past winter 750 negroes from the South. This immigration has only just begun; it will gain greater and greater headway as more aliens pour into the South. What the result will be for the negro, time alone can tell, but those who have the welfare of the negro at heart may well ask themselves whether the indiscriminate admission of hundreds of thousands of aliens will not inevitably force the majority of the colored race down. This matter concerns more persons than a few mine owners in Alabama, or a few cotton planters in Mississippi or Louisiana. It is a national question.

The Southern negro is now engaged in a life and death struggle. A Southern editor writes: "The negro must now fight for his very existence. All along the line the battle is on." . . . "The white races . . . are disputing the negro's usefulness in those strongholds heretofore deemed impregnable to white attack." It cannot be denied that there is a distinct feeling of satisfaction in the South that the North is soon to have its share of the negro burden brought to its own doors, and a hope that actual contact with the negro will modify some of the sentimental ideas which have not altogether commended themselves to many Southerners. There is also the feeling that the best thing that could happen to the South, as well as to the colored race, would be the dispersion of the negro by the incoming of alien whites. A Baltimore paper has recently congratulated the South on the fact that

the coming of large numbers of white immigrants will supplant the negro, driving him North; will relieve the negro question of its sectional aspect; and may check the negro's rate of advance. Such statements represent some of the best Southern opinion. In spite of his shortcomings, the larger, although the least aggressive, portion of the Southern population prefers the negro to the alien white as tenant, laborer, or domestic servant. This class is represented in the following communication from West Virginia: "We wish peaceful, law-abiding citizens for the South, not with the idea of superseding negro labor, which must remain the best labor for the South. What we most need is to improve that labor by fair and proper education." Or again, in an Alabama letter, as follows: "The door of opportunity is open to the negro as long as he will enter and occupy it, but when he abandons it, and then finds an alien foe coming in and taking his place, his mouth will be closed against making complaint. . . . This is a critical time for the negroes of the South, and we feel deeply for them."

In the South, as in the North, there is the capitalist, mill owner, or railroad manager who wants "cheap labor;" who cares not whether the community or the immigrant himself is benefited so long as dividends are increased. It is a matter of indifference to such a man whether the labor of wife and child is necessary in order to eke out the low wages of the husband and father, nor does he concern himself about the increasing burdens of hospitals and almshouses which inevitably result from the breaking down in health of the overworked men, women, and children of the "cheap labor" class. Upon this class of employers there is no use in urging that American character is of more importance to preserve and develop than American wealth, and that only such immigration is desirable as adds to the moral and intellectual welfare of the country, as well as to its material wealth. The propaganda for the wholesale importation of

ignorant aliens into the South as a means of satisfying the present perfectly natural demand for more labor comes from this comparatively limited number of capitalists, and from the Southern railroads. That plans for importing thousands of "cheap laborers" are being carried out, is clear. It remains for the rest of the South to say how much farther these schemes shall be allowed to go. There is also an increasing demand for Chinese and Japanese laborers in the South, because many employers think that they would be more docile and more servile than either the negro or the European.

In the South, as in the North, there is a class of persons who are ignorant of the conditions which have resulted from the wholesale immigration of aliens of low standards of living and of morals, and who therefore have no opinion regarding desirable or undesirable immigration.

Thirdly, in by far the largest class of all, are found the great majority of the intelligent and patriotic citizens of the South, who say: The South does not want the "derelicts" and the "chronic discontented" of Europe. It does not wish to burden itself with vast expenditures for the support of pauper, criminal, diseased, insane, and physically defective aliens. It knows of the sweat-shops and gorged tenements of the alien colonies in the North, and would have none of them. It realizes that an influx of alien illiterates means a greatly increased expenditure for education, and feels that it has already a very heavy burden of illiteracy to bear. It knows that a great many of our present immigrants are too poor, too ignorant, too weak, and too sickly to be fitted for a successful agricultural life. It is opposed to the incoming of persons of such poor physique that they cannot support themselves by a good day's work. The influential citizens who hold such views as these are making themselves felt in the South. They are forcing their convictions upon the railroads. At the recent Immigration Conference at Birmingham, Alabama

(June 13), they carried a resolution calling for the exclusion of the criminal, the pauper, and the illiterate alien. They believe that the South should think twice before it allows its capitalists and its railroads to flood the country with "cheap" and ignorant alien laborers. They are convinced that while such an importation might give a temporary relief where labor is now scarce, it would bring in its wake, in the future, many vast and complex problems which the South has not yet had to face. It would soon add another race problem.

What the South most wants to-day is not the newly arrived, ignorant, and penniless alien, but the settler with means of purchase, preferably one who has already resided in the United States for some years and who is familiar with American customs, or else the immigrant with money, coming from northern Europe, skilled in intensive and diversified farming, and who can depend on his own exertions, manage his own business, market his own products, and save money. As the large plantations are cut up into small farms, thrifty tenants, not ignorant and pauper laborers, are needed. The newer farms throughout the South have been purchased very largely by farmers from the West and Northwest, either native Americans who have sold their old farms to recent immigrants, or foreigners who have lived in the country for a good many years — "predigested" immigrants, as one correspondent called them. Thousands of immigrants of these most desirable classes have recently been brought into the South from the Western and Northwestern states, and from northern Europe, showing in a most striking manner how easy a matter it is to secure desirable immigrants if the effort is made. Intelligent, industrious, strong, thrifty, skilled, independent farmers, with some money, are the class most desired, and can look forward to the greatest success. With the exception of the demand made by certain large employers, already referred to, there is a distinct feeling that hordes of

poor and ignorant laborers are not desirable, and many Southern editors have emphatically stated that the South would forego all the benefits to be gained from first-class foreign immigration rather than have thousands of aliens who are purely of the laboring class sent there.

As Italians constitute so large a proportion of the present alien immigration to the South, it is worth while to note what Baron Gustavo Tosti, Italian Consul at Boston, has to say regarding his own countrymen:—

"There is a misleading idea in certain quarters that 'the agricultural distribution of Italian immigrants' should be obtained simply through the employment of a large number of Italians as farm workers and farm hands. This would be only a palliative measure. The character of agricultural work is, by its very nature, precarious. The Italian immigrants would thus find employment during a few months of the year, when, for instance at harvest time, there is an enormous demand for labor. . . . But after a comparatively short period of occupation they would lapse into enforced idleness which would undoubtedly drive them back to the industrial centres. The only way to get at the root of the question is to transform a large portion of our immigrants into landowners or farmers." It must be remembered that to transform ignorant laborers, with but a few dollars in their possession, into landowners, is not a matter of a day or a year. It involves an expenditure of time and money. It is a matter of the assimilation of the immigrant and of the elevation of his standards of living. Thus neither the interests of those states which desire immigrants who shall at once buy their land, nor the best interests of the Italian immigrants themselves, as set forth by Baron Tosti, are met in a wholesale distribution of ignorant farm laborers. Further, while about 80 per cent of our Italian arrivals were farm laborers in Italy, they are unfamiliar with country life as we know it, for although they worked in the fields by day, their actual

residence was in the crowded towns. Their natural tendency is city-ward.

There are at present before the writer the results of a somewhat extended private correspondence, undertaken within a few weeks, in order to ascertain the views of representative Southerners regarding the immigration problem as it affects the South. Letters of inquiry were sent to the Governors of all the Southern states; to Commissioners of Agriculture, Labor, and Immigration; to other public officials, and to prominent citizens, asking for an explicit statement regarding the particular nationalities and the classes of immigrants most desired in the South, as well as the views of the person addressed concerning any desired changes in the United States immigration laws as a whole. The results of this inquiry, which have not before been made public, show an extraordinary unanimity of sentiment. Taking the replies of public officials alone, which represent every Southern state, 100 per cent prefer native Americans and northern Europeans who are skilled workmen with money, and who come with their families, intending permanent settlement. Between 90 per cent and 100 per cent of the Southern state officials protest against the immigration of Asiatics, of illiterates, and of aliens who desire to settle in cities; 84 per cent do not wish any immigrants from southern and eastern Europe, and 88 per cent are opposed to receiving the aliens distributed from northern cities. As to further amendments to the general immigration laws of the United States, the Southern officials who have been heard from, in every case but one, want the exclusion of aliens of poor physique; 92 per cent favor a head-tax of \$25 or more; nearly 90 per cent wish to have "assisted" immigrants debarred, and between 90 per cent and 100 per cent want no illiterates. The Governor of one state in the heart of the industrial South, who reports his state as being in great need of labor, favors the exclusion of aliens of poor physique, and a head-tax of \$25.

He writes as follows:—

"While we are inviting such people as we can use in our industrial districts and farms, I, as Governor of the State, am particularly anxious to avoid a too great influx of people whom it will be impossible to assimilate. We prefer very greatly the northern Europeans, but could use handsomely to their profit and to the profit of our people, some from *northern Italy*, say those raised on farms and desirous of a similar life here. . . . I am certain that we do not want, and we should insist that we do not get, people from the southern parts of Italy and the southern and eastern parts of Europe."

A correspondent in Alabama writes: "The craze for more labor is overreaching the bounds of prudence and the good of the country."

The Commissioner of Agriculture of one state says: "Our people will forego whatever advantage might come from immigration of the better class, if this is to be coupled with that of the slums of the cities."

The Secretary of the Board of Agriculture of another state writes: "We have far too many illiterate natives, many of them of course of the colored race, in this state already." And so on, in letter after letter. The replies of persons other than state officials, included in this correspondence, agree entirely with the results above given, and it may be noted that two previous official canvasses of the South, one made in 1896 by the Immigration Investigating Commission and the other made in 1901-02, by the Industrial Commission, as well as another private canvass made two years ago, led to precisely the same conclusions. Finally, within a very few weeks, a canvass made by the *Manufacturers' Record* of Baltimore, among the large employers of all kinds of skilled and partly skilled labor, other than agricultural, throughout the South, showed very strong preferences for native and north-European workmen, and on the whole a dissatisfaction with Italians where these have been tried.

The best interests of the South, future as well as present; the best interests of the immigrants themselves; the best interests of the American negro; the best judgment of representative Southern officials and of unprejudiced private citizens, — all give the same answer to the question, What kind of immigrants does the South want? It is clear that the South can have the best, and none but the best, if it insists on having them. Recent experience with the incoming settlers from the Northwestern states and from northern Europe has shown this. It is clear, from Northern experience, that immigration of the less desirable classes crowds out the more desirable. It is clear that the great advantages which the South should gain in the future from the incoming of honest, industrious, intelligent, thrifty,

and physically fit aliens can only be secured by making a careful selection of these immigrants, and by preventing the inflowing stream from becoming a vast and destructive flood. Where unskilled labor is needed, it should be sparingly introduced, under careful supervision by the State.

The South may well take to heart the lesson which the North has been learning regarding undesirable immigration. The North would be glad to have many of its city slums emptied into the South, and would rejoice, selfishly, if the South would take its full share of the incoming tide of aliens who are illiterate, who could not pay their own passages, and who are of such poor physique that they are unfitted to support themselves by a good day's work.

HOW TO KNOW THE FALLACIES

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

My friend Scholasticus was in a bad way. He had been educated before the elective system came in, and he had a pathetic veneration for the old curriculum. It was to him the sacred ark; now, alas, carried away into the land of the Philistines. He cherished it as a sort of creed containing the things surely to be learned by a gentleman, and whoso hath not learned these things, let him be anathema. In meeting the present-day undergraduates, it was hard to say which amazed him most, the things they knew or the things they did not know. Perhaps the new knowledge seemed to him the more uncouth.

"The intellectual world," he would say, "is topsy-turvy. What is to be expected of a generation that learns to write before it learns to read, and learns to read before it learns to spell,— or rather which never does learn to spell. Everything

begins wrong end foremost. In my day small children were supposed to be 'pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,' until such time as they were old enough to be put to stiff work on the First Reader. Nowadays, the babes begin with the esoteric doctrine of their playthings. Even the classics of infancy are rationalized. I was about to buy a copy of *Mother Hubbard and her Dog* for a dear young friend, when I discovered that it was a revised version. The most stirring incident was given thus, —

'She went to the baker's to buy some bread,
And when she came back the dog looked dead.'

'That was n't the way the tale was told to me. I was told that the poor dog was dead, and I believed it. That did n't prevent my believing a little while after that the doggie was dancing a jig. I took it for granted that that was the way dogs did in Mother Hubbard's day. Nowadays, the

critics in bib and tucker insist that the story must conform to what they have prematurely learned about the invariable laws of nature.

"I should n't mind this if they kept on reasoning. But it's a false start. After the wide generalizations of infancy have been forgotten, the youth begins to specialize. He takes a small slice of a subject, ignoring its more obvious features and its broader outlines. He has a contempt for general ideas. What we studied, he takes for granted. He's very observing, but he does n't put two and two together. There they stand in his mind, two separate ideas, politely ignoring one another, because they have not been properly introduced. The result of all this is evident enough. How many people do you come across with whom it is a pleasure to hold an argument? Not many! They don't know the rules of the game. You can't enter a drawing-room without hearing questions discussed in a way possible only to those whose early education in the art of reasoning had been neglected. The chances are that every one of the fallacies we learned about in *Whately* could appear in good society without anybody being able to call them by their Latin names.

"Does n't this follow from that?' the facile talker asks, as if that were all that is necessary to constitute a valid argument. Of course it follows; his assertions follow one another like a flock of sheep. But what short work our old Professor would have made with these plausible sequences!

"What a keen scent the old man had for fallacies! Even when the conclusion was obviously sound, he insisted that we should come by it honestly. He would never admit that in such matters the end justifies the means. I remember his merciless exposure of the means by which some unscrupulous metaphysicians accumulated their intellectual property. His feeling about the 'Undistributed Middle' was much the same as that of Henry George about the 'Unearned Increment.' How he used to get after the

moonshiners who were distilling arguments by the illicit process of the major term! In these days the illicit process goes on openly. The growth of the real sciences does not in the least discourage the pseudo-sciences. It rather seems to stimulate them.

"For many persons, a newly discovered fact is simply a spring-board from which they dive into a bottomless sea of speculation. They pride themselves on their ability to jump at conclusions, forgetting that jumping is an exercise in which the lower orders excel their betters. If an elephant could jump as far, in proportion to his weight, as a flea, there would be no holding him on this planet. Every new discovery is followed by a dozen extravagances, engineered by the Get-wise-quick people. There is always some Young Napoleon of Philosophy who undertakes to corner the truth-market. It's like what happened at the opening of Oklahoma Territory. Before the day set by the government when they all were to start fair in their race for farms, a band of adventurers called 'Sooners' smuggled themselves across the line. When the bona fide settler arrived on his quarter-section, he found an impudent 'Sooner' in possession. You can't find any fresh field of investigation that is n't claimed by these sooners. It all comes because people are no longer educated logically."

When Scholasticus was in this mood, it was difficult to do anything with him. It was in vain to tell him that he was narrow, for, like all narrow men, he took that as a compliment. It is the broad way, he reminded me, that leads to intellectual destruction. Still, I attempted to bring him to a better frame of mind.

"Scholasticus," said I, "the old order changes. You are a survivor of another period. You were educated according to a logical order. You learned to spell out of a spelling book, and to read out of a reader, and to write, not by following the dictates of your own conscience, but by following the copy in a copy book; and

you learned to speak correctly by committing to memory the rules of grammar and afterwards the exceptions."

"And it was a good way, too," interrupted Scholasticus. "It gave us a respect for law and order, to learn the rules and to abide by them. Now, I understand, they don't have grammar, but 'language work.' The idea is, I suppose, that if the pupils practice the exceptions they need n't bother about the rules. When I studied geography, we began with a definition of the word geography, after which we were told that the earth is a planet, and that its surface is mostly water, a fact which I have never forgotten. Nowadays they hold that geography, like charity, should begin at home, so the first thing is to make a geodetic survey of the backyard. By the time they work up to the fact that the earth is a planet, the pupils have learned so many other things that it makes very little impression on their minds."

"Scholasticus," said I, "I was saying the old order changes lest one good custom should corrupt the educational world. They were great people for rules in your day. It was an inheritance from the Past. You remember the anecdote of Ezekiel Cheever, head master of the Boston Latin School, who taught Cotton Mather Latin. A pupil writes, 'My master found fault with the syntax of one word, which was not so used heedlessly, but designedly, and therefore I told him there was a plain grammar rule for it. He angrily replied that there was no such rule. I took the grammar and showed the rule to him. Then he said, "Thou art a brave boy. I had forgot the rule."' That takes us back to a time when there was a superstitious reverence for rules. We don't reason so rigidly from rules now, we develop the mind according to a chronological rather than a logical order. We let the ideas come according to the order of nature."

At this, the wrath of Scholasticus bubbled over. "'The order of nature!' The nature of what? A cabbage head grows according to an order natural to cabbages.

But a rational intelligence is developed according to the laws of reason. The first thing is to formulate the laws, and then to obey them. Logic has to do with the laws of rational thought, just as grammar has to do with the laws of correct speech. Nowadays, the teacher seems to be afraid of laying down the law. I visited a model school the other day. It was n't a school at all, according to the definition in the old-fashioned book I used to read: 'A school is a place where children go to study books. The good children when they have learned their lessons go out to play, the idle remain and are punished.' According to the modern method, it is the teacher who must remain to be punished for the idleness of her pupils. It's her business to make the lessons interesting. If their attention wanders, she is held responsible. The teacher must stay after hours and plan new strategic moves. She must by indirection find direction, and while the pupil is resisting one form of instruction, she suddenly teaches him something else. In this way the pupil's wits are kept on the run. No matter how they scatter, there is the teacher before him."

"Why is not that a good way?" I said. "It certainly brings results. The pupil gets on rapidly. He learns a lesson before he knows it."

"He never does know it," growled Scholasticus. "And what's worse, he does n't know that he does n't know it. By this painless method he has never been compelled to charge his mind with it and to reason it out. And besides, it's death on the teacher. Ezekiel Cheever taught that Boston Latin School till he was over ninety years old, and never had a touch of nervous prostration. He did n't have to lie awake planning how to hold the rapt attention of his pupils. If there was any chance of the grammar rules not being learned, he let them do the worrying. It was good for them. There was a race of sturdy thinkers in those days. They knew how to deal with knotty problems. If they survived the school, they could not be downed in the town meeting."

"Scholasticus," I said, "I don't like the way you talk. The trouble with you is that you took your education too hard. I fancy that I see every lesson you ever learned sticking out of your consciousness like the piles of stones in a New Hampshire pasture. They are monuments of industry, but they lack a certain suavity. You are doing what most Americans do: whenever they find anything wrong they lay the blame on the public schools. Just because some of the younger men at your Club argue somewhat erratically, you blame the whole modern system of education. It's a way you clever people have: you are not content with one good and sufficient reason for your statement of fact; you must reinforce it by another of a more general character. It makes me feel as I do when, a faucet needing a new washer, I send for a plumber, — and behold twain! One would be enough, if he would attend strictly to business. Every system has its failures. If that of the present day seems to have more than its share, it is because its failures are still in evidence, while those of your generation are mostly forgotten. Oblivion is a deft housemaid, who tidies up the chambers of the Past by sweeping all the dust into the dark corners. On the other hand, you drop into the Present amid the disorder of the spring cleaning, when everything is out on the line. If you could recall the shining lights in your Logic class, you might admit that some of them had the form of reasoning without the power thereof. It was in your day, was n't it, that the criticism was made on the undergraduate thesis, —

'Although he wrote it all by rote,
He did not write it right.'

I could n't help thinking of those lines when I was listening just now to your reasoning. The real point, Scholasticus, is this, which seems to have escaped you. You talk of the laws of the mind. When you were in college it seemed a very simple thing to formulate these laws. There was no child Psychology, giving way before you knew it to adolescence, where

everything was quite different. There was no talk about subliminal consciousness, where you could n't tell which was consciousness and which was something else. The mind in your day came in one standard size."

"Yes," said Scholasticus, "when we were in the Academy, we had Watts on the Mind. Watts treated his subject in a straightforward way; he had nothing about nervous reactions; he gave us plain Mind. When we got into college we had Locke on the Understanding. When it was time to take account of conscience, we had Paley's *Moral Science*. This, with the *Evidences*, made a pretty good preparation for life."

"So it did," I said, "and you have done credit to your training. But since that time Psychologists have made a number of discoveries which render it necessary to revise the old methods."

Seeing that he, for the first time, was giving me his attention, I thought that it might be possible to win him away from that futile and acrid criticism of the present course of events which is the besetting sin of men of his age, to the more fruitful criticism by creation.

"Scholasticus," I said, "here is your opportunity. You complain that Logic is going out. The trouble is that it has been taught in an antiquated way. The logicians followed the analogy of mathematics. They invented all sorts of formal figures and diagrams, and were painfully abstract. When you were learning to reason, you had to commit to memory a formula like this: 'Every y is x; every z is y; therefore every z is x. E. g., let the major term (which is represented by x) be "One who possesses all virtue," the minor term (z) "Every man who possesses one virtue," and the middle term (y) "Every man who possesses prudence," and you have the celebrated argument of Aristotle that "the virtues are inseparable."' "

"Now you can't make the youth of this generation submit to that kind of argumentation. They are willing to admit the

virtues are inseparable, if you say so, but they are not going to take time to figure it out. You can't arouse their interest by demonstrating that 'If A is B, C is D; C is not D, therefore A is not B.' They say, 'What of it?' They refuse to concern themselves about the fate of letters of the alphabet. Such methods prejudice them against Logic. They prefer not to reason at all rather than do it in such an old-fashioned way. Besides, they have peeped into the Psychology for Teachers, and they know their rights. Such teaching is not good pedagogies. The youthful mind must be shielded from abstractions; if it is not, there's no knowing what might happen. It won't do to go at your subject in such a brutal way. This is the age of the concrete and the vital. Things are observed in the state of Nature. The birds must be in the bush, and the fishes in the water, and the flowers must be caught in the very act of growing. That's what makes them interesting. If the youthful mind is to be induced to love Nature, Nature must do her prettiest for the youthful mind. Otherwise it will be found that the mental vacuum abhors Nature.

"If there is to be a revival of Logic, it must be attached to something in which people are already interested. People are interested in biological processes. They like to see things grow, and to help in the process as far as they can without disturbing Nature. Why don't you, Scholasticus, try your hand at a text book which shall insinuate a sufficient knowledge of the principles of sound reasoning, under the guise of Botany or Hygiene or Physical Culture, or some of the branches that are more popular? I believe that you could make a syllogism as interesting as anything else. All you have to do is to make people think that it is something else."

At the time Scholasticus only sniffed scornfully at my suggestion; but not many days had passed before I began to notice a change in his demeanor. Instead of his usual self-sufficiency, there came into his eyes a wistful plea for appreciation. He had the chastened air of one

who no longer sits in the chair of the critic, but is awaiting the moment when he shall endure criticism.

From such signs as these I inferred that Scholasticus was writing a book. There is nothing that so takes the starch out of a man's intellect and reduces him to a state of abject dependence on the judgment of his fellow-beings as writing a book. For the first question about a book is not "Is it good?" but "Will anybody read it?" When this question is asked, the most commonplace individual assumes a new importance. He represents the Public. The Author wonders as to what manner of man he is. Will he like the Book?

I was not therefore surprised when one day Scholasticus, in a shamefaced way, handed me the manuscript of a work entitled, *How to Know the Fallacies; or Nature-Study in Logic*.

In these pages Scholasticus shows a sincere desire to adapt himself to a new order of things. He no longer stands proudly on the quarter-deck of the good ship Logic, with a sense of fathomless depths of rationality under the keel. Logic is a poor old stranded wreck. His work is like that of the Swiss Family Robinson: to carry off the necessities of life and the more portable luxuries, and to use them in setting up housekeeping on the new island of Nature-Study.

I cannot say that he has been entirely successful in making the art of reasoning a pleasant out-of-door recreation. He has not altogether overcome the stiffness which is the result of his early education. In treating thought as if it were a vegetable, he does not always conceal the fact that it is *not* a vegetable. There are, therefore, occasional jolts as he suddenly changes from one aspect of his subject to another.

I was, however, much pleased to see that, instead of ambitiously attempting to treat of the processes of valid reasoning, he has been content to begin with those forms of argumentation which are more familiar.

His preface does what every good preface should do: it presents the Author not at his worst nor at his best, but in a salvable condition, so that the reader will say, "He is not such a bad fellow, after all, and doubtless when he gets warmed up to his work he will do better." It may be as well to quote the Preface in full.

"Careless Reader, in the intervals between those wholesome recreations which make up the more important portion of life, you may have sometimes come upon a thought. It may have been only a tiny thoughtlet. Slight as it was in itself, it was worthy of your attention, for it was a living thing. Pushing its way out of the fertile soil of your subconscious being, it had come timidly into the light of day. If it seemed to you unusual, it was only because you have not cultivated the habit of noticing such things. They are really very common.

"If you can spare the time, let us sit down together and pluck up the thoughtlet by the roots and examine its structure. You may find some pleasure, and perhaps a little profit, in these native growths of your mind.

"When you take up a thought and pull it to pieces, you will see that it is not so simple as it seems. It is in reality made up of several thoughts joined together. When you try to separate them, you find it difficult. The connective tissue which binds them together is called inference. When several thoughts growing out of the same soil are connected by inference, they form what is called an argument. Arguments, as they are found in the state of Nature, are of two kinds; those that hang together, and those that only seem to hang together; these latter are called Fallacies.

"In former times they were treated as mere weeds and were mercilessly uprooted. In these days we have learned to look upon them with a kindlier eye. They have their uses, and seem to beautify many a spot that otherwise would remain barren. They are the wild flowers of the intellectual world. I do not intend to intrude my own taste or to pass judgment on the dif-

ferent varieties; but only to show my readers how to know the fallacies when they see them. It may be said that mere nomenclature is of little value. So it is in itself; yet there is a pleasure in knowing the names of the common things we meet every day. The search for fallacies need never take one far afield. The collector may find almost all the known varieties growing within his own enclosure.

"Let us then go out in the sunshine into the pleasant field of thought. There we see the arguments — valid and otherwise — as they are growing. You will notice that every argument has three essential parts. First is the root, called by the old logicians in their crabbed language the Major Premiss. Growing quite naturally out of this is the stem, called the Minor Premiss; and crowning that is the flower, with its seed vessels which contain the potentialities of future arguments, — this is called the Conclusion.

"Let the reader observe this argument: 'Every horse is an animal;' that is the root thought. 'Sheep are not horses;' that is the stem shooting into the air. Therefore, sheep are not animals;' that is the conclusion, the full corn in the ear.

"There is a pleasing impression of naturalness about the way in which one thought grows out of that which immediately preceded it. There is a sudden thrill when we come to the 'therefore,' the blossoming time of the argument. We feel that we are entering into one of Nature's secret processes. Unless our senses are deceiving us, we are actually reasoning.

"After a while, when curiosity and the pride of possession lead us to look more carefully at our treasure, we are somewhat surprised. It is not as it seemed. A little observation convinces us that, in spite of our argumentation, sheep are animals, and always have been. Thus, quite by accident, and through the unaided exercise of our own faculties, we have come upon one of the most ancient forms of reasoning, one that has engaged the attention of wise men since Aristotle, — a fallacy."

In the opening chapters, Scholasticus gives a description of the more common fallacies, with an account of their habits of growth and of the soils in which they most flourish. "*Petitio Principii*, or begging the question. This is a very pretty little fallacy of vine-like habit. It is found growing beside old walls, and wherever it is not likely to be disturbed. It is easily propagated from slips, each slip being capable of indefinite multiplication, the terminal buds sending down new roots, and the process of growth going on continuously. So tenacious is it that it is practically impossible to eradicate the *petitio*, when once it has fairly established itself. It recommends itself on the ground of economy. In most arguments the attempt is made to prove one thing by means of another thing. This, of course, involves a considerable waste of good material. In begging the question, by means of one proposition we are enabled to prove a proposition that is identical with it. In this way an idea may be made to go a long way.

"The most familiar variety of this fallacy is that known as the Argument in a Circle. To those who are fond of arguments, but who can afford very little mind space for their cultivation, this is an almost ideal fallacy. It requires only the slightest soil, deriving its nutriment almost wholly from the air, and reproducing itself without the slightest variation in type.

"Its hardness and exuberant efflorescence make it desirable for many purposes. It is useful as a screen to hide the more unsightly parts of one's intellectual grounds. Often, too, there may be an argumentative structure that has fallen into decay. Its real reason for existence is no longer obvious, yet it may have associations which make us reluctant to tear it down. In such a case, nothing is easier than to plant a slip of the circular argument. In a short time the old ruin becomes a bower, covered with an exuberant efflorescence of rationality. This argument is to be recommended for a Woman's Hardy Garden of Fallacies.

"It is one which gives great pleasure to a home-loving person who finds satisfaction in that which is his own. Often have I seen a householder sitting under its sweet shade, well content. He was conscious of having an argument which answered to all his needs, and which protected him alike from the contradiction of sinners and from the intrusive questioning of the more critical sort of saints. He had such satisfaction as came to Jonah, when the booth he had constructed, with such slight skill as belonged to an itinerant preacher, was covered by the luxuriant gourd vine. Things were not going as he had expected in Nineveh, and current events were discrediting his prophecies, but Jonah 'rejoiced with great joy over the gourd.'

"I may be pardoned, in treating the circular argument, for deviating, for a moment, from the field of botany into the neighboring field of zoölogy. For after all, the same principles hold good there also, and as we are forming the habit of looking at thought as a kind of plant, we may also consider it as a kind of animal, — let us say, if you please, a goldfish. You have often paused to watch the wonders of marine life as epitomized in a glass globe upon your centre table. Those who go down to the sea in ships have doubtless seen more of the surface of waters, but they have not the same facilities for looking into its interior life that you have in your aquarium. A school of goldfishes represent for you the finny monsters of the deep. You see the whole world they move in. The encircling glass is the firmament in the midst of the waters. The goldfishes go round and round, and have a very good time, and have many adventures, but they never get out of their crystal firmament. You may leave them for half a day, but when you come back you know just where to find them. An aquarium is a much safer place for goldfishes to swim in than the ocean; to be sure, they do not get on far, but on the other hand they do not get lost, and there are no whales, or even herrings, to make them

afraid. There is the same advantage in doing our reasoning in a circle. We can keep up an argument much longer when we are operating in friendly waters and are always near our base of supplies. The trouble with thinking straight is, that it is likely to take us too far from home. The first we know we are facing a new issue. From this peril we are saved by the habit of going round and round. He who argues and runs away from the real difficulty lives to argue another day, and the best of it is the argument will be just the same.

"*Argumentum ad Hominem*. This is a large family, containing many interesting varieties. The *ad hominem* is of parasitic growth, a sort of logical mistletoe. It grows not out of the nature of things, but of the nature of the particular mind to which it is addressed. In the cultivation of this fallacy it is only necessary to remember that each mind has its weak point. Find out what this weak point is, and drop into it the seed of the appropriate fallacy, and the result will exceed your fondest anticipation.

"Again, with the reader's kind permission, I will stray from the field of botany, this time into that of personal experience. At the risk of falling into obsolete and discredited methods of instruction, I will ask you for the moment to look in and not out.

"Dear Reader, often, when reasoning with yourself, especially about your own conduct, you have found comfort in a syllogism like this, —

I like to do right;

I do what I like;

Therefore, I do what is right.

The conclusion is so satisfactory that you have no heart to look too narrowly at the process by which it is attained. When you do what you like, it is pleasant to think that righteousness is a by-product of your activity. Moreover, there is a native generosity about you which makes you willing to share with others the more lasting benefits which may ensue. You are ready to believe that what is profitable to you must also be profitable to them in the long run, — if not in a material, then

in a spiritual way. All the advantage that comes to you is merely temporary and personal. When you have reaped this scanty harvest, you do not begrudge to humanity in general its plentiful gleanings. In your altruistic mood you do not consider too carefully the particular blessing which your action has bestowed on the world; you are content with the thought that it is a good diffused.

"When out of what is in the beginning only a personal gratification there grows a cosmic law, we have the *argumentum ad hominem*. There are few greater pleasures in life than that of having all our preferences justified by our reason. There are some persons who are so susceptible to arguments of this kind that they never suffer from the sensation of having done something wrong, — a sensation which I can assure you is quite disagreeable. They might suspect they had done wrong, were it not that as soon as they begin to reason about it they perceive that all that happened was highly to their credit. The more they think about it, the more pleased they are with themselves. They perceive that their action was much more disinterested than, at the time, they intended. They are like a person who tumbles into the Dead Sea. He can't go under, even if he tries. It is, of course, a matter of specific gravity. When a conscience is of less specific gravity than the moral element into which it is cast, it cannot remain submerged. The fortunate owner of such a conscience watches it with satisfaction when it serenely bobs to the surface; he advertises its superlative excellence, — 'Perfectly Pure! It floats.'

"The great use of the *ad hominem* argument is like that of certain leguminous plants which enrich the soil by returning to it elements in which it had been previously lacking. After a crop of *ad hominem* arguments has grown and been turned under, we may expect a rich harvest of more commercially valuable fallacies in the next season. Thus to enrich the soil is an evidence of the skill of the culturist.

"Suppose, for example, you were to attempt to implant this proposition in the unprepared mind of an acquaintance, — 'All geese are swans.' The proposition is not well received. All your friend's ornithological prejudices are against it. There is no foodstuff to support your theory.

"But suppose you prepare the soil by a crop of the *ad hominem* argument. You say to your friend, after looking admiringly at his possessions, 'It seems to me that all *your* geese are swans.' He answers cordially, 'That's just what I was thinking myself.' Now you have nicely prepared the ground for further operations.

"While controversial theologians have always had a fondness for arguments in a circle, the *ad hominem* arguments have been largely cultivated by politicians. More than a generation ago Jeremy Bentham published a work called *Political Fallacies*. He described those that are indigenous to the British Isles. Almost all on his list were of the *ad hominem* variety. He described particularly those which could be grown to advantage in the Houses of Parliament. Since Bentham's day, much has been done in America in the way of propagating new varieties. Many of these, though widely advertised, have not yet been scientifically described. I have thought that if my present book is well received, I might publish another covering this ground. It will probably be entitled, *Reasoning for Profit; or Success with Small Fallacies*.

"The great essential in arguments of this kind is to have a thorough knowledge of the soil. Given the right soil, and the most feeble argument will flourish. Take, for example, the arguments for the Divine Right of Kings to rule, once much esteemed by court preachers. Of course the first necessity was to catch your kings. The arguments in themselves were singularly feeble, but they flourished mightily in the hotbeds of royalty. The trouble was that they did not bear transplanting.

"Half a century ago there were a dozen thrifty arguments for human slavery.

They are, abstractly speaking, as good now as they ever were, but they have altogether passed out of cultivation.

"In landscape gardening groups of the *ad hominem* arguments skillfully arranged are always charming. Much discrimination is needed for the adornment of any particular spot. Suppose you were called upon to furnish fallacies for an Amalgamated Society of Esoteric Astrologers. You might safely, in such fertile soil and tropical climate, plant the most luxuriant exotics. Such airy growths, however, would be obviously inappropriate for a commercial club composed of solid business men. You would for them choose rather a sturdy perennial, for example, the *argumentum ad Pennsylvaniam*, or Tariff-bearing argument. It grows thus: —

The tariff is that which conduces to our prosperity.

A tax does not conduce to our prosperity.

Therefore, a tariff is not a tax.

Persons who have confined their logical exercises to the task of convincing impartial minds have no idea of the exhilaration which comes when one has only to convince a person of the wisdom of a course of action he has already taken. There is really no comparison between the two. There is all the difference that there is between climbing an icy hill and sliding down the same hill on a toboggan. There is no intellectual sport equal to that of tobogganing from a lofty moral premiss to a congenial practical conclusion. We go so fast that we hardly know how we got to the bottom, but there we are, safe and sound. We have only to choose our company and hold on, — gravitation does the rest. It is astonishing what conclusions we can come to when we do our reasoning in this pleasantly gregarious fashion.

"*Ignoratio Elenchi*; or the fallacy of irrelevant conclusion. This is not a natural species, but the result of artifice. It is a familiar kind of argument. It begins well, and it ends well, but you have a feeling

that something has happened to it in the middle. You have noticed in the orchard an apple tree that starts out to be a Pippin, but when the time comes for it to bear fruit it has apparently changed its mind, and has concluded to be a Rhode Island Greening. Of course you are aware that it has not really changed its mind, for the laws of Nature are quite invariable. The whimsicality of its conduct is to be laid not upon Nature, but upon Art. The gardener has skillfully grafted one stock upon another. The same thing can be done with an argument. You have often observed the way in which a person will start out to prove one proposition and after a little while end up with the triumphant demonstration of something that is quite different. He shows such an ability at ratiocination that you cannot help admiring his reasoning powers, though it is hard to follow him. Your bewilderment comes from the fact that you had expected the original seedling to bring forth after its kind, and had not noticed the point where the scion of a new proposition had been grafted on.

"Many persons are not troubled at all when the conclusions are irrelevant. They rather like them that way. If an argument will not prove one thing, then let it prove another. It is all in the day's work. To persons with this tolerant taste the variety afforded by the use of the *ignoratio elenchi* is very pleasing."

A chapter is given to the Cross-fertilization of Fallacies. The author shows how two half-truths, brought together from two widely separated fields of thought, will produce a new and magnificently variegated form of opinion. "The hybrid will surpass specimens of either of the parent stocks both in size and showiness. Thus a half-truth of popular religion cross-fertilized by a half-truth of popular science will produce a hybrid which astonishes both the religious and the scientific world. If we were following the analogy of mathematics we might assume that two half-truths would make a whole truth. But when we are dealing

with the marvelous reproductive powers of nature we find that they make much more than that."

Scholasticus gives a page or two to the Dwarfing of Arguments. "The complaint is sometimes heard that an argument which is otherwise satisfactory proves too much. This may seem a good fault to those whose chief difficulty is in making their arguments prove anything at all. But I assure you that it is really very troublesome to find that you have proved more than you intended. You may have no facilities for dealing with the surplus conclusions, and you may find all your plans disarranged. For this reason many persons, instead of cultivating arguments of the standard sizes, which take a good deal of room, prefer the dwarf varieties. These are very convenient where one does not wish one principle to crowd out another that may be opposed to it. Persons inclined to moderation prefer to cultivate a number of good ideas without crowding. The dwarf varieties are pleasing to the cultivated taste, as they are generally exceedingly symmetrical, while full-grown ideas, especially in exposed places, are apt to impress one as being scraggly.

"Dean Swift, who had no taste for miniature excellencies, spoke scornfully of those who plant oaks in flower pots. I have, however, frequently seen very pleasing oaks grown in this way, and they were not in very big flower pots, either.

"In moral reasoning, it is especially difficult to keep our conclusions moderate enough for our convenience. An ordinary argument always tends to prove too much. This is disconcerting to those who are endeavoring to live up to their favorite text, 'Be not overmuch righteous.' The danger of overmuchness is obviated by cultivating the fashionable dwarf varieties of righteousness.

"Various methods of dwarfing are practiced with success. Training will do much; you have seen trees dwarfed by tying them up to a trellis or against a wall or to stakes, and preventing their growth

beyond the prescribed limits. Incessant pruning is necessary, and each new growth must be vigorously headed back. By using the same means we may cultivate a number of fine ideas, and at the same time keep them fairly small."

The least satisfactory chapter is that on Pests. "It is easy enough," says Scholasticus," to describe a pest, but it is another matter to get rid of it. The most painstaking fallacy culturist must expect to awake some morning, and behold his choicest arguments laid low by some new kind of critic. There seems to be no limit to the pestiferous activity of these creatures. They are of two kinds: those that bite, cutting off the roots of the argument, and those that suck out the juices. These latter destroy the vital tissue of inference on which everything depends. I never met any one who cultivated arguments on a large scale who did not have his tale of woe.

"I had a friend who had at one time a theological friend who had great reputation as a dogmatist. He had for many years a garden of fallacies which was one of the show places. It was in a sheltered situation, so that many fine old dogmas flourished which we do not often, in these days, see growing out of doors. Everything went well until the locality became infested with destructive criticism. He tried all the usual remedies without success. At last he became utterly discouraged, and cut out all the dead wood, and uprooted all the dogmas that were attacked by the pest. Since then he has given up his more ambitious plans, and he has only a simple little place where he cultivates those fruits of the spirit which are not affected by destructive criticism. It is only fair to say that he is making a very pleasant place of it.

"For the encouragement of those who are not ready to take such heroic methods, it may be said that eternal vigilance, though not a panacea, will do much. Some of the most dreaded species of critics are not so dangerous as they seem.

Many persons fear the *Criticus Academicus*. I have, however, seen fallacies which survived the attacks of this species and fell easy victims to the more troublesome *Criticus Vulgaria*, or Common Gumption.

The worst pest is what is known as the *Reductio ad Absurdum*. This is a kind of scale which grows upon a promising argument and eats out its life. It is so innocent in its appearance that at first one does not suspect its deadly character. In fact, it is sometimes taken as an agreeable ornament. After a little while the argument is covered over with a sort of dry humor. There is then no remedy."

In the chapter on the use of artificial fertilizers, Scholasticus deals particularly with statistics. He refers incidentally to their use in the cultivation of valid arguments. Their importance here is universally acknowledged. "It should be remembered," he says, "that in this case success depends upon the extreme care with which they are used. An unusual amount of discrimination is demanded in their application. For this reason, if solid conclusions, that head well, are expected, only experts of good character can be trusted to do the work.

"There is no such difficulty in the use of statistics, if the grower is content with arguments of the fallacious order. Statistics are recommended for a mulch. By covering a bed of fallacies with a heavy mulch of miscellaneous statistical matter, it is protected from the early frosts and the later drought. The ground of the argument is kept thus in a good condition. No particular care is here needed in the application of statistics; any man who can handle a pitchfork can do all that is required. I have seen astonishing results obtained in this way. No one need be deterred by the consideration of expense. In these days statistics are so cheap that they are within the reach of all. If you do not care to use the material freely distributed by the government, you can easily collect a sufficient amount for yourself.

"The best way is to prepare circulars containing half a dozen irrelevant questions, which you send to several thousand persons, — the more the better. If you enclose stamps, those who are good-natured and conscientious will send you such odd bits of opinion as they have no other use for, and are willing to contribute to the cause of science. When the contributions are received, assort them, putting those that strike you as more or less alike in long, straight rows. Another way, which is more fanciful, is that of arranging them in curves. This is called 'tabulating the results.' When the results have been thoroughly tabulated,

use them in the manner I have described for the protection of your favorite arguments."

In this way the book ran on for some three hundred pages. After I had read it, I congratulated Scholasticus on his effort. "You have almost succeeded," I said, "in making Logic interesting; that is, if it is Logic. Now that you have made such a good beginning, I wish you might go further. You have taught us, by a natural method, how to reason fallaciously. I wish you would now teach us how to reason correctly."

"I wish I could," said Scholasticus.

RECENT PROGRESS IN THE STUDY OF DOMESTIC SERVICE

BY LUCY M. SALMON

A LADY recently called at the house of a friend, who answered in person the ring at the door. With careworn expression and flurried manner she apologized for the confusion that apparently reigned in the house, saying, —

"My parlor maid is upstairs ill, — not ill enough to go to the hospital, too ill to work, too far from home to go there, yet needing attention from me. My waitress is having a fit of the sulks, and I have sent her out to do an errand and get some fresh air. The cook is just now not on speaking terms with her husband, — the coachman, — and is seeking a divorce, so that one or the other must go. The footman came home drunk last night and had to be discharged this morning. My house is at sixes and sevens, my husband lunched down town, my mother has taken the children and the nursery maid home with her, guests arrive this evening, and I have spent the day in a vain search for help in the house. I belong to a club studying

household economics, and have allowed it to turn a search light on all my household affairs in the interests of society at large. I am now ready to call a halt, to refuse to have my domestic arrangements considered a hunting ground for theorists, to pronounce all such clubs vain mockeries, snares, and delusions, inventions of the enemy for squandering time, and showing the bitter contrast between abstract theory and concrete reality. The only club I am interested in must provide on tap maids who never get ill or sulky, cooks without a temper, and coachmen and footmen of unimpeachable habits."

It is possible that such conditions are not confined to "the uninhabited districts west of Schenectady," and that elsewhere there may be despairing housekeepers ready to cry out against all serious study of domestic questions, because such study has not yet had an immediate and practical bearing on the management of their individual households. It is, indeed, not improbable, for there is in every clime

the tradition of a time when household helpers were abundant, competent, and cheap, — a golden age when harmony reigned in the household and domestic discord was unknown. Has this peaceful condition been rudely broken up by the meddlesome interference of domestic busybodies? Has progress been hindered by the club studying household economics, by the investigator seeking for facts, by the theorist trying to square the ideal with the real, and by students of social conditions anxious to explain the present by the past? Is the only remedy for present ills the suppression of all discussion, since discussion breeds contempt and unhappiness? Is the club to revert to Browning, the investigator to confine himself to the comparatively safe field of ancient history, the theorist to live in the future, and the student of social conditions to content himself with flower missions and soup-kitchens? If it can be shown that conditions are worse than they have ever been before, and that discussion and investigation are responsible for this deterioration, then assuredly the club should change the field of its activity, and all discussion of the household affairs should cease.

But the immediate dissolution of the club studying household economics is not imminent. The premises on which its detractors base their criticisms are false, and hence the conclusions deduced from these premises are illogical and unreasonable. All literature goes to show that an ideal condition of domestic service exists and has existed only in the castles of Spain. But recent literature and recent legislation do show that some little progress has been made in the study of domestic service as an occupation, in spite of the fact that individual housekeepers still have and always will have trials and perplexities that at times seem almost overwhelming. The Hudson empties its waters into the ocean, yet twice each day the mightier force of the ocean tide turns the current back upon itself, — in winter it bears upstream the moving mass of ice,

and in summer it makes its overbalancing power felt almost to the very source of the great river.

The individual housekeeper feels only the force of the household current that bears her helpless to her destination, — she forgets the still stronger force of society that makes itself felt over and beyond that of the individual home.

In balancing the accounts of domestic service and in asking what has been accomplished in the past ten years in the direction of improvement, it must be frankly said at the outset that it is probably just as difficult to-day to secure good household employees as it was ten years ago, — perhaps even more difficult; that wages are probably even higher than at that time; that the service rendered is no more efficient; that recommendations are no more reliable; that cooks still have tempers; that coachmen sometimes drink; that maids have "followers;" that nursery girls gossip in the parks with policemen; that new employees engaged fail to keep the engagement; that valuable china is broken, and that household supplies are wasted.

But if the work of these years has not borne immediate fruit, it has not been without results that will sometime come to fruition. These results are seen in the distinct, positive, and direct improvement in the literature of the subject; flippancy is giving place to seriousness in considering the relations of mistress and maid; historical and statistical investigations of the question have multiplied and become more thorough and elaborate; substantial facts are supplanting sentimentality and visionary theories in the discussions of the subject; a diagnosis of the case is being made and the prescription of a remedy withheld while the examination is progressing; humble-mindedness and willingness to learn are now found where formerly there was absolute certainty and positiveness of conviction in dealing with the question; in a definite way, an improvement in legislation has been made,

disreputable methods of employment agencies have been exposed, social oases have been planted in desert places, and in general a concrete method of procedure has been substituted for polite abstractions and innocuous generalities. All this means that a long step forward has been taken within the past decade.

The great improvement in the character of the general literature of the subject is seen in the gradual disappearance of the fault-finding, the sentimental, the goody-goody magazine article, and the appearance in its place of genuine contributions to the subject, like those recently made to the *Atlantic Monthly* by Miss Jane Seymour Klink and Miss Frances A. Kellor. Miss Jane Addams in "A Belated Industry"¹ has dealt most thoroughly with the economic phases of the subject, as has Mrs. Mary Roberts Smith in her admirable article on "Domestic Service; the Responsibility of Employers."² Mr. Bolton Hall has set forth most vigorously the employee's side of the case in "The Servant Class on the Farm and in the Slums;"³ while a symposium on the subject by a group of men has recently discussed in an impartial manner many of the difficulties of the situation.

Pure literature also makes its contribution, and Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has recently given a charming picture of "A Convent Man-Servant."⁴ Nothing could prove more effectively the change in the attitude of the public mind toward the subject, than does the contrast presented between such a sketch drawn with light and sympathetic pen, and that given in the satires of Dean Swift and of De Foe. The very absence of the figure of a domestic servant in the modern novel, and in current popular literature in every form, is in itself an indication of a

changed attitude of the public mind toward the question as a whole. Figaro, and even Sam Weller, are almost as far removed from us as are the servants of Potiphar and of the Queen of Sheba.

The attitude of the daily press toward the subject of domestic service certainly leaves something yet to be desired, — the stock jests on the impertinent maid and the ignorant mistress, like those on the mother-in-law and the summer girl, die hard, but they will go in time.

The historical investigations of the subject have been few in number, but they have been of great value. Mr. Albert Matthews has placed all students of the subject under obligation to him by his exhaustive study, "The Terms Hired Man and Help,"⁵ as Mr. James D. Butler had previously done by his investigations on "British Convicts Shipped to American Colonies,"⁶ and Dr. Karl Frederick Geiser on "Redemptioners and Indented Servants in the Colony and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania."⁷

The Public Library is always first to create as well as to satisfy a demand for literature on subjects of general interest. It is therefore not surprising to find that the Providence Public Library as far back as 1893 issued a bibliography of all works and magazine articles on domestic service, which has been followed by the still more exhaustive reference list published in 1898 on the general subject of domestic science, and that the Salem Public Library has a similar list. The New York State Library has published a comprehensive bibliography of the whole subject of domestic economy, and it sends out, to all parts of the state, traveling libraries of the best volumes on the same subject, — the list of the volumes included being in itself an excellent guide to the study of household economics. But the greatest of all steps in advance has

¹ *American Journal of Sociology*, I, 556-559, March, 1896. Cf. the chapter entitled "Household Adjustment," in Miss Addams's *Democracy and Social Ethics*, 1902.

² *The Forum*, August, 1899.

³ *The Arena*, September, 1898.

⁴ *The Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1897.

⁵ *Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts*, vol. v.

⁶ *American Historical Review*, II, 12, October, 1896.

⁷ New Haven, Connecticut, 1901.

been made by those libraries that have changed the classification of works attempting to treat scientifically the subject of domestic service, from the class of Domestic Economy to that of Economics proper. The change seems slight, but it is a recognition of the intimate relation that exists between domestic service and other forms of industry.

The statistician, like the librarian, is also quick to create as well as to respond to the demand for information of a serious nature, and this has been shown in the growing recognition of the importance of domestic service as a field for statistical research. Among the most thorough of these statistical investigations is that carried on by Miss Isabel Eaton, — recently fellow of the College Settlements' Association, in regard to negro domestic service in the seventh ward of Philadelphia.¹ Miss Eaton has made an exhaustive study of one phase of the subject in a limited area, considering not only the number of negroes thus employed, but the methods of living, savings, and expenditures, amusements and recreations, length and quality of the service, conjugal condition, illiteracy, and health. The work has been done in a thoroughly scientific manner, and the results form an admirable presentation of negro service in a single ward of one city.

Similar thorough investigations of special aspects of the question have been carried on by Miss Mary W. Dewson and Miss Edith G. Fabens for the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, and by Miss Gertrude Bigelow, fellow of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, at the School of Housekeeping. They have collected statistics in regard to the hours of labor in domestic service, the social conditions of domestic service, household expenses, and the relative cost of home-cooked and of purchased food. The results of these investigations have been

collected by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, and the reports based on them have been commented on by the press. Scientific information in regard to the subject has thus been widely circulated, and this must have been effective in changing somewhat the attitude of the public mind toward the subject as a whole. Mention must also be made of the *Twentieth Century Expense Book*, prepared by Miss Mary W. Dewson: its widespread use would be of service in affording opportunity for a comparative study of household expenses.

It was early recognized that some of the most difficult factors of the problem concerned the intelligence office, and investigations on a somewhat limited scale were carried on in several cities, but largely owing to political considerations it was not deemed advisable to publish the results. The most thorough and systematic investigation undertaken in this direction has been that of Miss Frances A. Kellor, whose *Out of Work*, based on a study of more than seven hundred agencies, has laid bare the evils of the present system of securing new employees, as seen by employer, employee, and manager of the agency. A body of facts has thus been made available that must prove of the highest service in any attempt to cope with the notorious evils attending many agencies.

The state bureaus of labor have in several instances done valiant service to the cause through the official investigations carried on. As far back as 1872 the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor devoted four and a half pages of its annual report to domestic labor. But the first real investigation of the subject made by a state bureau of labor was probably that undertaken by the Minnesota Bureau in 1890. This has been followed by special investigations in other states, — notably Kansas and Michigan, — and in Canada. Moreover, it must be remembered that many bureaus, while they have made no special investigation of domestic service, have incidentally considered the

¹ Isabel Eaton, "A Special Report on Domestic Service," in *The Philadelphia Negro*, by W. E. B. Du Bois. Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, 1899.

subject in connection with their investigations of general labor questions. Most of all is encouragement to be found in the comprehensive investigation recently carried on under the direction of the Industrial Commission.

These investigations enumerated have been of a severely scientific, statistical nature, and have been carried on by state or national organizations. But other studies no less important have been made by organizations of a purely private or of a semi-public character. Notable among these has been the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, several branches of which have been most active in making studies of domestic service, both as a special field for investigation and also in connection with the larger subjects of home economics and domestic science. Students in colleges and universities have made special studies in the same field, and in some instances have made distinct contributions to the subject. This work has been of most value, however, in the indication it has given of a desire on the part of college-trained investigators to make domestic service a subject of serious consideration.

Domestic service has been until very recently a field untouched by the statistician and investigator. The studies already made show not so much what has been done, as how much yet remains to be done. But the territory is already being occupied. Trained investigators are mapping out the field, workers are at hand, and in a few years we shall have a body of facts that will afford a sufficient basis for scientific deductions in regard to the condition of domestic service in the entire country.

Opinions may honestly differ as to whether it is advisable to substitute in schools and colleges subjects along the line of household affairs for other subjects more properly classed as liberal studies. But it is interesting to note how much has been done in this direction. Courses in household economics have been given in recent years in the state uni-

versities of Illinois, Nebraska, Ohio, and Wisconsin, as well as in the Leland Stanford Junior University, while Columbia University through the Teachers' College has offered similar work.

In many agricultural colleges, and in seminaries and academies like those in Auburndale, Massachusetts, and Painesville, Ohio, there are such courses in the curricula. On the other hand, there can be no question whatever as to the propriety and necessity of introducing, as has already been done, courses in domestic science into the great technical schools, such as the Pratt, Drexel, and Armour institutes.

The School of Housekeeping established in Boston in 1897 under the auspices of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union went still further, in that it was not so much a technical school, as a more truly genuine professional school for the training of experts in the great profession of housekeeping. The honorable record it made while an independent institution gives reason to believe that, now that it has been merged in Simmons College, it will go on to still greater achievements under the new conditions. The establishment of similar schools elsewhere has been much discussed, while in some places there have been sporadic efforts to establish classes in household training. Indeed, it must be said that in certain classes of fashionable schools it is at this moment the latest fad to have instruction on all household matters, quite as much as on art and music.

Study and investigations have led to organization, and the first association in the field was the National Household Economic Association, formed in 1893, with branches in many states, some of which did admirable work.

The Lake Placid Conference that met first in 1899 is not strictly an organization, but an informal gathering of workers who have discussed the subject particularly on its scientific side, since the attendance has been largely made up of those interested in the educational and

scientific side of household economics. Its proceedings give an admirable summary of the latest scientific discussions of the subject.

The most recent as well as the most important of all such organizations has been that of the Inter-Municipal Committee on Household Research, formed "for the purpose of studying existing phases of household work, to aid in securing fair conditions for employer and employee, and to place their relations on a sound business basis." Much has already been accomplished by it, especially in the direction of investigating employment agencies, establishing a bureau of information, and studying the conditions under which Southern colored girls are brought to the North to enter domestic service. Its programme for the future lays out a constantly enlarging sphere of activities.

All these investigations and educational measures have been undertaken in the belief that household employment has its economic side, like other forms of industry. The widespread recognition of this fact has been a most significant advance, since earlier discussions of the subject had considered only the ethical factors involved. But an interesting reversion to the more purely ethical consideration of the question has been seen in the various efforts to follow the injunction of Charles Reade: "Put yourself in his place." A number of young women have entered domestic service in disguise, and from personal experience have narrated the life of a domestic employee. It may well be questioned whether the actual results reached are commensurate with the effort expended; — the experiment has meant months of unnatural life and strained relationships, and in the end we probably know little more in regard to the condition of domestic employees than could be known by turning the inner sight of our own consciousness on our own households and those of our acquaintances. But the experiment has been interesting as indicative of a determined effort to look at the subject from every point of view.

It is not surprising, in view of all the agitation of the question in our own country, to find that a similar interest has been aroused elsewhere. In Germany, that home of conservatism in all domestic affairs, an elaborate statistical investigation has been carried on by Dr. Oscar Stillich, and its results published in an exhaustive work entitled *The Status of Women Domestic in Berlin*.¹ Nor again is it surprising to find that neither official nor domestic Berlin has taken kindly to the investigation, since bureaucracy has in it no place for private initiative, and the *Kinder, Küchen, Kirchen* theory of domestic life has resented what has been deemed unwarranted interference in private affairs. But it is a matter of congratulation that the author has been of undaunted courage, and that his work stands as a thoroughly scientific investigation, and therefore the most valuable contribution yet made in any country to the theory and condition of domestic service.

Two things of special encouragement must be noted. One is the changing attitude of domestic employees themselves toward their own occupation, and the other is the introduction of men into a field where it has always been held that by divine ordinance women ruled supreme.

The number of domestics who have shown any interest in the question is indeed, as yet, infinitesimal in comparison with the total number in the occupation, but five righteous men shall save the city. Here and there one is found who realizes that domestic employees must be ready to help themselves if help is to come from others, that it is possible for them to improve the conditions of domestic service through their own efforts, that respect for any occupation comes, as those connected with it command respect for it, through their own attitude toward it. This is as yet realized by so few that no appreciable results can be seen with the naked eye, but the heaven is working.

¹ *Die Lage der weiblichen Dienstboten in Berlin*, von Dr. OSCAR TILLICH. Berlin. 1902.

A very welcome and appreciable change has come through the practical interest in the question shown by men. They have lectured and written on the subject, and have listened to the lectures on it given by women. This means that the subject is being recognized by them as worthy of study and discussion and as of importance to all — to men and to women alike — who are interested in the welfare of society. On its practical side also the interest of men is making itself felt. Chafing-dish courses have been opened for men, where they have learned the preparation of the luxuries of the table, as the rough-and-ready experiences of camp life in summer vacations and in military campaigns have taught them how to prepare the necessities of life. Young men in college and young men living in bachelors' apartments are proud of their attainments in afternoon teas and chafing-dish suppers, while men trained as nurses learn the preparation of delicacies for the sick. It is true, indeed, that cooking-classes are but indirectly connected with domestic service, but everything that breaks down artificial barriers, and permits the free industrial entrance of both men and women into whatever occupation they prefer, is a direct gain to every line of work. Any one whose attention has been turned in the direction of securing household employees must constantly come in contact with the fact that there is a considerable number of men engaged in household employments for remuneration.

Does this enumeration of the progress of the past ten years seem indeed like a Homeric catalogue of the ships? It may, yet the ships are bound for a definite haven, and must in time enter port.

If one lasting gain of these years has come to be an appreciation of the necessity of diagnosing the disease before prescribing a remedy, it must follow that the remedy prescribed fits the disease. Has it been shown as a result of exhaustive and exhausting investigation that the great barrier to the entrance of competent men and women into domestic employment is

the social one, — it follows that efforts are being turned toward leveling this barrier. If we have learned that the loneliness of the life is in sharp contrast to the opportunity for comradeship presented in other industrial pursuits, we have thereby learned to ward against this loneliness by encouraging means of wholesome recreation. When scientific research has disclosed the plague spots in the employment agency and the intelligence office, restrictive legislation has followed. If it has been found that the weak and the ignorant have been taken advantage of by the strong and the knowing, efforts for moral regeneration have been put forth. Since we have realized that in the household, as elsewhere, it is impossible for the blind to lead the blind, technical schools have offered instruction in household affairs to employers of household employees.

Yet when we look over the field still to be reclaimed in the interests of comfortable home life, more than enough causes for discouragement remain. House-keepers still carry on their households in defiance of all business methods; ignorant women boast that they "have never so much as boiled an egg in their life," and complain that their cooks will not stay with them; idle women spend their time in playing bridge, and wonder why their maids are discontented; men boast at their tables of their shrewdness in obtaining something for nothing, and cannot understand why petty thieving goes on in their households; society receives the once, twice, and thrice divorced, but draws the social line at the cook and the butler; communities tolerate by the score the places where domestic employees, as others, can find recreation and amusement of every questionable kind, but the communities can yet be counted on one hand where they can obtain genuine, wholesome, attractive recreation; the church, with a few exceptions, is prone to close its doors, except for Sunday and midweek evening service, and to expend its efforts on fine music, with church suppers to foot the bills, — forgetting the

poverty of interests in the lives of so many in the community.

But when all has been said, it must be felt that the balance shows much to the credit of domestic service, — a balance due to the capital invested in it through the study of conditions made by both men and women. In no country are these conditions so favorable as they are in America to-day. England has its well-trained, obsequious butler, Germany has its police regulations of servants, France has its chef, Italy has hopeless machines who are "really servants." America has none of these, but it has men and women who believe that if the future holds for us a solution of the problem it lies, not in the direction of reproducing on American soil the English flunkey, or in the introduction of German governmental control, or in increasing the number of French chefs who shall give us endless varieties of new soups and salads, or yet in crushing all interest in life out of the hearts and souls of those who serve us, as a pitiless fate seems to have done in Italy, but men and women who believe that the solution lies in the path of hard, toilsome investigation, to which students must come without prejudice and with a fearless acceptance of the results of such investigations.

In no country are the conditions of domestic service so hopeful as they are to-day in America, and it is in large part due to our theory of education which has been in practical force for more than a generation. Men and women receive the same school, college, and university training, and this training enables women to order their households, on their mechanical side, in the same systematic way that the business enterprises of men are managed. The result of this is that matters pertaining to the household command the respect as well as the sentimental consideration of men, and that men and women are more and more becoming co-workers in all efforts to secure improvement. Each year the proportion of housekeepers with trained minds increases, and in the same proportion the number increases of house-

keepers who make intelligent demands on their employees, who do not encourage poor service by tolerating it, who realize their responsibility to other households, and understand that "every irresponsible mistress makes life more difficult for every other mistress and maid." It is at least significant that this progress has been made in a country where the education of men and women is precisely the same, and that the least advance has been made in those which arrange a special curriculum for women and which profess to train girls and young women specially for domestic life. America holds that education means for women, as well as for men, intellectual training rather than the accumulation of information without it, and that the value of this is seen, in the case of women, in the intelligent study they are everywhere making of household affairs.

When the vital question in Italy was that of independence from Austria and of unity under an Italian government, Mazzini said, with a sublime appreciation of the principle involved, "Without a country and without liberty, we might perhaps produce some prophets of art, but no vital art. Therefore it was best for us to consecrate our lives to the solution of the problem, 'Are we to have a country?'"

It is possible to have peace and contentment in individual households along with ignorance of the economic laws that govern the household, but there can be no radical reform in domestic service in this or any other country that does not recognize the inseparable connection between domestic service and all other forms of labor, and that does not make this fact its starting point. If the difficulties in the present situation, which are all too evident, are to be overcome, it can only be by devoting our energies, as did Mazzini in Italy, not so much to temporizing in our households as rather to the slow methods of careful, patient investigation of the conditions without. The immediate gain to ourselves may be slight, but those who come after us may reap the benefits.

SHAKSPERE TO HIS MIRROR

BY RICHARD BURTON

WITHIN thy crystal depths I see
A figure semblable of me,
But no more me than I am one
With the brute rock I rest upon;
For how may brow or eye reveal
The infinites wherewith I deal?

Nay, I will break thee, mirror mine!
The unseen inward is divine,
The outward body but a bowl
That covers in the mounting soul.
If any one would truly know
What manner of man I come and go,
Not flesh alone, but blood and breath,
Lo, Lear, Lord Hamlet and Macbeth!

Poor mummer, I must shatter thee,
Since thou dost bear false tales of me!

MISS ELLEN

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

MISS ELLEN, the shears still in her hand with which she had been beheading Maréchal Niels, stood up and looked about her.

"It does seem as if the good Lord had given me more than my share," she said.

The young man in clerical dress, lounging in a boyish attitude on the porch step, laughed aloud, and Miss Ellen's own lips relaxed indulgently.

"You *can* laugh, but the oranges never set so heavy before, and just look at those magnolias and roses!"

She swept an angular arm vaguely forward, and, still smiling, he followed her gesture with a glance. Through the frame of tangled rose and passion-flower, he

could see the beds of bloom outlining the path beside the orange grove, and the lawn, densely yet delicately green with the shade of temperate tropics, smitten here and there with the fire of pomegranate or the flame of a rosy oleander. From all about arose a chorus of bird-voices, confounding still further the limits of the scant acre, till, lost in the neighboring hedges of lime, of cypress and rose geranium, the place appeared to stretch vast and dim to the base of the far blue mountains. In the rear of the house a thrifty vegetable garden flourished on the sunny slope, and in front deep orange-colored balls glowed from the citrus depths.

"Now *does* it seem as if He intended all

that for just one New England woman?" asked Miss Ellen earnestly.

Paul Dudley's eyes moved from the opulent landscape to rest upon his landlady's spare figure, gaunt, graceless, pathetic, — the antique "backwoods" New England type, extravagantly intensified in this gorgeous environment.

"Well, I think, Miss Ellen, He knew what He was doing when He gave it to you."

"I only hope He won't find me an unprofitable servant," Miss Ellen responded soberly. "It's worried me more'n a little since I came here, — how I'm ever to show Him I appreciate his gifts."

"Are you trying to reduce them?" — he spoke with intentional lightness, glancing at the clothes-basket heaped with fragrant color.

"Oh, *those*, — I was just cutting a few for the Hospital Fair. Mrs. Lippitt stopped in half an hour ago to ask for some, and I expect her back any minute; — there, I guess that's her, now."

The young clergyman rose leisurely to salute one of his most important parishioners, as two fat horses, shining sleekly, sent a premonitory cloud of dust through Miss Ellen's neat garden. So much gold blazed frankly from their harness and the livery of the grooms, so much more was discreetly hinted in the person of the lady who sat behind, that, in common fitness, gold-dust was the least such horses should have kicked.

Plump and cool and shining sleekly, not unlike the horses, and distinctly attractive in her crisp attire, the lady beamed down upon Miss Ellen.

"Dear Miss Ellen, one can always depend on you," she said, conveying a subtle edge of the smile and the whole of a well-gloved hand to her rector. Mrs. Lippitt frankly approved the "Reverend Paul" (his irreverent title of affection). She was of the number of his parishioners who held his tendency to weak lungs as almost a dispensation, since it removed him from the sphere of his uncle, the Bishop, and bestowed him upon a parish

in every way capable of appreciating the rose's vicinage, — lacking the rose.

"I cut as many half-opens as I could," said Miss Ellen, helping the young man adjust the heavy basket on the seat. "I do hope they'll keep well."

"They are divine! How I envy you!" and Mrs. Lippitt sighed a little. "Gardeners are such tyrants. Mine grumbles if I touch a rose, and Mr. Lippitt says those about the house are needed for decoration."

"So they are," assented Miss Ellen earnestly. "I often say how the Avenue houses *would* look if it warn't for the roses. Now mine don't do anybody a mite of good, shut in here, except Mr. Dudley and me. Besides, you rich folks have so many ways of helping, — I call it real kindness to give me a chance."

"I am sure that is a very sweet way to look at it. We *do* have many calls upon us," Mrs. Lippitt concurred gently, glancing at the Reverend Paul; — but the Reverend Paul was looking elsewhere. She sighed — gently also. "Well, thank you a thousand times, Miss Ellen."

Miss Ellen gripped the offered hand warmly.

"Don't you mention it, Mis' Lippitt, — and any time you'd like, I'd be proud to send you roses."

"Real neighborly, — not a bit stuck-up nor offish, is she?" she continued, beaming after the visitor still waving gloved acknowledgments as she whirled from view. "Now who'd ever thought it! Don't it seem as if the Avenue folks had everything under the canopy? — and yet *come* to think of it, there's hardly one of them has a garden or a fruit-orchard, — nothing but a meachin' little scrap of lawn that you can't sit on, on account of the sprinkler, and a few stiff growing things to set off their houses, — and I don't s'pose they feel a mite free to pick those. I remember how it used to be back in Vermont with our big purple lilac-bush, — seemed as if 't was robbing the neighbors to take a bloom off it. There's Mis' Howard, — nothing but stiff red

geraniums near that outlandish foreign house of hers; I got up courage the other day and took her some long-stemmed, — and she came right up and thanked me; said the girls were wearing them to the Hunt ball that night, and they'd give anything to have such, the nights they went out. I told her I'd no call to sell flowers for a living, having all I needed, but 't was a pleasure to give them, and the girls were welcome to come round and help themselves. She seemed real pleased and said they'd surely come. I only hope they will" —

"They will," said Paul Dudley, with reassuring conviction.

"Well, I certainly hope they will. It's funny how little we think of such things," ruminated Miss Ellen, leaning back in her chair, an absent look in her keen eyes, "but it's come to me how little the Avenue folks do have to enjoy, — except money. Now, with your board, Mr. Dudley, I just make out to pay my taxes and water-rates, but I've got a whole raft of things they don't have, — and so have all the poor folks I know. There's hardly a cottage in Las Placidas but what's got a garden and some room for the children to play around, and a couple of orange and lemon trees or so; but take the Avenue children, — scarce one of them has a place to play, — not what I call play, — and they're tickled 'most to death to come here. Mrs. Nason's two, — since they've found they can swing on the big pine and make toad-houses in the ground, seems as if they could n't keep away. Now that's one thing I can do, — and the roses is another. It's worried me dreadfully that I could do so little for the poor, but I guess if I can help the rich it'll come to pretty much the same thing in the end. *They* can help the poor. The little mite I make off my oranges and apricots don't count for much, and the poor folks all have 'em; but down the Avenue they don't hardly get a chance to know what a good orange is, for the shippers pick them green, and if they *do* get a good one, I'm told they pay more for it than in New York."

"They are able," remarked the young man dryly.

"Oh, I know they're *able*, but I do say it is n't the same thing as a basket right off the trees, and then, the less they spend, the more they have to give. Why," — she sat upright, glowing with earnestness, — "when I think of all that's needed to be done right here in town, and how every one naturally goes to the Avenue folks for everything, I feel as if the little I could do for them was a *privilege*. I'm only grieved I did n't see my duty long ago."

"I envy you with my whole heart that you can see it so clearly now."

The tone was both weary and bitter, and Miss Ellen leaned toward the speaker with a glance of troubled affection.

"Things trouble you, Mr. Dudley, — I can see that. Maybe they trouble you more than they ought. I don't know but what you expect too much of people. You want to plant a seed and see it come up right away, — but that ain't the Lord's manner. There's bound to be a lot of things that's hard, in a parish like this. Poor folks take a lot of patience."

"They don't take mine," said Mr. Dudley.

Miss Ellen looked diffident. "It's the Avenue folks, then?" she ventured. "I've sometimes thought they tried you."

The young clergyman glanced up at Miss Ellen's simple face of sympathy, shut his lips tight, and glanced hastily away — too late. He threw back his head and laughed a hearty, boyish laugh; but even in the laughter Miss Ellen's quick ear detected a note of scorn, and she looked sorry.

"Mebbe you don't allow enough," she said. "Mebbe if you could get a new light on them, as I have, and see how much those poor creatures *don't* have, you'd feel different."

Paul Dudley rose to his feet and looked silently across the trees to the mountains for a moment.

"I'll try," he said.

"I *would* if I was you," said Miss Ellen. "Now there's one person I wish I could

see my way to do something for," — she fell to musing once more, — "and that's Miss Mayberry."

The young man came back from the mountains with a perceptible start.

"I don't know as you've noticed, but she's looking real peaked lately; — she always *does* make me think of a church picture; — I would n't wonder a bit if some of my fresh salad and oranges would set her up, — anyhow, I'm going to try. And there's another thing," — she rose energetically, — "I'm going to ask you right *now* to help me carry out that old settee to the entrance. As soon as I can, I'm going to have a couple more made to put outside along the rise. There was a nice, sick young fellow from back East came in this morning and asked leave to sit on the porch awhile. He stayed most an hour, and we had a good visit. I cut him some Lady Banksia, and he said it did him lots of good. I've thought time and again that there ought to be seats somewheres for folks to rest, — with all the invalids there are in town and among the hotel folks, — but everybody's business is nobody's business, I guess. And I guess it's full as much mine as anybody's. They pretty much all come up here for the view. I'm going to fix a dipper and cup at the hydrant, and a deep pail for the dumb creatures, — I don't see how I never came to think of it before. The Lord knows I *ought* to be patient with folks, — I'm so slow myself."

Stopping next evening to admire the effect of the settee and the shining new dipper, cup, and pail, the Reverend Paul was startled by the sound of a clear *young* laugh, — a laugh certainly not nearly so old as Miss Ellen. Quickening his steps, as he advanced within sight of the porch, a terribly well-dressed young person, who had been cuddling Miss Ellen's kitten, rose with sudden dignity and put it down. Mr. Dudley felt distinctly sympathetic toward the kitten.

"Please don't let me disturb you," he said, casting a longing glance toward the step, himself.

"I was just going," replied the young

person, with that nice frigidity to which she had accustomed her pastor. "I merely came to thank Miss Ellen for something."

"Miss Ellen is acting-missionary to my parish." As he spoke, he lifted the rejected kitten in his arms.

"For mercy's sake, Miss Mayberry, — I'm nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Miss Ellen. "I'm only trying to pay my own debts. Now I'm going to cut you some of those roses. Which rose would you think Miss Mayberry would favor, Mr. Dudley?"

"The flaming Tokay."

The indignant exclamation of the girl was lost in Miss Ellen's hearty laughter.

"There, you see, Miss Mayberry! — he don't know a rose from a grapevine, let alone one rose from another."

"Well, — I meant that flamboyant thing down by the hedge," explained the gentleman, unabashed.

"The Archduke Charles? — for the land's sake, *why*, now?" ejaculated Miss Ellen. "Now the Duchess just favors Miss Mayberry's coloring."

"Her *usual* coloring?"

There was a silent exchange of hostilities, and the lady, gathering up her skirt and parasol with an air of finiteness, descended the path, down which Miss Ellen preceded her, snipping as she went. The kitten-nursing rector followed. There was silence, except for the crunching of pepper-berries under foot.

"I *hate* Archduke Charleses!" exclaimed the girl.

"You always did," observed her companion calmly, "and yet it's the ideal rose for — the Avenue."

"This *is* a dear old place." The apparently irrelevant admission, with its accompanying sigh, drew a sympathetic smile from the gentleman.

"It is, — a perfect antique, — fifteen years if it's a day. But Miss Ellen comes from the region of antiquities and ancestral traditions; she clings to the past. That cypress-hedge, for instance, — there isn't a broker in town who has n't pointed

out how it would improve the place to 'open it up' by its removal."

"Miss Ellen is an old dear," proclaimed the girl defiantly.

"She is; and as I said, she is acting-missionary to my parish. Heaven knows it needs one," he added under his breath, setting the kitten down.

Miss Mayberry glanced quickly at the bent head, but when the young man straightened himself up, she was airily punching holes with her parasol-point and gazing anywhere but at him.

"It is well for us we have a missionary," she remarked. "Our rector does n't appear to think souls down the Avenue worth saving."

"Your rector feels himself unequal to the task." He threw back his shoulders as if shaking off a load, drew a long breath, and faced the girl with sudden confession. "I shall have to clear out, I guess! The College Settlement was better than this. Even that came to seem rather an empty business, — but it was better than this. But for her" — he motioned toward the nodding sunbonnet ahead — "I should have cleared out long ago. Back there they looked bad enough, the old, old shams and sins and greed and emptiness! — but out here" — he swept his hands with a dumb eloquence of gesture which seemed to draw into one embrace the whole splendor of the sunlit spaces about them, — "I can't stand it," he wound up briefly.

The girl's hat did not hide a rising flush; her parasol point made vicious thrusts in the neat walk.

"I think Miss Ellen shows the more Christian spirit," she said coldly.

"So do I." He looked soberly over the green pepper-tops to the blue shapes beyond, — forty-five miles beyond. "We have n't all her gift. I fear I'm not framed for a cure of souls among the rich. Workers I understand, but these" —

She glanced curiously at the dejected face; her own suddenly cleared; she seemed to recover both her ease and good-humor.

"After all, you have n't changed a *bit* in five years," she said. "If I were you I would n't throw up my 'cure of souls' too hastily. We really *do* have souls, you know. Give — Miss Ellen — another chance." She shot at him a smile full of subtle meaning and mischief, and strolled on.

The young man did not follow; instead, Miss Ellen, returning from speeding the parting guest, found him patiently amassing pink petals from the dust.

"Mercy, Mr. Dudley! I can pick you a better rose than that, if you want one."

"I don't." He stuck a stem and five sorry appertaining petals in his button-hole. "I only want to know a rose from a grapevine the next time I see one."

"Well, you never will from that! You do beat all!" Then a look of satisfaction swept into Miss Ellen's face as she surveyed the green settle and bright dipper shining against the hedge.

"I declare, it seems to me I can sit down with more comfort now I know other folks can sit down too. I've looked out half a dozen times to-day, and there's pretty much always been some one resting there. Miss Mayberry was so taken with the notion she says she's going to stir up the Avenue folks to fix some under the live-oak down below. Only I do wish that seat was shadier." She cast a glance at the lofty cypress hedge enclosing her shadowed lawn, and an involuntary sigh escaped her. At the sound, she looked guiltily at her companion, but he was absent in those remote blue mountains where no sigh could reach.

His pastoral duty took him a long way toward them the next day, to visit a sick parishioner, and he drove home again in a golden glow of sunset which all seemed to focus naturally in a moment upon a square blue envelope lying on his supper-plate. The first glimpse of the aggressive upright writing made him smile, and he laughed outright at the plump cheque which fell from a piece of paper neatly endorsed: "Please apply — 'on account' — of Miss Ellen's oranges."

"My dear Missionary," he began, jestingly holding up the cheque, and then abruptly laid it down. "What has happened?"

"Nothing," responded Miss Ellen firmly, across the table, "only I've had a fight and won; there's a man coming tomorrow to cut down the hedge."

Paul Dudley stared aghast. He knew how Miss Ellen's New England heart reveled in that green seclusion.

"I've been real selfish about it," — Miss Ellen's lips tightened a little, — "and I don't to say feel real *generous* even now; but it's *right*, and it's going to be done. The Lord never took me out of that barren Vermont to give me all this just for myself. I'm robbing the Avenue and Hotel folks every day of my life."

The young man looked across the lawn with a knot in his throat. It struck no chord of humor in him, — this vision of Miss Ellen as the defrauder of opulence.

"I've heard say that when folks have everything, they get selfish and selfish," went on Miss Ellen with a gulp, "and now I believe it! The man's coming at seven," she added in a business-like way, pushing back her chair. "I hope it won't disturb you."

But it did, — it disturbed him so much that at the first dull stroke penetrating his sleepy consciousness Mr. Dudley sprang up, painfully awake.

"It's Miss Ellen's hedge!" he thought with dismay. In ten minutes he was out in the garden. The first of the lofty cypresses was down, revealing through the gap the whitened road beyond. At the extreme other end of the place, Miss Ellen's blue sunbonnet was bobbing about, busy, very busy among the blackberry vines. The young man pulled his hat low over his eyes and walked as fast as possible, out of sight and hearing. He was half way down the Avenue before he realized it.

It was a magnificent triumph of a street, this Avenue which terminated on "the Rise," before Miss Ellen's entrance.

Eighty feet of solid white glare ("We must build for the future," had been the motto of its promoters) was flanked suitably by burning asphalt walks enjoying the nominal shade of alternated palms and grevillias, whose telegraph-pole construction left nakedly visible the homes of the local Four Hundred. Soup-tablets, liver-pills, soap, and other useful and honorable products of a higher civilization had here their apotheosis, and flowered eccentrically in Spanish palaces, Colonial dwellings, Dutch mansions, and cottages called of Queen Anne, with nameless blends of all four, as if it had been proposed to sample climate architecturally. The whole was brought violently into a chaste harmony by strips of green grass tacked neatly down like a carpet to the asphalt's edge, and ornamented with a mathematical sparseness of geraniums, calla lilies, or an unwandering rose tied to its own stick; and on every lawn the sprinkler was already at work disinheriting childhood against the coming day.

The young clergyman's mind went back to the coolness and peace of Miss Ellen's acre; he did not wonder that the young tribe of Nason yearned thither, nor that Miss Ellen's fruit and flowers went at a premium in the homes of these destitute rich. The greater part of them were his parishioners, and often during his brief pastorate the smug betrayal of these too-revealing husks in which they sheltered had played havoc with his oversensitive nerves; now, in the light of Miss Ellen's falling trees, a sudden perception of their immense pathos smote him instead.

"She is right!" he thought, "no people in town stand so much in need of help!" And for quite five minutes the young man stood, a very beautiful expression on his face, sweeping with a kindling and kindly eye the blatant and beggared rows.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul!" he murmured at last, and, giving his hat a little pull, strode on with a fresh and vigorous step.

This ardent mood bore him at last to the Avenue's end, advertised to him by an Elizabethan dwelling set square to the road, and ingeniously combined with a Nantucket windmill, up which a solitary trumpet-flower flared by way both of shade and decoration. It smiled at him like a joke, — this absurd house; or was it his own subtle subconscious self which set him smiling in return? At all events, his lips relaxed, but very sweetly.

"Duchess roses, indeed! — the utter fraud!"

To refresh himself he took the first turning and went home by back streets set thick with rosy cottages in groves of orange, lemon, and almond, all breathing of the "immeasurable rose." Breakfast was waiting on the porch when he arrived, and the whole upper front of Miss Ellen's place was lying open in shadowy glimpses between tall pines and soft inward reaches of Bermuda sward.

"It's a real improvement, don't you think?" said Miss Ellen brightly. "I'm going to move up the white oleander, and the man is setting the benches in on the grass. A whole load of Raymond tourists came by a while ago, and I let them help themselves to oranges. You never saw folks so pleased; they acted just like a party of children, — said it gave them a new notion of Californian hospitality. I declare, how grateful folks will be for the least thing!"

Paul smiled back at her.

"And you are not going to miss the hedge, after all?"

"Oh, it seems a little out-of-doors at first, but I'll get used to that, and I make no doubt it's healthier; — the trees give a lot of shade. While the men are here," she went on happily, "I'm going to have them fix a little pond for the children, where the hydrant overflows. It don't cost me anything but a barrel of cement, and you'll see how tickled they'll be. I've told their mothers to let them come up any time, — it brightens up the place, — only I hope it don't disturb you at your studies?" she added anxiously.

He looked with silent tenderness at the thin, eager face.

"No, dear friend, — it does not disturb me."

Later, indeed, he decided that it filled a long-felt want, when, coming home in the afternoon, he found a pair of children deep in the mire of the pond-edge, ably assisted by a child of larger growth warily reclined on the border of the grass.

"We are making toad-houses," explained Miss Mayberry, raising a brilliant face at his approach. "I've something for you in my pocket, just 'on account' from Mrs. Lippitt, but I can't give it to you now. Wait a minute," — she rose, displaying a pair of hands caked to the wrists.

"We've had the finest time," she elaborated laughingly, walking beside him toward the house. "Mrs. Nason can't know what *dears* her children are, or she would never let them out of her sight. I never *could* quite share your enthusiasm for poor, dirty little tenement-children, but nice, clean ones I love. They are just the perfect age, too."

The young man's heart contracted with an inward groan. Outwardly he only said, — "*Clean!*" with a little emphasis and an elevation of the brows as he glanced downwards at her hands.

The girl laughed.

"Well, they *were* clean when we began."

"Oh, — when even their elders have a depraved passion for toad-houses" —

But she had run laughing ahead, and while Miss Ellen with sympathetic haste produced soap, water, and towels, Paul installed himself with nice selection on a lower step, framed idly to command every fastidious grace of white fingers moving through clear water, or pinkly revealed against the whiter linen.

"Well, Miss Ellen," he said, "I hope you are satisfied with these new fruits of your garden, — having corrupted even Miss Mayberry."

"No," responded Miss Ellen, "I'm not satisfied. I've got something on my mind."

At the tone Miss Mayberry looked up interestedly, and Mr. Dudley removed his glance momentarily from the finger-play to fix it on his hostess. Miss Ellen's face was portentously grave.

"I want to make my will," she said.

"My dear friend! — surely you are not feeling ill?" exclaimed the young man anxiously.

"I never felt better; — but I'm liable to die, for all that. 'In the midst of life' — My grandmother was taken in a moment in her chair. I want to get this place off my mind; it's a great responsibility."

The two young people waited in silence.

"I want to draw up some kind of a paper," — Miss Ellen's voice grew more and more earnest, — "and I want to leave it so's it'll do the most good. There is n't a living soul has any claim on me, except the claim we all have got on each other. And I've been thinking the best I can do is to keep it for a kind of breathing-place for the Avenue folks and their children. The poor have the parks and take a sight of comfort in them, but the Avenue folks really *need* a place to get out in, — specially the children."

Paul Dudley cast the first suspicious glance of his whole acquaintance at the speaker, but her thin face was without guile; her anxious eyes met his simply. He turned and deliberately scrutinized his other companion, but nothing was visible save the outline of one flushed cheek, a bending figure, and a hand splashing the water with reckless zeal.

"I don't want it built on, nor yet speculated with," continued Miss Ellen, "but just kept up, with the seats for the invalids, and the pond and the drinking cups, and a pail for the dumb creatures, and the roses for the hospital" — her voice dwelt in loving enumeration.

"You wish to make it a memorial to yourself," suggested the young clergyman gently.

"Mercy! — no!" answered Miss Ellen energetically, "I want it for a memorial to the *Lord*, a thank-offering for his good mercies. But it's more than I know

how to fix it so's the speculators and politicians won't get hold of it. This land is real valuable up here."

"You might leave it in trust" — began Mr. Dudley.

"To me," interrupted Miss Mayberry, raising a flushed face and stretching a dripping hand impulsively across the table to Miss Ellen.

"No, — to me," said Mr. Dudley with decision.

"I spoke first" —

"You have too many talents wrapped in napkins already."

"I am going to unwrap them, — and leave them in trust to Miss Ellen."

"Mercy on us, child!" exclaimed Miss Ellen, "you'll outlive me by forty years."

"Maybe, — but it gives me a claim."

"I had no idea you were of such a grasping nature," said the Reverend Paul, rising to his feet, "but it is no use" — he spoke determinedly. "In the first place, this is a serious matter."

"And I am quite serious."

"You cannot assume a trust and then throw it up when the mood takes you to go back East or" —

"The mood will not take me; *you* are the one to throw things up lightly, — like a cure of souls."

Paul's face flushed painfully. He was silent a moment.

"It was merited," he said then, in a low voice, "but — I am not going to throw up my cure of souls. I have seen a new light," — and he turned upon the girl his face shining so solemnly with it that she drew back with a quick breath.

He made a step toward her.

"There is another reason," he said, speaking a little unsteadily; "unless Miss Ellen casts me out, I go with the place."

"I don't care if you do," said the girl defiantly, but she said it very low and caught her breath a second time quickly.

"I am not joking, Eleanor."

"Neither am I."

With a swift movement he took both the girl's only faintly protesting hands in his.

"Dear friend," he said, turning to Miss

Ellen, "I don't see but that you will have to leave it to us *both*, then, in trust. You see," — his hand tightened on the trembling one within, "we have been engaged — more or less — for five years now, and *now* we are going to be married."

Miss Ellen gave a little gasp.

"I — want — to — know!" she exclaimed, looking from one to the other. "Well, you *have* been pretty close about it!"

"It — it was generally so much *less* than more," came in smothered explanation from under Miss Mayberry's hat.

Paul Dudley laughed a low, happy laugh; he kept her hands closely in his,

but his face, still full of that solemnity of light, was turned to Miss Ellen, and its reflection seemed suddenly to fill her own. She beamed kindly upon the two, — shining like spirits in that special consecration which had never come to her, — and another and equal love answered them from her patient eyes.

"Well, anyway, — I'm *real* glad," she said, "and as for me, it's just a crowning mercy. There's nothing else to worry me on earth. I'll make that trust-deed a thank-offering for your marriage, — and may the good Lord bless both it and you," she added heartily, holding out her hands to them.

TELEPHONE DEVELOPMENT IN THE UNITED STATES

BY FREDERICK W. COBURN

THE bigness of the telephone interests, present and prospective, of this country is certainly best understood by the engineers. These men of figures and forecasts, whose every-day speech abounds in references to loads, insulations, and relays, have, as is well known, magnificent ideas as to the future of the industry they are building up. Already they are basing their estimates of necessary construction upon a probable twenty per cent development within the next two or three decades — a prediction which means, in every-day speech, that by 1930 or 1935 there should be, if the present rate of expansion continues, one telephone for every five people in the United States, or, as it has been otherwise expressed, a telephone to every other family and as many more in places of business.

A guarantee of the essential correctness of this prediction they believe to have been established by experience. Estimates of the progress of this industry upon which

experts are willing to recommend the expenditure of vast sums of money in 1905 would have been regarded as hopelessly visionary twenty years ago. The telephone-using capacity of civilized man is in fact only beginning to be appreciated. Not longer ago than 1889 it was held that when, at some time in the remote future, there should be three telephones to every one hundred people in the United States, the limit of saturation would have been reached. Of course, a somewhat more liberal use than this of the convenient instrument was expected in the cities, large and small, but no one foresaw either the extension which has taken place of farmers' lines and ranchmen's lines into the remotest districts of the land, or the universal popularity which the utility has of late years taken on in the great cities.

After the lean years following 1893 had been succeeded by an era of national prosperity, an unlooked-for demand for telephone service grew up. Long before the

end of the last decade of the nineteenth century the insufficiency of the three per cent calculation had been so thoroughly proved, that daring engineers began to assure doubting financiers of the likelihood that they might henceforth bank safely upon a probable ten per cent development. This, in its turn, was held to be quite the limit, one which would be reached only very gradually as the national wealth accumulated, and the number of individuals able to afford luxuries increased apace.

Yet so rapid since 1900 has been the expansion of the network of local, toll, and long-distance lines over the entire surface of the United States that a revision of all former calculations has become necessary. In the eyes of men who are to raise and spend millions upon further increase of telephone facilities, a forecast of conditions in which every fifth individual will be a telephone-user no longer seems chimerical; the millions needed for such a purpose are actually being raised and invested by cool-headed business men, in the belief that an era of universal telephony is near at hand.

Indeed, the forecasted development, though it fortunately cannot come about all at once, — since to provide for it adequately would be impossible in existing conditions of industry and finance, — is already not so far away in some sections of this country. Once a community, like a family, has acquired the telephone habit, its members are never satisfied to revert to primitive conditions. The tendency of the percentages is everywhere upward, with the far West in the lead. Most of the big towns on the Pacific coast have long since passed ten per cent. The cities of the East, South, and Central West, though still falling a little below the class of the California communities, are in the midst of an equally noteworthy expansion. They are to-day, as they always have been, far better users of the telephone than are the European cities of corresponding size and importance. New York affords the stock example. In the metropolis a decade ago

about 10,000 instruments were in use. There were on October 1, 1904, 136,391 subscribers in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. In London, which has a population of 6,500,000, only 62,580 telephones were in operation at that date; in Paris, with a population of 2,600,000, 45,714 instruments; in Berlin, out of an aggregate population of about 1,800,000 there were 61,885 subscribers. The total number of instruments in Greater New York on January 1, 1905, was 176,683. New York, therefore, although it is a little behind Boston and Chicago in percentage development, is actually the first city of the world in the number of stations operated and — such is the growth of the traffic — the local engineering force predicts that practically every family not in destitute circumstances in the metropolis will, before many more years have passed, subscribe to the service, just as now almost every place of business must.

The more general figures of the industry are equally convincing as to the plausibility of the engineers' predictions. Ten years ago the number of telephone conversations over the Bell companies' lines in the United States averaged twelve a year for each man, woman, and child. To-day the average per inhabitant is forty five. This system, whose operating companies have in hand a total of 4,486,564 telephones, transmits an average of more than 7000 communications a minute, 460,000 an hour, and upwards of 11,000,000 a day, the distances traveled varying from a few feet to more than 1600 miles. In 1904 it handled more than three and one half billion messages, nearly forty times as many as the telegraph companies controlled — a number, indeed, equal to about two thirds of all the letters and postal cards forwarded as United States mail. The average number of daily calls per instrument throughout the country is 61 $\frac{2}{3}$.

With the extension, furthermore, of long-distance and toll services, the value of the telephone is increasing so fast that an accelerated growth is safely predicted.

The limit of the usefulness of a small local system with no outside connections is soon reached; the opportunity readily to call up anybody anywhere is the boon ultimately to be bestowed on mankind by the telephone engineer. As the various communities of the North American continent are brought into communication with one another by the extension of a single comprehensive system, the worth of the individual telephone is enhanced. It is, of course, of greater consequence to be able to talk to fifty million people than to only five hundred people. Bell toll line conversations, according to the latest annual report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, amounted in 1904 to 300,990 daily, an average eight times greater than that of eleven years ago, and more than twice that of five years ago. The mileage of toll line wire has increased from 215,687 in 1896 to 1,121,228 in 1905. In some cities, as in the cotton centres of the Southwest, the annual aggregate of long-distance traffic greatly exceeds the local traffic.

Abundance of amusing as well as statistical proof of the approach of such an era of universal telephony as is implied in twenty per cent development is not hard to find. Newspapers give publicity to all sorts of ingenious schemes for utilizing Mr. Bell's invention in heretofore unheard-of ways. The instrument has come to be of assistance in about all the vocations and avocations of the everyday world. Not only has it annihilated time and space on the superficial earth, but the Norwegian fishermen drop into the ocean depths a line with telephonic attachment by which the swish of the approaching herring, codfish, or mackerel is communicated to the anxious listeners above. In some of the most delicate operations of hospital surgery the telephone proves helpful, and in ordinary medical practice the country mother raises the baby to the transmitter in order that the physician in the village may determine whether or not the cough is croupy. Concerts have been transmitted more or less successfully

over the wires, and Sunday morning preaching effectively conveyed. After a recent revival, in which scores of eager "seekers" had put in their requests for prayers, the evangelist handed his secretary a list of names with their telephone numbers and with the instruction: "Just call up each one of these sisters and brothers to-morrow morning, and ask them how it goes with their souls. Tell them to keep on with their prayers and inform them that I am praying for them right along."

Love, too, finds, naturally enough, a telephone way. Engagements, and even marriages, have been brought about over the wire by persons acquainted with each other only vocally. Indeed, a California writer has lately complained that in the progressive and telephone-saturated communities of the Coast the old-fashioned love letter has become quite out of date. There is no longer any occasion for amatory correspondence. An engaged girl whose lover lives in a town distant a score of miles confides that during the two years of their courtship not a solitary letter has passed between them. "We just call each other up a dozen times a day and say all our nice things that way." These young people, it may be said parenthetically in defense of the telephone habit, will, if anything goes amiss and their affairs are subjected to courtroom discussion, at least not be liable to the mortification of having their love letters produced before a tittering audience.

Even weddings have been telephonically conducted. Recently in Philadelphia an attractive young widow gave herself in marriage to a second husband who at the time lay critically ill with a malignant disease at the Municipal Hospital. Four miles away from the pesthouse a magistrate pronounced over the telephone the nuptial-knotting words while the bride sat by the bridegroom's cot. Contagion fortunately cannot be conveyed by the electric currents of the telephone circuit. Indeed, the isolation of hospital wards has been quite done away with since

telephones have become a part of the sick-room fixtures.

These, and almost countless other amusing trivialities which have gone the rounds of the press within the past few months, attest at least the importance which people have begun to attach to the services of the telephone. The serious features of the development now in progress have aspects hardly less astonishing than some of the apparently absurd uses to which the telephone is put. Problems of peculiar and almost sensational moment await solution.

For, in order to enable everybody to reach practically everybody else anywhere in the United States, the engineering department of a great national system must be prepared to construct and maintain a vast number of inter-connected and workable long-distance lines of such a character that stations considerably more than 3000 miles apart can be readily brought into communication with each other. The art of telephony has not yet reached any such degree of perfection. Recent reports to the effect that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is extending a long-distance line from Omaha to Denver, purposes to build forthwith from the Colorado capital to the Pacific Coast, thus joining New York and San Francisco telephonically, have been denied authoritatively. The difficulties of maintaining a line increase progressively with its length in excess of one thousand miles. The electric currents used in telephone circuits are exceedingly minute. All sorts of disturbances along a stretch of 1500 or 2000 miles may render the service ineffectual. Between Boston and Omaha, on the longest line that is anywhere in daily use, even a severe downfall of rain upon any considerable section of the wire seriously affects the insulation, and therefore the transmission. Engineering skill is working all the while, as it has been at work for many years, in the hope so to increase the efficacy of the long-distance service that practically no limit of length will be

imposed, and that not only trans-continental, but inter-continental telephony will have been effected. For the present, however, many obstacles remain to be overcome.

Another great problem grows out of the existence of competing companies. As a prime condition for proper expansion of the utility there should be a single efficient management of the telephone lines of the country. Competition makes only for anarchy and inferior service. The maximum of usefulness can be attained only under a comprehensive system.

This point deserves all possible emphasis. There is neither economic nor technical excuse for telephone competition in any American community. The "independent" movement could never have come into being but for the unfortunate persistence in this country of a crude notion that any kind of competition in any kind of industry is good. Of course, in reality what may be the life of one trade easily works destruction in another. The truth is that some forms of competition are beneficial, others extremely unhealthful and undesirable. Competitive activity in telephony has been proved by experience as well as by logic to belong to the undesirable type.

The growth of the so-called "independent" companies has from the outset been accompanied by abuses vastly worse than any that its promoters have claimed to eradicate. It has resulted, as such competition almost invariably results, in distressing waste of the savings of the people and in broad-spread impairment of the value of the utility. The movement began shortly after the expiration of the Bell patents about 1894, with the appearance of a horde of manufacturers of telephonic instruments, who crowded into a field that was popularly believed, because of the large dividends paid by the Bell company in its early years, to be full of fabulous profits. The manufacturers soon discovered that in order to create a market for their wares they must promote companies outside the Bell organization.

Popular prejudice they promptly seized upon as their most valuable asset. In order that people might be induced to put money, time, and energy into independent telephone enterprises, it was necessary to make their policy one of violent criticism, and such it has continued to this day to be.

Save that in an occasional instance an independent company has had economic justification in that it was organized in territory which no Bell company had ever preëmpted, most of the capitalization of these enterprises represents downright waste of national resources, — of the wealth of the people created by toil and by abstention from the pleasures which the rewards of toil might have purchased. An enlightened public policy would have prevented their ever coming into existence, while allowing the Bell companies everywhere to maintain their monopoly, and holding them strictly to account for producing satisfactory results. In every place where a second telephone company has entered into competition with the Bell organization there has been waste, — installation of apparatus beyond the community's need, duplication of services, protracted irritation on the part of citizens, lowering of rates to the extent of interfering with efficiency of work. At enormous expense to themselves a number of the leading centres of population of the United States have learned — and are learning — from telephone competition the elementary lesson that public service corporations ought to be established on a reasonably profitable basis in order that citizens may be able to invest in the stocks of such corporations without the risk of losing either interest or principal.

That the independent telephone companies have no proper reason for existence has been made abundantly clear by the frequency — one might almost say the regularity — with which they go into bankruptcy. An unjustifiable business usually fails to go; the financial troubles of the independents have been many and by no means obscure. The normal course

of any one of them is through a period of apparent prosperity at the outset to one of bankruptcy within from five to ten years. Richmond, Jacksonville, Detroit, and a score of other important cities have seen both the rise and the fall of rival organizations to the local Bell companies; other communities which are now subject to the manifold inconveniences of the dual system will before long have reverted gladly to monopoly. Every scheme known to the accomplished promoter has been "rigged" time and again, until the investing public has grown weary and wary. The quotations of the securities of the principal independent companies, as listed in the stock markets of Cleveland, Toledo, and other cities, reveal accurately the status of even the strongest of the independent telephone properties.

What, then, will become of the considerable number of independent companies now operating? Can there be persistence of present conditions, which from the engineering point of view are intolerable?

It seems probable that, because of the gradual disillusionment now going on in the public mind regarding the economic value of competition in telephony, the independent companies will be obliged during the next few years either to place themselves on a very different footing from that they now occupy, or one and all to go out of business, as so many of them have already gone. In order to survive, many of them have already found it to their advantage to ally themselves with the Bell system. In some sections of the country, as not long since in central New York, in Indiana and Rhode Island, "mergers" have been brought about between Bell companies and other companies, by the terms of which the older and more national organization takes care of all the long-distance traffic, relinquishing the local work to those who were formerly the "independents."

Any other outcome than such harmonization of interests will be obstructive to that orderly development of the telephone

utility upon which the engineering experts are basing their estimates. A great industrial combat, which might be prolonged for many years, would be wasteful of resources and destructive of national morality, and at the end one organization must triumph over all others. Peace and a reasonable degree of prosperity are prerequisite to the highest usefulness of the telephone.

Fortunately for the general welfare, the likelihood that the independents will cease to be independent through combination into a national organization of their own is more apparent than real. Obstacles intervene. The public would never endure competition, once it became widespread. The inconvenience of a dual system with long-distance connections in every city, town, and hamlet would be distressing, the expensiveness appalling. We already have, it is true, competition of this character in telegraphy and do not suffer so severely from it, but the conditions are dissimilar. One is not obliged to have two telegraphic instruments at one's home, and two more at the office. Though a correspondent in another city habitually uses the Western Union, one can still send him a Postal message with assurance that it will be promptly delivered. If, however, one is a user of the Bell telephone, while one's correspondent is a user only of the service of an independent company, the two people are still as far apart as if Mr. Bell had not invented the telephone. The only remedy in such circumstances is expensive and cumbersome; each man must use the service of both companies.

Another cause making against any immediate general combination of the independent companies is physical. Their plants have been built without common standards of construction and equipment, and, consequently, cannot usually be made to work in harmony. Theoretically it should be possible for a number of independent companies between, say, Pittsburgh and St. Louis, to hitch up and thereby create long-distance services; practically, such a result could be accomplished

only through complete rehabilitation, at tremendous expense, of many of the plants involved. The toll connections that have been established between scattered independent companies are operated only over comparatively short distances. To build up profitable long-distance lines is possible only in a system in which the contributory local and toll lines conform to the same engineering standards and are designed each to supplement the others. Independent properties, if truthfully reported upon by expert engineers, are not, therefore, in their present state likely to be attractive to capitalists looking for legitimate investment, however they may allure individual speculators.

The chances, therefore, seem to be against any sensational *dénouement* in the present drama of telephone competition. Independent companies there will be for some time to come, since economic misconceptions die hard. There is, however, a growing disposition throughout the country to concede the usefulness of well-regulated monopoly in many kinds of public service, and from that disposition the Bell companies will, if they continue to improve their service, normally profit. In all probability the pooling of interests between small local independent companies and the lines of the Bell system will go on apace. The increase of this practice of sub-licensing lines has been marked since the beginning of 1903, when the Census Department's bulletin relating to the telephone and telegraph industries of the United States showed that, of the telephones classified as operated by independent companies, some 84,021 were in fact in alliance under contract with the Bell system. Within two years from the appearance of the Bulletin, — that is, on January 1, 1905, — the number of this class of telephones had increased to 167,215.

So that it now appears extremely unlikely that the people of the United States will within the next twenty or thirty years undertake, as logically they must if two big competing systems of telephone should

be allowed to build rival exchanges wherever there is traffic to be handled, to invest nearly or fully four billions of dollars in properties of which from one third to one half would represent sheer waste of material resources. Both moral suasion and legislation of a general nature may be needed in certain communities to keep

the fool and his money from parting company, but the whole American people will not put itself in a position to be indicted of such monumental folly. Rather, the orderly development of the telephone industry will go on up to the twenty per cent stage, and possibly much farther yet.

THE COUNTRY IN NOVEMBER

BY HENRY C. MERWIN

NOVEMBER has a bad name among the months, and yet, in mountain regions at least, it possesses a peculiar beauty of its own. It is, above all others, the month of cloud effects. The clouds gather and disperse more easily and more quickly than at any other time. White, fleecy clouds, left over from summer, spread across the sky at one moment, and then give place to dark, gloomy wind clouds, apparently of immense depth, which seem to betoken a tornado, or at least a furious storm, but which, in turn, sweep over the mountains and leave the sky comparatively clear. November plays at winter. Her cold, blustering winds make you shiver, but your ear tips will not freeze; snow falls, but the roads will not be blocked; the mornings are apt to be cold, but not with that terrible, relentless, New England winter-cold which appalls all but the young and vigorous.

Moreover, this March-like month has at times an entirely different aspect, for November, at least equally with October, can lay claim to the credit of Indian Summer. On October 31, 1850, Thoreau wrote in his diary: "This has been the most perfect afternoon of the year. The air quite warm enough, perfectly still and dry and clear, and not a cloud in the sky. Scarcely the song of a cricket is heard to disturb the stillness. Our Indian Summer, I am tempted to say, is the finest sea-

son of the year. Here has been such a day as I think Italy never sees."

In the space of ten years Thoreau noted in his diary the following as being especially Indian Summer days: September 27, October 7, 13, 14, 31, November 1, 7, 8, 17, 23, 25.

This capricious season is a visitor, though an uncertain one, in all temperate climes. In England it is called St. Martin's, or St. Luke's summer. In Scotland the expression "Go-Summer" is, or was once, in use, and in Acadia, if the poet may be trusted, a much more appropriate term was employed, —

Such was the advent of autumn, then followed
that beautiful season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer
of all Saints!

Francis Parkman in the *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, after an exquisite description of autumn with its brilliant coloring, goes on to say, —

"A week or two elapsed, and then succeeded that gentler season which bears among us the name of the Indian Summer; when a light haze rests upon the morning landscape, and the many-colored woods seem wrapped in the thin drapery of a veil; when the air is mild and calm as that of early June, and at evening the sun goes down amid a warm, voluptuous beauty, that may well outrival the softest tints of Italy. But through all the

still and breathless afternoon, the leaves have fallen fast in the woods, like flakes of snow, and everything betokens that the last melancholy change is at hand."¹

November seems to be particularly associated in the American mind with the aborigines, for beside the Indian Summer we have sometimes the "Squaw Winter." The Squaw Winter begins with a light fall of snow, eagerly anticipated by hunters, who are up before daylight the next morning, and are off betimes to the slopes of the mountains in expectation of tracking a deer or perchance a bear. This fall of snow is succeeded by two or three rough, windy days, and then comes a cold, still, beautiful morning. For the first time the ground is frozen hard, and horses' hoofs ring loud and clear on the highway. Ponds are skimmed over, and the pool at the roadside, where the brook widens and the stock are watered, is bordered by thin, brittle ice which shivers like glass when the horses put a hesitating foot upon it. Every twig, every blade and stem of marsh grass are beautifully coated with frost and actually glitter in the sun. There is not a breath of wind, and though the air is cold and makes the blood tingle, there is a promise in the atmosphere of something milder, and more relaxing, — a promise which is fulfilled in the noon hours.

This is the kind of day for mountain climbing. The leaves having fallen, and frost and decay having beaten down the underbrush, it is easy to make one's way through the woods. Thickets that were almost impervious in summer can now be threaded without discomfort. To climb the pathless mountain-side is a pleasant task in this bracing air, and when you reach the summit, and sit down in some sheltered, sunny nook to eat your lunch, you have a sense of cosiness and comfort which no other season can supply. The sun is now not an enemy, but a friend; his beams at noonday cover you up warm

like a cloak; their genial heat produces a pleasant feeling of drowsiness and content. Not a twig stirs, not a sound is heard, the birds have gone southward, and though in the damp moss you can plainly discern the fresh track of a deer, he gives you no other sign of his presence. Probably there is a fox somewhere near, sunning himself upon a rock, after the manner of foxes; and, as you climbed the ledges, a hare loped easily across your path, and disappeared in the scrub pines.

These animals are strangely tame on the mountains, and never seem to be in any hurry to escape from the presence of man. Even in woods that border on a highway they may sometimes be seen skipping slowly along in a course parallel with the road, and evidently as curious about the human traveler on the highway as he is about them. In November the hare is in process of changing his coat, and his autumn clothes are different from both his summer and his winter garb. His legs are now encased in that warm, white fur with which nature supplies him in winter, so that he may be inconspicuous on the snow, but his back and shoulders are clothed in russet, — a sort of intermediate fall overcoat.

The ease of getting about in the woods after the leaves have gone, and before the snow has arrived, makes November the favorite month for "running lines" by surveyors, and for inspecting the forest growth. The village "trader," who, by virtue of his numerous mortgages, would become owner of all the land in the town, if he could only live long enough, takes a day off for a trip through the "Sinnamon neighborhood." He is anxious to see if his birch trees are big enough for the bobbin or the spool mill, and to calculate the cords of spruce and "popple" that he can sell to the pulp mills, whose ravenous jaws are fast consuming the forests of New England.

Lumbermen from distant places come to view, and perchance to purchase, tracts of timber land, or even whole slices of a township or "plantation." It is wise to

¹ *The Term Indian Summer* is the title of a most interesting pamphlet written by Mr. Albert Matthews of Boston.

treat such visitors with hospitality, and perhaps it is wiser yet to exercise one's hospitality vicariously. Stillman Keene is not the least shrewd of our townsmen, and when a customer for his "second growth" appeared, he did not himself escort the customer, but turned him over to a certain 'Rastus Partridge. To this man — his debtor for some small sums — Stillman gave a few instructions as to the lay of the land, physical and otherwise, a bottle of whiskey and a significant wink. The result was that some surprising mistakes were made in traversing the territory. About half of Stillman's lot abounded in well-grown, hard-wood trees, but the rest was of little value, producing almost nothing but alders and scrub pine. How did it happen that those two men spent the whole afternoon in making circles through the good timber, never once going near the alders? Acre after acre of noble, valuable trees loomed upon the astonished gaze of the lumber merchant, — there seemed to be no end of them. Returning to the village in the early evening, they found that Stillman — with what may have been ostentatious indifference — had gone to bed. But the customer was so pleased with what he had seen that he insisted on rousing Stillman up, and making a contract of purchase, then and there.

And yet this ingenious scheme does not always work; people are so suspicious in this wicked world! There was once a certain rich, well-seasoned old gentleman, a lumberman of renown, who, after he had been brought back the second or third time to a particular belt of pine trees, sarcastically called his guide's attention to a chalk mark on one of the trees, secretly placed there by the old gentleman himself upon their first passage through that belt. If we have a fault in our part of the country, it is that we are a little over-subtle.

Almost everybody who goes into the woods, or indeed anywhere else, in November, carries a gun. Partridges are a certainty, deer and bear are always possi-

ble, and rumors of wildcats, louns-cerviers, and Canada lynxes are sufficiently rife to thrill the blood of children and timid persons when they pass through a patch of woods after dark. A foreigner might imagine that the county was in a state of insurrection, for in almost every wagon that you meet a shotgun or a rifle is apparent. The rural mail-carrier brings back more partridges than letters; the lawyer, on his way home from court, stands up in his buggy and shoots a plump bird without disconcerting his well-trained steed; two or three shotguns may often be seen outside the door of the district schoolhouse, resting against the wall, while their youthful owners are inside, undergoing instruction in more peaceful arts. What would a city schoolmaster think if his lads of twelve and fourteen came armed to school!

Trapping, as well as hunting, is a November pursuit, especially among the boys. Muskrat skins are easily obtainable, and will sell for about twenty cents apiece. Mink are rare, and a good mink skin will fetch five dollars. It was, doubtless, the knowledge of this fact that enabled Ed Geers bravely to hold on to a mink which, with his bare hands, he once caught in a stone wall; — he held on, I say, although the ferocious little animal bit his thumb and finger to the bone. Mink are very fierce, and sometimes fight so savagely one with another, screaming with anger, that they entirely fail to observe a human witness of the combat.

Skunk skins are not to be despised, for the price ranges from fifty cents to one dollar, according to the absence of white; and the confiding way in which a skunk will walk into a box trap is really pathetic. There is one boy in the village who uses the woodshed of his father's house as a trapping-ground for skunks, and it would require very little encouragement, given either to the boy or the skunk, to transfer the scene of their operations to the kitchen. Once trapped, the unsuspecting, brave, friendly skunk is easily carried to a brook (not, let us hope, a source of water-supply), and there drowned.

He may then be skinned, — and all without exciting any odor that could offend the most fastidious. Let not the City Reader smile! I have seen hands that held a captain's sword in the War of the Rebellion, hands that are capable of wielding the fiddle and the bow, hands strong and skillful to break a colt or shoot a bear; — I have seen such hands employed in skinning a skunk, and doing it so neatly and deftly as to confer an artistic quality upon the humble task.

Beside hunting and trapping, there is not much to do in November except to prepare for winter; and there is a certain luxury in putting off those preparations until the last possible minute: it is like lingering on a railroad track until you hear the roar of the express coming around the curve. Procrastination is, after all, a very real pleasure, — and not always an expensive one. Some ploughing has to be done; and the house must be banked up before the snow comes. Spruce boughs are usually employed for this purpose, and they are both useful and ornamental. The snow gathers about them and over them and fills up all the interstices; and thus a covering is provided which keeps the cellar warm, and preserves the apples, potatoes, squashes, turnips, and carrots from freezing, — to say nothing of the cider barrel. Some æsthetic persons in our village add to the spruce boughs small fir trees which, when the snow becomes deep enough, they plant in a semicircle on the north and west sides of the house, as a wind barrier. Very grateful to the eye is the rich green of the fir contrasted with the spotless white of the snow, and a house thus protected has a comfortable appearance of warmth and seclusion.

In fact the whole population go into winter quarters during this month, for commonly it is not until the first, or perhaps even the second week in November that the colts, the cattle, and the sheep are "taken up," as we say, which means brought down from their mountain pastures to the home farm. Some penuri-

ous farmers leave their stock at pasture so late in the season that they suffer much from cold and hunger; and there is a true story of a colt which froze to death in an early snowstorm. Strangely enough, the body was found on the very top of the mountain.

The visitor in summer observes few signs of life about the farm buildings, — some hens, an occasional cow or two; but in late November flocks and herds are scattered over the intervals, cropping the "fall feed;" colts are grazing about the house; brood-mares are sunning themselves in the barnyards. The home-coming of the stock in autumn is a picturesque event, and yet our New England poets and painters have neglected it. You are most likely to meet the little procession just at dusk, on a cold, dark day, — on one of those days when an impending storm warns the merciful farmer to get his beasts home where they can be kept dry and comfortable. First come the sheep, timidly and erratically diverging from the road, shepherded by the farmer's dog, and by his boys; then, the stolid cattle, fat, and reasonably sleek, despite the frosty nights which they have experienced; last of all, the colts and brood-mares, — some running loose, others led behind a light wagon. They also are fat, but rough, shaggy, unkempt, and wild-looking, with long, disheveled manes and tails; somewhat dejected in appearance, as if they realized that their summer holidays were over. Now is the time to harness the two and three-year-olds, and even the yearlings. The grass-fed colt is not so nervous and spirited as the hay-and-grain-fed colt, and therefore can be broken the more easily.

It is the season, too, for matching young steers, and almost every farmer's boy has a miniature pair of oxen, which, when snow comes, he yokes to a miniature sledge, and makes believe at hauling loads of wood. Two boys often put their cattle together, thus forming a four-in-hand of steers, — and a kicking, bolting bucking team it is apt to be, until experi-

ence has chastened it. This kind of thing, however, affords a healthy amusement for the boys, and results in the mutual education of boys and steers.

For the whole community November is an easy-going month, — an interval between summer and winter. Husking bees exist in reality, as well as in magazine illustrations, and red ears of corn are found as often now as they were in old times. Whist parties are not uncommon, and church "sociables" are organized for the winter. It is the season for visiting friends and relatives in adjoining towns, and for exercising a hospitality which culminates on Thanksgiving Day. Just as the landscape discloses itself when the leaves fall, so, in November, when the stress of summer and autumn work is over, the characters of the townspeople begin to reveal themselves to a sympathetic observer. In the city one may know a man well; but in the country we know not only him but his antecedents; we know the strain of blood which he inherits on his father's side, and we know the strain which he inherits on his mother's side. If nature handicapped him at the start, we are aware of the fact, and make allowance for it. If some erratic or even criminal trait develops in him, the chances are that we can find its counterpart in an erring aunt or crazy cousin, and a few aged persons in the village will recollect the common grandsire in whom the taint was first disclosed. Not only the antecedents but the history of our neighbor in the country is familiar to us. What he has done and suffered and gone without; what misfortunes have happened to him, whether by marriage, ill-health, or otherwise, — all these things are known, and the knowledge begets a wide and deep charity. Quarrel and gossip as we may, there is a fellow-feeling, a sympathy, among country people, which anybody who has once experienced it will never forget or be contented without.

Let the reader contemplate our blacksmith, for example. To one who casually employs him, he is simply a tall, gaunt

figure whose working clothes are picturesquely patched and stained, and who has a genius for mending unmendable things. But to one who knows his ancestry, and the wild strain of blood which he inherits; to one who remembers how he once, while fox-hunting in early spring, crawled out thirty rods on thin ice in Bass Pond, at the risk of his life, to save his dog from drowning; to one who appreciates his affection for his children and his grief when anything goes amiss with them; to one who is familiar with his poverty, and with his lifelong, unfulfilled ambition to own a fast trotter; to one who has listened to the grim jests at fortune and at himself which he hammers out of red-hot horseshoes, — to such a one, the blacksmith, tramping heavily down the street with firm-set jaw and melancholy, cavernous eyes, is an epitome of the tragedy of the human race.

It is a common remark that New England character is largely the result of New England soil and climate. Now, it is one thing to assent to this remark when we hear it, or when we come across it in print, and it is quite another thing to see it illustrated in flesh and blood. Frost and snow and ice; fierce storms and balmy winds; the cold that stimulates and congeals; the warmth that relaxes; — all these things are transmitted into human character. Thus, human nature and external nature are, in a very real sense, different aspects of the same elemental forces. One may have lived long in a New England town before this truth dawns upon him, but when once grasped, it is a keen and subtle source of satisfaction. With what a human interest is the landscape invested when we realize that the same forces which moulded it have also moulded the lives and characters of the men and women about us! On the other hand, those living personages acquire a cosmic dignity and significance when we reflect that they are, in a measure at least, the human manifestation of that wild energy which nature exhibits in New England.

The humble fact — unrecorded by his-

torians — that, until forty or fifty years ago, the great mass of New England people wore no underclothes, even in winter, speaks eloquently for the toughness and vitality of the race. It is only within thirty years or so that the average farmer has had anything warmer than a horse blanket to wrap about his legs in the sleigh. Fur coats were very rare as late as twenty-five years ago. Even now, the usual dressing and sleeping place of the younger members of the family, at least, is an unheated garret room, where the snow sifts in, and where the wintry winds are imperfectly kept out. If the housing and clothing were of a rough and hardy character, so also was the food. The bill of fare in logging camps used to consist chiefly, if not entirely, of pork, beans, soda biscuit, doughnuts, molasses, and green tea. No fresh meat, no potatoes, no milk, no sugar, and no butter appeared on the table. Instead of butter, the hardy woodchopper used a mixture which in these squeamish days one hesitates even to mention; it was composed of pork fat and molasses.

Now, however, the woodman's table is spread with fresh meat, butter, sugar, potatoes, and good bread. He has coffee once a day, tea twice, and in many logging camps even the luxury of a cow is supplied. Wages also are satisfactory, and the consequence is that in the dispersal of young or unattached men which always takes place in November, the fall work being finished and the winter work requiring but few hands, many go into the woods. Choppers receive from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a month, besides, of course, their board and lodging; drivers, especially skillful teamsters of oxen (who are becoming scarce), are paid even more sometimes, and the cook and cookee (the cook's assistant) fare as well. The cold is not much felt in the sheltered woods; the work is exhilarating, and the life is of that sociable, gregarious kind which suits the American temperament. In the evening, the men sit around the stove, play cards, and tell stories.

The woods, in fact, exercise a fascination which some married men, even, cannot resist. It is a matter of wonder among us, for example, that Church Cutts should leave his young and handsome wife, and be off to the woods in November. The cynics who gossip in the store while waiting for the stage to bring the mail wag their heads, and predict that such rash conduct as that of Cutts will result in his making application for a "bill" at the spring term of court. "Bills," in fact, are almost as common in our community as weddings, and a certain misanthropical bachelor once declared that, to save trouble, every marriage certificate hereafter issued ought to contain, on the reverse side, a blank form of an application for divorce.

It is possible, however, to combine family life with life in the forest. Last November, two young couples in our village, who had been married but a few weeks, started for the woods to spend the winter in a log cabin, the men to get out ship's "knees" while the women attended to their household duties. Who, without envy, could see them depart! The four young people were snugly ensconced in a big wagon half full of hay, with two dogs and a cat as fellow passengers. The remainder of the load comprised two beds, four chairs, a cook stove, a big pile of comforters, a barrel of flour, two shot-guns, a rifle, snowshoes, and a few other necessities. It was simply a prolonged winter picnic, from which they all returned in the spring, venison-fed, and in the best of health and spirits.

But the reader may surmise that November is drawing to a close, and may expect, not without reason, that these slight, but genuine, impressions of the month should come to an end also. There is a kind of typical, late November day, when autumn may be said to take its leave of the landscape, when nature shuts the door of the seasons, and turns the lock which is to hold all vegetation fixed and motionless until the spring. It is a dark, cold, silent day. One vast, lead-colored,

low-hanging cloud covers the sky, and in the still, raw, yet strangely exhilarating air there is an unmistakable suggestion of snow. If anybody has neglected to bank up his house or to fetch his stock from their mountain pasture, let him bestir himself now, for winter is at hand. But to one who loves solitude and the open air, this is the day, above all others in the year, for a long walk, or drive, or horseback excursion. Each of these ways of getting about has its own peculiar advantage, and I will leave the reader to choose for himself, provided only that he takes with him no companion who is capable of speech. A spoken word is more certain to dispel the charm of solitude than it is to bring down an avalanche of snow upon the heads of travelers in high mountains.

One other precaution should be taken, and that is to have some errand, real or pretended. Nature, as we all know, is never at home to the mere sightseer or idle spectator. Stare at her straight in the face, and you will see nothing; it is only the casual side glance which is rewarded by the sight of anything new or substantial. But if there is no business on hand, an errand can easily be invented. There is always a particular colt, ten or twenty miles off, which it is one's duty to inspect; there are friends in adjoining towns to whom one owes a visit; there is a box of books and fashion papers, with some candy for the children, that must be taken to a certain lonely farmhouse in the mountains, situated on a rough, unfrequented road, which may soon be blocked by snow.

Perhaps this last excursion is the most promising, as being the most solitary. The chances are that you will not meet a human being on the highway. There are several houses scattered along the road at intervals of a mile or more, but these are all abandoned farmhouses, fast falling into picturesque decay. Some sociable persons might wish to have it otherwise; they would prefer to see faces in the windows as they go by, to hear the ringing

sound of the axe, to see smoke curling upward from the kitchen fire. But give me the dark, deserted home, the cold hearthstone, the smokeless chimney! Not that I have any antipathy to the human race, — rather the contrary, indeed, — but that I love solitude also.

The rough, stony road winds up through a notch in the mountains, with woods and rocky pastures on either side, and over all a profound, brooding stillness. Nothing moves. The sap does not run in the trees. The ground is frozen. The dead leaves, half disintegrated by frost and rain, and now the food of the fungi which convert them into dressing for the ground, — even these scattered, multitudinous leaves neither rustle nor stir. But perhaps the most perfect example of arrested motion which the November landscape contains is exhibited in a small mountain lake, invisible from the road in summer, but distantly revealed when the leaves have fallen. The lake is as still as a block of black marble, for it is covered with a surface of smooth, black ice; but all around its edge is a graceful, scalloped fringe of pure white, frozen foam, — the foam produced by the miniature billows which broke upon the shore before the wind died down and the water congealed. There is nothing in all nature more unsubstantial, more fleeting, than foam; and yet the cold has seized it with frosty fingers, has transformed it into ice, and there it will remain under a covering of snow, its beauty unseen, until the warm sun of spring shall resolve it into water again.

The dearth of vegetable life seems to have driven all animal life from the scene. As you pass the gateway of the pasture, you will notice that the bars are down; the cattle and colts have been "taken up," and the pastures are deserted. The crows have gone southward. The woodchucks crept into their holes long ago; the deer have sought the high, northern slopes of the mountains, where they maintain their winter "yards;" and if any fat bear still lingers anywhere in the land-

scape, you may be sure that he is on his way to some snug hole in a hollow tree or to some dry cave among the rocks which he long since selected for his hibernating quarters. Bears always know when that heavy snowstorm which ushers in the winter is impending, and they "den up" before the first flakes begin to fall.

And yet, silent as is the scene, you cannot help feeling that if only it were a little more silent, you would hear something which you never heard before. You find yourself straining to listen more intently, — unconsciously holding your breath, lest some communication should escape you. What *would* one hear if he could get a little more in sympathy with nature, — could efface himself more completely? — would it be the music of the spheres, or the hitherto inaudible voices of unseen beings! It may be that the indefinable, undescribable charm of solitude consists in the fact that it is not solitude, after all, but companionship of a subtle and mysterious kind.

However, in this latitude, and among these hills, the days are short, and to-day especially night seems to be closing in abnormally early, — so dark and heavy is the pall of cloud which nature has

spread over the sky, as if to celebrate the obsequies of autumn. The cold, too, is penetrating, and on the whole it is time to be moving briskly homeward. Reluctant as one is to leave the lonely mountain-side and the solitude or companionship which abides there, yet there is a pleasure also in contemplating the lighted windows of the farmhouses in the valley. Expectations of a good supper, anticipations of warmth and light, of a wood fire and congenial society, — these things are not to be despised even by the solitary. Moreover, the long-threatened snow has begun to fall. The grass and the road are already of the same color, and a fringe of white decorates the tips of your horse's ears and the roots of his mane when you turn into the stable. That evening the wind rises, and a real, "old-fashioned," northeast snowstorm sets in. "It will be hard doing to-morrow," the stage-driver ruefully remarks, as he takes a final look out, before going to bed; and the next morning, long before daybreak, the musical sound of sleigh-bells, mingling pleasantly with your dreams, makes you vaguely aware that another autumn has passed into history, and that winter has arrived.

HOW STATISTICS ARE MANUFACTURED

THE EXPERIENCES OF A CENSUS-TAKER

BY WILLIAM H. ALLEN

THROUGHOUT the civilized world statistics have come to be regarded as public guide-posts, not mere monuments to public whim. The decennial national inquisition conducted by the census agents can be justified only on the ground that some important public end is to be subserved. That end is the guidance of the statesman. Statist, statesman, and statistics are of the same derivation, and refer to public servants. Statistics have in fact always been distinguished from mere facts, in that statistics, instead of being dead and unrelated, are intended to suggest action, social control of future contingencies, social mastery of the forces whose working they chronicle.

In spite of the avowed incompleteness and inaccuracy of former census returns, whether relating to the vitality or to the industrial activity of our population, it must be admitted that the average citizen gives to our official statistics absolute credence. Cynical as we profess to be with reference to the expert's motives or hypnotic skill, nevertheless we are worshippers of the tables whose meaning he is thought to pervert. Rarely is the accuracy of these tables themselves challenged. On the contrary, we submissively accept them as the major premise of the political syllogism, and divide into parties for the discussion of the conclusions. The wag's remark that one should always state, in applying, whether Republican or Democratic statistics are wanted, does not imply that the individual Republican or Democrat questions the infallibility of his own statistics. Thus it happens that, just as we accept as final the population enumeration and base upon it a distribution of influence in national legislation, so

upon industrial statistics we base our political and economic policies.

Acting upon this principle, the government questioned in 1900 about 640,000 manufacturing establishments on the assumption that an analysis of the returns would throw light upon the relation to the public welfare of protection, the gold standard, strikes, trusts, expansion, bounties on shipping, immigration, higher education, factory legislation, and the like. The facts gathered four years ago have been classified and compiled at Washington. Immediately upon the advance publication of totals, showing an increase of over 40 per cent since 1890, the political syllogism was exploited, and the figures were said to warrant this conclusion, quoted from a Philadelphia newspaper: "This is not at all in accord with the theory that only great business concerns any longer have any chance of success in this country." It is not extravagant to predict that the material contained in the four volumes of manufactures statistics recently published will form the basis for political controversy for the next two decades.

It is the object of this paper to indicate as briefly and correctly as possible the nature of a large portion of the material. If it should appear that the writer does not share the superstitious reverence for official statistics, let it not be inferred that he wishes to depreciate the importance of the decennial census or of the statistical method. It certainly is not desirable to diminish public interest in our statistics. It has been a very difficult and expensive matter — over one billion dollars for the last census — to collect and compile the voluminous reports of the

last two censuses. Yet it is perfectly obvious that the value of future statistics must depend upon candid recognition of the defects of past statistics. The chief statistician himself, in four pages of Part I, has warned those who might prepare campaign editorials and historical summaries of certain limitations, declaring candidly: "The science of statistics, as applied to manufactures, is yet in its infancy."

The true character of these statistics is probably best known to the census agents. They helped to manufacture the statistics of manufactures. They have, therefore, an intimate knowledge of both the raw material and the workmanship which have gone into the finished product recently published by the census office. The writer had one month's experience as special agent in two districts in the city of Philadelphia. Statements were taken from about one hundred and fifty manufacturing establishments. Acquaintance with the daily experiences of a score of special agents working in the various districts of Philadelphia assures me that the conditions hereafter described are not exceptional. On the contrary, the average intelligence of the two districts cited is considerably above that of most of the districts in any large city.

Nor is it probable that conditions in Philadelphia specially favored inaccuracies. On the contrary, it is most likely that nowhere in the country was a more conscientious effort made to secure reliable results. The Chief Special Agent, Mr. George S. Boudinot, had not only years of experience as manager of commercial agencies, but had won the confidence of the census authorities, for whom he had conducted the bureau of manufacturing statistics in 1890. Furthermore, Mr. Boudinot employed every university or specially trained man whom he could, having on the staff many men experienced in the service of mercantile agencies. It would be interesting to hear from Washington with reference to the qualifications demanded of special agents in other spe-

cial districts. It will appear from the experiences here recounted that the task assigned to the census agent was too great for any training less than that of a magician or a fortune-teller.

The schedule asked for an exhaustive statement of the preceding year's business. Special industries, such as saw-mills, chemical factories, woolen and steel factories, and the like, were reported on schedules calling for minute details with reference to the specific industries, such as the quantity of chemicals, of various grades of lumber, or qualities of wool. The vast majority of industries, however, were reported on "schedule three." In "schedule three," therefore, will be found the principal source of errors.

This called for (1) the capital and its distribution into buildings, land, machinery, tools and implements, stock and cash on hand, and bills receivable. (2) The greatest and least number of persons employed during the year, including men, women, and children over sixteen, whether piece workers, ordinary employees, superintendents, managers, clerks, salesmen, salaried officers of corporations, proprietors and firm members. (3) The total account of wages or salaries paid during the year. (4) The average number of wage earners employed during the year, including piece workers, but excluding all who draw salaries. It is obvious that this information furnishes a check on the statement of wages paid during the year, as well as on that contained in (5), the number of months in operation on full time, on three fourths time, on half time, on one fourth time, and the number of months idle. (6) A statement of the quantity and cost of materials purchased under the following classifications: Raw materials, partially manufactured, fuel, mill supplies, all other materials, and the amount of freight paid on goods purchased. (7) Miscellaneous expenses, including rent of works, rent of power and heat, amount paid for taxes, rent of office, interest, insurance, internal revenue tax and stamps, ordinary repairs of buildings

and machinery, advertising and all other sundries. Under this head is placed the amount paid for contract work. (8) The kind, quantity, and value of goods manufactured, the amount received for custom work and repairing, including a statement of the value of the manufactured products for the preceding business year. (9) Lastly are statements as to the kind, amount, and ownership of power used.

The manufacturer is to answer these questions under penalty not to exceed a fine of \$10,000 and one year's imprisonment. His signature on each schedule certifies that the information therein contained is complete and correct to the best of his knowledge and belief.

In the case of establishments which keep detailed book accounts there is obviously no obstacle to an accurate report, except the almost ubiquitous desire of the proprietor to overstate his expense account, or understate his product, or both. The chief statistician has declared that there has undoubtedly been a great increase in the number of establishments which keep adequate records of the year's business. Just what the increase has been we do not know, nor will the present census enlighten us as to the proportion of its material that is based upon book accounts. The census expert did not explain why it was impracticable to ascertain this proportion. It is hard for the casual observer to understand wherein lies the impracticability which Professor Willcox mentions. After a business man has told his age, present and past marital relations, size and sanity of his family, the purity of his blood, his capital, expense account, wages paid to children employed, product and profit of two years' business, it is hardly conceivable that he would object to state whether the abstract to which he subscribes is from his ledger or from his memory.

Judging from my own acquaintance with these reports, not one in ten is based upon ledgers. In one month's experience not one report was taken entirely from books. In the one sworn statement that

came nearest to fulfilling these requirements it was necessary to add \$25,000 to the product in order to bring it within the limits of reasonableness. In my two districts not ten per cent pretended to keep even partial accounts. Bills payable, with duplicates, are filed on a wire hook, the assets are in the till. The past is buried and forgotten. Cigar factories furnished exceptions so far as concerned amounts of tobacco used, cigars made, and taxes paid. Even here, however, the same internal revenue book once told two entirely different stories in the hands of the two members of the firm. A colleague worked in a district where unbusiness-like methods were so general that he was not surprised to be called in as arbiter in a discussion between a manufacturer and her son as to the number of children in the family. He was able to do what cannot be done with most census returns, — suggest a lining up along the wall for purpose of roll call. The present paper deals with returns based almost entirely upon memory or guesswork, under the censorship of the special agent.

Our instructions were to record every productive industry, no matter how trifling its product, nor how infinitesimal its capital. Industry was productive when it resulted in changing the form of a commodity. To change place or ownership is exchange, to change form is production. There can be no doubt in the minds of special agents that an unnecessarily numerous army of manufacturers are engaged in changing form on a small scale. To make sure that these small factories would not be overlooked or scorned, the government paid by the day, not by the average product. The agent was expected to be on the outlook for signs of productive workmanship. To guaranty that he would not pass by some productive industry in ignorance that it belonged in the category of manufacturing establishments, the government published a list.

Among the many types of manufacturers which the agent, unwarned, might have passed by, may be mentioned the

following: A tailor who makes suits; the custom branch of a department store; a tailor who contracts to have suits made; a tailor who runs a sweatshop; a tailor who "sweats;" a tailor who only patches and sews buttons; a washerwoman who cleans clothes with benzine; the German plumber who repairs clothes at night; the dressmaker who furnishes only her labor and needles; the dry goods merchant who converts unsalable cambrie into aprons or doll clothes. Likewise a blacksmith is a manufacturer, as are the jobbing carpenter, mason, plumber, locksmith, cycle-repairer, lamp-mender, wick-fitter, shoemaker, milliner, cooper, paperhanger, plasterer, painter, photographer, printer. An undertaker who trims coffins is a manufacturer, because he, like the others above mentioned, changes the form of the products which pass through his hands. Little wonder that one agent found place for a crematory on his schedule!

Supplementary occupations furnish a still more perplexing list of census factories. One is surprised to learn that the following are manufacturers: the day laborer who works at night, six weeks out of the year, sharpening skates; others who work off and on at spare moments after supper repairing bicycles, mending shoes, rolling cigars, cooling candy, turning ice cream freezers. The housewife who takes in sewing during September and October; the dry-goods firm that sends its shopworn remnants out to be made up; the hardware company with a capital of \$100,000 which makes five dollars' worth of blank keys, or earns ten dollars trimming and repairing lamps; these are manufacturing concerns. A department store counts for as many manufacturing establishments as it has departments that repair, renovate, make, or change the form of commodities.

The difficulty of obtaining a report of reasonable accuracy is obvious. Even if complete book accounts were kept, it would be practically impossible to determine the proper relation between ex-

pense and profit of such enterprises as above enumerated. The agent had nothing to guide him but his own discretion and the necessity of returning a consistent schedule. The method of procedure may be indicated by citing as typical schedules those for dressmakers, night workers, bakers, and supplementary manufactories.

Out of a large number of dressmaking establishments reported by me, not one was in a special building, nor did one keep books. Oftener was the establishment conducted by one or more members of a family, who thus contributed to the family income by working off and on during the year upon such custom as was attracted by the sign in the window. The problem was, then, to estimate the portion of the expenses of a private residence which should be charged to the manufacturing of dresses. In most cases, the materials were furnished by patrons, — a fact which the census office was quite reluctant to recognize. The employees were for the most part members of the same family, or perhaps unpaid "learners." In many cases the only capital invested was one sewing machine, which would have been in the house even if no custom work were done. The agent learns from experience that it is futile to permit the dressmaker to think over the schedule. This will result in a very imperfect and impossible schedule, or perhaps in the firm decision not to "answer those impudent questions, because her lawyer brother says it is not necessary."

It is also unwise to ask questions in the order on the schedule, for the fabric of guesses is certain crazy patchwork by the time the tenth blank is filled out. Therefore, the agent learns to begin by obtaining some idea of the number of months the "factory" is employed on full time and the number of sewing machines used. If the number of employees seems to correspond to the number of sewing machines, the agent has the basis for a guess at the product. He does not ask what it is. On the contrary, he

suggests \$500, \$1000, \$850, and then, like the Dutch auctioneer, deducts until he and the dressmaker come to a practical and amicable agreement. Or perhaps he suggests the number of dresses made. In the absence of positive proof to the contrary, the manufacturer accepts, often with unfeigned dismay, the *a priori*, inevitable product which is shown to meet all of the requirements of mathematical accuracy and statistical harmony.

Given the product, it is necessary to determine expense. The manufacturer would not continue in business unless it was profitable. By subtracting this reasonable profit from product, the agent has left the gross cost of conducting the business. He begins to inquire. How much rent would you pay, if you paid rent? How much salary would you receive, if you received a salary? How much would you have paid your sister, if she had been some one's else sister? How much material would you have bought, if you had furnished material? How much would fuel and light have cost, if you had paid for fuel and light? How much capital would the sewing machine represent, if it were yours and employed only in manufacturing? "If you had a brother, would he like green cheese?"

Not less enigmatical is the schedule of the day laborer who conducts manufacturing some hours of some nights of some months of the year. How many hours or nights or months he will not know. How many lawn mowers or skates he may have sharpened, how many sewing machines or bicycles repaired, or the amount earned by pressing trousers or cleaning coats or soling shoes or cooling candy, he cannot tell. Infinitely less intimate is he with the expense of conducting what he is astonished to hear is a *manufactory*. He has always thought his profit from this extra industry was pure gain. He is disappointed to learn that his profit must be only reasonable, according to the modest minimum standard of the census office. His disappointment changes to wonderment, however, as he observes the ease

with which the agent has convinced him, by the Socratic method, that he pays rent and wages and profits to himself as landlord, laborer, and captain of industry, — each bearing to the other a relation of inexorable consistency.

Typical of supplementary industries is the large retail hardware store which makes ten dollars' worth of keys in the course of twelve months. Having listed this establishment, it is clear that the product sets a limit at once upon the inquiry. The agent must prepare the schedule so as to leave a reasonable profit on key manufacturing. What portion of the \$50,000 capital is to be charged to key making? What portion of the \$2000 rent? What share of the tinkering clerk's salary of \$100 a month? Shall the business be reported as running twelve months a year on one fourth time, or one month on one fourth time? How much may reasonably be charged to fuel, light, and taxes, or to salary of firm members?

Similar to this case is that of the retail dry-goods firm with a capital of \$100,000, which manufactures, from unsalable calico, aprons to the value of \$12 a year, or doll dresses to the value of \$7. How shall unsalable calico be appraised? how many laborers shall be recorded? Here again is the repetition of the problem of adjusting expenditures to product.

Another type of industry which presents numerous difficulties is the bakery. The returns show 14,917 bakers, with a product of \$176,000,000. In almost every bakery are combined a manufactory in the basement or kitchen, a ground floor retail shop which sells bread, cake, pies, ice cream, and the like, and a residence. A moment's consideration will show how natural it is for the actual bakery to be treated as a factory in making up the expense column, and as a retail store in the product column. From this situation doubtless arose the conviction expressed by a certain census official that "any baker who says he does not make a profit of 100 per cent is lying."

In determining the expense we had no

instructions regarding the apportionment of capital among kitchen, store, and residence. Nor did we compute seriously the value of the services of wife and children. The product, in practice, was discovered somewhat as follows: The baker gives the capital invested, which the agent distributes reasonably. The baker then guesses at the average number of barrels of flour used per week. A barrel of flour should make 270 loaves of bread. The agent, knowing this, can compute the number of loaves per year and the reasonable cost of furnishing salt, butter, etc. The baker is asked about the number of pounds of cake, cookies, etc., to which items five to fifteen per cent of the flour will go, on the average. If the agent adds this product to the bread without first having deducted fifteen per cent of the flour, he has overstated by \$1000 to \$4000 the product of a bakery which consumes twenty barrels of flour each week.

The total value of the baker's product depends entirely upon the agent. He may and probably does consider that all of the bread and cake and ice cream are actually sold, and at the maximum market price. The facts would seem to prove the inaccuracy of each assumption. One baker declared that he bought no fuel, and when asked with what he kept a fire in the oven, snarled "Bread!" He partially made good his claim by showing piles of hard bread. Another, who did a thriving business, was astounded at the agent's extravagant showing of profit. He later found the discrepancy in the fact that a large portion of the product was sold at a sacrifice, and from six to ten per cent was waste. Others agreed that bread brought more when fresh than when stale, and that not all of the product found buyers. It is doubtful, therefore, if a strict separation of factory income from retail income and a careful statement of sums actually received, based upon quantity sold, not manufactured, would have convinced the census officials that the reasonable minimum

profit for bakers was 100 per cent. In fact, the final returns show a profit of but 35 per cent, including interest on the capital invested.

These cases are sufficient to indicate the difficulties which confront the census agent, assuming that he is honest in his desire to ascertain the truth. They indicate furthermore what splendid opportunities are afforded to the agent whose sense of humor, local patriotism, party loyalty, or desire to rank high among his colleagues, constrains him to look at industrial statistics as puzzles to be skillfully and tastefully dovetailed one with another. And they must also demonstrate the necessity of relying upon the agent for the facts, rather than upon the manufacturer. To the latter the process of filling out a schedule is equivalent to a seminar in business accounting or a laboratory experiment at Monte Carlo. He is astonished to find out how little he knows about his own business, but having had a product named for him, and a reasonable profit of which he never dreamed, he is prepared for any number of surprises in matters of detail. It is all like the education of Alice in Wonderland. His business grows on the income side and shrinks on the cost side, and against his conviction he signs his name to a statement that to the best of his knowledge he has done a reasonably profitable business.

It may be suggested that these cases are unimportant and obviously exceptional. As to the latter point, only the census office can give a satisfactory answer. Unfortunately, its answer must be incomplete, for no provision was made for denoting incidental or supplementary manufacturing. The only incentive to mention the fact was the fear that otherwise the schedule would be returned as not showing reasonable relations, item for item. As to the importance of these minor establishments, that depends upon their number and also upon the use to which the returns will be put. It needs no argument to show how necessary minute

classification is to insure a reliable application of industrial statistics to a discussion of the trust problem. For practical public purposes not one of the above-mentioned establishments, except possibly the bakeries, belongs to the category of manufactories, however necessary they are to a statement of the nation's productivity.

The concentration of responsibility in the hands of the census agents would seem to make possible a degree of uniformity of standards not practicable among manufacturers. So far as the last census was concerned, the central office made no provision for uniformity of standards, except to provide supervisors to judge the reasonableness of a schedule. The agents were left to their own discretion. The result will be, therefore, hundreds of thousands of schedules based upon varying principles of division and adjustment. In his independent helplessness the agent could know but one rule,—that is, to maintain proper proportions. The manufacturer insists upon overstating expenses,—the harmony is restored and the business properly described by the agent's pushing up receipts. The agent employs, therefore, the sliding scale of the physician who sends his bill to the grocer after receiving the latter's monthly statement.

The central office is responsible for the perfect working of this sliding scale. Schedules were time and again returned as unsatisfactory, because they showed that the traditional reasonable profit was not being earned. In time of prosperity manufacturers make money. They would not continue in business if they did not make money. A baker says he is losing capital. A plumber says he is living on rents. A blacksmith maintains that he suffered an accident last year which makes it necessary for him either to continue his patronage at a loss of \$600 or to give up his business entirely. These

showings were mistrusted by the census office. The agent had to protect himself by appending signed explanations of what is ordinarily accepted as a commonplace of business experience, namely, that a goodly proportion of business experiments fail.

Undoubtedly the feeling was widespread among agents that the object of the census was not to ascertain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, but rather to prove a thesis. The moral tone of the agents suffered depreciation, even in a few days. The sliding scale reigned supreme, while the slowest and most ignorant and most venal man on the staff was permitted to set the standard of a day's work for Uncle Sam. The epicurean cynicism and abandon of the staff seemed to justify the warning of a noted statistician to the writer: "If you ever expect to work with statistics, the less you know of their origin, the better."

The difficulties are numberless, but the count is in, and must be used as effectively as possible. Luckily, too, the original material is in charge of skilled statistical experts. By minute and candid classification the inaccuracies may be weighted. The *a priori* reliable statistics may yet be sifted more carefully from the *a priori* unreliable, and the possibility of building upon the inaccuracies of this census in all future statistical computations may be minimized.

A little more time and expense in connection with the analysis of statistics of manufactures for 1900 will save much outlay for the next census, and many mistakes in legislation and administration. It is manifestly poor economy for Congress to spend millions in collecting less complete statements than circumstances permit. Perhaps it might pay for Congress to demand confessions from various special agents, to be used as hints to the experts and stimuli to the permanent census bureau.

HEARTS IN THE LOWLANDS

BY ALICE M. EWELL

I

ROBERT —
Ignatius —
Matthew —
Clement —

In a certain Family History their names are thus set down. As to the surname which follows, we need not give that here. Enough to say that it was a noble one in Maryland, as it had been in old England. As to our four lads, it was plain that the three last had been dedicated to the Church. Ignatius, Matthew, Clement, — saintly names were these. It was only Robert, the eldest, named after a much-married grandfather, who was expected to continue the line. At the time of which I write the faith of Cecil Calvert was sadly at a discount in the colony which he had planted. But a mother who had suffered much and loved accordingly had set these three apart.

It was, as I have said, Robert who was to go free. But who can tell how things will decide themselves! Before he was ten years old the Mother began to have her doubts. He was a boy that girls admire, yet always from a distance. As for interest in them, he showed none. They dwelt not in his thoughts. He was a slender lad, of medium height and well shapen. His face and hands had the perfect regularity, the color, of carved ivory. His hair and brows were black. His night-black eyes were for his age strangely unsmiling. Cold and clear was his voice. Somehow when the other three talked to or looked at Robert they thought of two facts otherwise partly forgotten. One was that their "family" was very old; the other, that some members of it back yonder in England had stood high for the Majesty of Law. No one thought of the Church at

first, yet still it seemed not strange when he made his decision.

After all, the choice was a natural one. The Jesuits were then, as now, the main-spring of their Church in Maryland. In the Ark and the Dove they had come, patient, tireless, "zealous for souls." They were now those who by their secret ministrations kept alive the earlier faith. Father Guesclin, the priest in this manorial household, was not a member of the order, but when Robert expressed a desire to study for its ministry he said, "It seems the will of God." Within a few months after, the boy was in France, duly installed a pupil at St. Omer's.

There are, however, consequences to all such changes. One condition the Master of the Manor had made. One of the other lads must now be let off, must marry, and continue the name.

On the day after Robert's departure they talked it over, — the Master, the Lady Mother, the priest. Which one? was now the question, and they found it open to much discussion.

With a woman's intuition the Mother suggested Clement. Was not he the least spiritual of all? the lover of sport and activity? the born country gentleman? The Master it was who demurred. What! the youngest! He had given his eldest-born. Could he not justly claim the second? But here the priest drew a line. He had doubts about Ignatius, but how could he give him up? A vision of Clem's fine hunting instinct turned sowlward also flashed before him. Why not Matthew, the neutral and docile? It seemed a hard knot, but Father Guesclin had the wisdom of moderation. Neither had he forgotten the days of his own youth.

"Let it be," he said presently, "the one who first loves a maid."

And so it was decided.

It was an arrangement which left much to time and chance. As yet no girl to speak of had appeared on the scene. But those were leisurely days, and meanwhile life at the Manor House went smoothly.

Father Guesclin studied, thought, and prayed. The lady saw to the ways of her household. The Lord and Master also kept busy, held his Courts Baron and Leet, saw to his quitrents and escheats, rode, fox-hunted, and made merry. It was the old colonial life of a riverside Maryland manor, and in all its phases the lads had their share. Each had his own way of playing. In work and study they took equal ground. Of the situation indicated they seemed to have an intuitive understanding. One was to be "let off," to take Robert's place as Lord of the Manor, husband and father. Which one or how decided they knew not yet. There was no great cause for hurry. They were all good boys. Even Clem, the hunter, was duly loyal to the Church, though somehow both Ignatius and Matthew were oftener called on to serve in Chapel. Under Father Guesclin's tutorship, with an occasional master from St. Mary's, they were put through the same course of instruction, religious and secular. The same traditions appealed to them. Sometimes on winter evenings, when the wind crept in chill from the marshes, they gathered round the fire and heard tales of Jesuit travel and hardship, of Brebeuf and Jogues in Canada, of the cave-houses in Virginia, where Father Guesclin himself had been. There were stirring tales of the Calverts and their kin, of the famous Battle of the Severn. To the mother this time was strangely sweet. It was good to keep them by her side as long as possible. When matters should be settled, a few years would prepare the young priests for such simple parish duties as the country life of Maryland then called for. So it came to pass that for some time longer Clem hunted and fished on his marsh; Ignatius, the poet, roamed and dreamed

upon the inland hills; Matthew, the singer of hymns and songs, the whittler and scribbler, following first one elder, then another. But the very longest lane has a turning, and at last — She came.

It was at a ball at St. Mary's that they saw her first. Though not only the Governor's niece, but their own distant cousin, she was just out of a convent school in England. There was, however, nothing nunlike about that face and form. Of other mould and fashion her beauty. Though, at fifteen, but a promise of more glorious things to come, it was of the sort to make one fetch one's breath. In the quaint yet rich dress of the time, the lustrous silk brocaded with silver, the golden ringlets over white shoulders, no wonder it dazzled — almost blinded — our three lads looking from their corner. It was their first Governor's ball. They were shy, and not among the dancers. This had not been a part of their training, save for Robert, who hated and despised it. As yet they were but onlookers. She was in all the joy of a first triumph. Yet seeing them, she found time to ask their names. As for hers, they had learned it an hour before. It was one which a century back had figured high in English tragedy. On a certain Tower window it was once written Iane. As we write a vision comes; a girl's head on the block, a lover husband soon to follow her. Let our maid be Iania! It hath a noble sound. So to her seemed the names of these young Marylanders.

A few weeks after this she was staying at the Manor House, in all the old-time ease of cousinship.

Now, this is not primarily a love-story. I am not going to tell of moonlight nights out o' doors (for it was early autumn), nor of still more intimate rainy evenings by the fire. I am not going to spin out the tale of what then befell. Let no blame attach to them! She was their first. She seemed of all possible girls the best. If Ignatius held back a little, if at times he fell into strange musing reserves; if Clem ran off some days to marsh or river —

what difference did it make? They were both between whites no better than Matthew, who did not resist at all. They were all three, if not quite slaves, under her spell. Nor was it that of beauty alone. She had both sweetness and spirit. All the simple school lore of her day she knew — but hers the charm that is born, not taught. Even Father Guesclin's eyes followed her with more than the rather dismayed interest of the situation. He had not planned for this, but it was stimulating. To the Master the humorous side appealed. A puzzle, to be sure, yet it made him feel young again. It was with a loud "Ho, ho!" that he finally asked of the other two, "What do you think on't?"

They were in Father Guesclin's own little study. The Master on the hearth, back to fire. The Lady Mother was sitting, very pale and grave. She knew not what to think or do. The priest was walking back and forth with hands behind him. His brow was slightly knitted, but the ghost of a smile hovered over his lip. "There is but one way to decide, now," he said.

The Master gave a chuckle, then poked the fire most vigorously with his spurred boot heel.

"Well, what way?" he asked. "I've a guess — but never mind."

The priest sighed very softly. "God and Nature look after such things," he said. "The girl can love but one of them that way."

II

A hundred yards or so below the landing at Delabroke, beside the creek that stole down to the river, and just where this same creek left solid ground for the marshes, there stood in those days a mighty ash tree overshadowing a rude boat-house where Clem kept his boats and fishing-tackle. The ground underfoot was pebbly and strewn with mussel shells. All around, save where the path from the house stole through, was a thicket of "chill bushes" or wild ailantus trees,

now leafless. On the tree above a few rust-red leaves yet lingered, but on a certain evening whereof I am telling one might have seen the gray-blue sky overhead, and a yellow sunset to westward.

It was plainly a meeting of serious importance, this. Clem was standing against the log wall of the boathouse, his hands in his doublet pockets, a frown on his brow, his nether lip pushed out. On a fallen tree-trunk near sat Ignatius, very still, his eyes unusually dark and deep. In a sand cove up among the big tree's roots, Matthew, half-lying, leaned on his elbow.

There was silence for a bit, broken only by the river a half-mile away, the cry of a bird on the marsh.

Clem was the first to speak. "Well," said he, "now we've met, and 't is time we were settling it one way or t'other."

He paused, very red. Matthew answered with a long sigh. Ignatius nodded gravely. Clem went on.

"There's but one of us can have her."

Another sigh, another nod from the listeners.

"'T is but young we are, I know, to settle down" (a note of regret here crept into Clem's voice). "Still I am 'most sixteen — and cannot one see what they asked her here for? For the matter of that I'd have loved her just the same" (a sort of groan here came from the others). "So would we all, I reckon. There's nobody like her — there never was. But I've somehow known 't was all talked over, just as I've somehow known since brother Bob went away that one of us was to be let off to marry. 'T is not like we were common folk. There's the name! She was asked here for one of us."

Matthew was sitting up now, and rocking on both elbows. Ignatius with cheek on one hand was tracing something in the pebbly sand with a stick. It began with an *I*. It would probably end with an *a*.

Clem did not often talk much, but he now had something to say. "I'm but young, I know, to think o't," said he. "You're both older. Then I know not which one they mean, and one must mind

one's parents I suppose — not to speak o' the Father! But one cannot be a baby, and, hang it! why did they bring her here amongst us all? They might have settled it, i' faith, another way. But one thing I think they've missed counting on — now that she knows us all, doth anybody think she'll have no say i' the matter? I trow she's not that sort of a maid!"

He took a turn over the shingle, stamping vigorously.

Nace had finished his word, or name. He drew the stick sharply across it.

Matt's piping voice spoke up. "I come next to Nace," cried he. "There's only 'leven months betwixt us. You're the youngest, Clem. I'll stand back for Nace's courting — not yours."

It was Clem's turn to groan. "Oh ninny! hush!" cried he. "Who talks of courting! I can hardly speak to her about the commonest things. Faith, my voice dies in my throat if I but say 'T is a good day, Mistress!' Courting! Why, e'en if 't were right — an' they'd all three given leave — what chance would I have against you two? Have I learned to talk by saying prayers in Chapel ever since I was knee-high to a duck?"

There was here a faint, strangled laugh from Matthew. Nace looked at him frowning, pale and grave. His lips were slightly a-quiver. What memories of "serving" in Chapel, what tender sense of loyalty to Priest and Church were fighting in his breast against a new, surging emotion!

Clem kicked a pebble, then broke forth again.

"Oh," he cried, "I am for fair play. I'm no *priest* to talk! I could fight for Holy Church! If either one of you get her — get her fair — I will take your place like a man. Do not I know how Mamma hath set her heart on 't? Do not I know how she was once served? Father Guesclin himself told me. She was a girl like this one, and most — nay, he said, she was more beautiful. She was dragged before the Governor and Council and rebuked like some common wench because of her

religion. By the Saints! when I think o't! But never mind! I'll stand by mine own — never fear! But we'll have fair play. I'm not yet sworn bachelor all my days! What I want is a chance, an' the best way 's to fight for 't. Do not girls like a bold fighter? Aye, that do they! And now what say you to *this* scheme?"

He paused and waited, but for several moments no word came. Matt rose to his feet and began feeling his slim arms. "Faith, 't is a bad chance for me," he said at last with a glance at Clem's thick-set sturdiness. Nace was staring in pale reverie, in his face both disgust and approval mingled with the surprise of this new idea.

Clem laughed contemptuously.

"Ninny!" said he again. "Do you think I mean a fist-fight or single-stick? There's but one way for gentlemen to fight. For what else, pray, hath the Father been giving us lessons all this while? We will slip the buttons an' meet to-morrow at daybreak here — nay, 't is too near the landing. Down on the Point will be best. And to give you both fair chance (you being the more priestly-like), I'll stand 'gainst you both. Now, what think you?"

His honest face was shining. His curly head went back with a brave air pleasant to see. But Ignatius stood up all at once, straight, and very tall for his not yet eighteen years.

"Nay," he said haughtily, "if I fight, I will not fight two against one."

Matthew also put in a disclaimer, but Clem was firm. He argued thus. They were more than equal to him in some things. There was talking, for one. On that "singing in Chapel," which was supposed to have given them the advantage here, he dwelt again. Even in fencing Nace had sometimes the skillfuller hand, but failing this, who was twice as strong?

"Ye can take it by turns," quoth he, "or not at all. If I'm not mistook you'll both be finely worn out. If instead you beat me fair, talk or fight it out betwixt you, I care not which. I'll be out on 't

then. You may go to her then an' say, 'Well, Mistress, we've beat him.' She shall see my face no more, for I'll get ordained bachelor an' go missioning to the Indians. I will die like old Brebeuf. Then she'll mayhap be sorry. But mind you, sirs, this if I fail. If I win, 't is you that will go a-missioning. I want her to myself. Ye're both too good at talking — you. Faith, now is it a bargain?"

In sooth there seemed to them no other way. If any gentle reader be shocked, let him or her remember that it was a time when the "Triall by Battel" was much in vogue. Not by gentlemen alone and with the small-sword were vexed questions so settled; not only did Tom Hodge and Man Jack go at it with fist and foot; but yeomen, the most law-abiding, in like case fought with oaken cudgels in the presence of witnesses from sunrise to sunset. Even Ignatius could see no better way out of it. So it was agreed that at sunrise next morning they should go to the Point and try their luck.

It was noticed that night, and afterwards spoken of, that our three lads had never been more friendly.

The air was chill and a fire of dry sticks crackled in the great fireplace of the parlor at the Manor House. Around it were gathered the whole family. On one side sat the Lady Mother with her netting; on the other the Master, surrounded by his dogs and busy polishing a set of antlers. His jolly Ho, ho! rang out now and then. In the midst in front sat Father Guesclin. His mood to-night was a reminiscent one. Strange tales of wild life among the Indians, of hardships endured, of perils escaped, were those he told. The young people around him listened eagerly. The one girl sat with softly shining eyes. Her lips were parted, her cheeks warmly flushed. No wonder the lads, looking, adored. More than once did the priest's astute gaze linger on her face. Never once so far had she given sign which one she liked best. Was it (he wondered) cousinly impartial friendliness, or the coquetry of a maid? Girls of

this sort puzzled him. It also seemed as if there were something unusual about the boys to-night. An atmosphere of mystery, of somewhat or other kept back, seemed to surround them. Something dogged about Clement, something impish and sly about Matthew, he felt or fancied. As for the one he loved best, the one he thought the girl must surely also prefer, — as for Ignatius, — Father Guesclin's keen sense had never before got such an impression of mental and emotional conflict.

III

Next morning was the first of black frost that year. Down on the Point, a bit of solid ground where creek met river, it was like iron underfoot. On the shallow marsh-pools, on the margin of the creek, the ice broke with a glassy crackle. Beyond the gray-blue river the opposite shore stood out with the clearness of such weather. Far adown stream, toward St. Mary's twenty miles away, sunrise was beginning to tinge the highest points with gold.

Our three lads had stolen noiselessly from the house. As may be guessed, they had slept but little. As they crept, shoes in hand, down a long hallway on which the upper bedrooms opened, Clem stopped, and with awkward gallantry kissed Iania's door-latch. Matthew followed his example, dropping, however, lightly on one knee and kissing the sill. They passed on, half-proud, half-ashamed. Ignatius paused, hesitated a moment, then fell on both knees. He pressed his burning forehead to the door. The hard coldness of it seemed to steady and revive him. As he rose and turned to go, he thought he heard another door, that of the priest's room just opposite, softly close. For a moment the lad paused, startled, irresolute, then ran downstairs like a deer.

There is no need to follow their going. It was, as I have said, sunrise when they found themselves on the Point. There

were only two rapiers between them, one the fine Toledo blade with which Father Guesclin had given them lessons, the other an ordinary weapon bought for their own use. They had looked with longing eyes, but in vain, at some choice swords which the Master kept under lock and key. However, but two weapons were really needed, and they were fain to be content.

Clem felt the edge of his, the Toledo, with the air of a connoisseur.

"Shall we toss up for 't?" he asked.

"No, you take that," was the short reply.

But Clem still hesitated. "To be sure you're older," said he. "Then you're oft the skillfuller hand. When it comes to Matt we might trade — still" —

Ignatius gave a stamp. "Take it!" cried he.

He had pulled off his doublet and stood neatly folding it. Though still at times seemingly irresolute, it was plain that excitement was stirring in his veins. His hands were steady, but a red spot had come into each cheek. As he threw himself tentatively on guard next moment, he was a slender, graceful figure in the morning light. Clem, now also capless and jacketless, was much stouter, and seemed a mere rustic by contrast. His face bore only its natural rosy sunburn, his gray-blue eye was cool as the morning. Both of them appeared older than their years, the early maturity of their time and class. Matthew in the background had sunk to one knee. He looked like a watchful attendant spaniel.

All was ready, and yet Clem still hesitated.

"Well," he said at last with an effort, "if it's wrong may our name saints forgive us!" (He crossed himself piously.) "Some folk might think so, — but I've thought on 't a heap, and hang me if I know any other way!"

Nace made a trial pass, his look dreamily set on the glittering point of his weapon.

"No," he said with a long breath. "No better — no other."

"He that first draws blood is victor," said Clem, emphasizing the already settled understanding.

"I know," answered Ignatius.

"No need of aught more than that 'mongst gentlemen and brothers, I trust," went on Clem pompously.

"Surely not," said Nace. Under his breath he muttered, "St. Ignatius and Mary Mother forgive me!"

Meanwhile Matthew was chafing. He piped up here.

"I've two or three old kerchiefs for bandages," he cried cheerfully. "My cap holds water an' it's needed. For my part, you may stick more than once, an' ye give me a chance back." He had evidently set his mind on a rousing fray. But the two other lads took it more seriously.

"Give me your hand, Nace," said Clem, huskily. They shook hands.

"We won't hurt each other worse than can be holpen, will we?" he added. "For my part I've no mind to vex Mamma unneedfully. She hath had trouble enough i' this world. Now, ready? Till you want a rest! — St. Clement to me!"

In a moment they took stand, Matthew's one, two, three rang out, and the Battle had begun.

At this very time it was that a black-robed figure, which had been advancing quickly along the creekside, through a strip of fringing wood, paused and stood gazing. To one seeing, as this person had done, the handshake just given, it did not look like a quarrel. He did not rush forward. A play is — a play. Where the lads stood the ground was clear. He could see every outline, each movement sharp and dark against the morning.

And now to worthily describe that fray! To her sorrow be it owned that the Present Writer cannot claim a knowledge of the fine art of fence, being in that respect much behind some of her contemporaries. This is a great pity. It is now the fashion to dwell knowingly upon such encounters. As to our lads, they did well. For some years Father Guesclin

had been giving them occasional lessons. As they now passed and parried, cut and thrust, there was something like pleasure in the eyes of that watcher at the wood's edge. It was a fairly matched game; for Ignatius, as Clem had said, had the skillfuller hand, but Clem the stronger. It was, moreover, plain that Nace was in high-strung mood, Clem as cool as the morning. They had both forgotten Matthew, who presently began to fret. "Am not I to have my turn?" he cried shrilly. But the others only paused for a breathing space. "I am not tired," said Nace. He spoke calmly enough, though as he did so he wiped his brow. Clem was not even breathing hard. So to work they fell again, all unknowing that in that space two more spectators had been added. One of them was a stout, red-faced gentleman, the other a lady who hung panting on his arm. He was bare-headed, she with a hood falling off her roughened hair. With wide eyes and pale lips she stared at the scene. Her companion opened his mouth as if for a shout. But no sound came. A gesture from that first comer said, "Wait! be still!"

It was evident, however, that a time for interference would soon come. This was getting beyond play. Over the faces of the lads a change was creeping. Clem's eyes had narrowed. From his cheek the ruddy hue faded. It looked simply brown and hard. It would seem on the contrary as if all the blood in Nace's body had surged into his face. A dull flush had overspread it. His hand was still steady, but his breath fetched hard. And now for a full understanding of this tale we must change our point of view a little. So far it has been from the outside, now for a peep within!

Of all my lads Ignatius was the only one whose nature had the interest of complexity. Mastiff Clem, Spaniel Matthew, what did they know of that conflict which the priest had divined! Clem had cut deep with that taunt of "singing in Chapel." Ah! those hours of gentle

"serving," those long talks by the fire, those readings with the Father! They had struck deep here. It is doubtful if the spiritual side had been deeply touched, but his hereditary Church, her late trials, her sufferings in this Province of Maryland, had made an appeal not in vain. Behind the Virgin Mother's shoulder he saw ever his own mother. It was a persecuting age. She had, as Clem had said, been indeed harshly dealt with. Who was this girl to turn him from her will? What strange revolt was this of body against soul that had brought him here, and for this! Let us here point the meaning. That it was to him a revolt showed which side was, though obscured, still uppermost. For all the poet nature which for weeks had been sailing amid roseate clouds, here was the born priest. All this while, as he parried, thrust, passed, and reversed, the mind was actively busy. Did he after all want to send poor Clem "a-missioning?" Even now he was not quite sure. It was the old, old question. To take or give up? Which? For all Clem was pressing him hard, it was still his to choose. Did not such conceited precocity need a prick? As to what would come afterward, well, was he not the oldest and cleverest? True he dared not think of the blank where that other thing had been, but even with her he would make it right somehow. He would do penance — atone —

"Ah-h-h!"

Involuntarily that long sob broke from him. His own wrist had not faltered once, but Clem's excitement had surely gotten the better of him. As he lunged forward, stumbled and fell, Nace's point took him fairly in the shoulder. It was high up, just the place for the blood-letting that was to end this conflict. But in Nace's sudden, involuntary effort to avoid even this much, he simply inflicted a jagged wound. In the same instant he knew at last his own mind. But Fate was deciding in more ways than one just now. There came, louder than his groan, a cry out of the wood; not, however from the

Mother there a-watching. It was a swift newcomer, a slim girl figure that rushed forward ahead of all the rest; rushed with hair wildly flying and disheveled garments to throw her two arms around — Clem.

It was late in that same day when Ignatius and Matthew started on their journey down the river. There had been farewells to say, preparations to make before the setting off. They were going for the present to St. Mary's. Clem was doing well, but home was now no place for them. In the other end of the barge sat Father Guesclin. He too was going away for a time. His place was now with these. He had come into his own and was content. After all, he reflected, the woman is a mystery. To choose Clem! Well, was it not best? Surely the Virgin Mother herself had so ordained it for that other mother's sake!

As they went, the sunset faded and the stars came out. As the last light of the Manor House disappeared, Matthew gave a great choking sob. He had wept more than once to-day. His eyes were

quite red. Not so Ignatius. He sat very straight and still; his arm around the other boy, his face upturned to the stars. On it was a look never seen there before by Matthew. The eyes seemed deep as wells. The mouth had thinned, not hardened, but had taken on another sort of sweetness. Matt gazed, slightly awe-stricken. Here, in the years to come, he was to seek and find strength.

Just now, however, weakness had the best of it.

"Oh-h-h!" he said quiveringly. "To think that I never struck once for her!"

The priest heard, and smiled involuntarily. Ignatius neither smiled nor spoke. His arm pressed closer. He had struck too well, and yet — but had he failed? Was not such failure the best winning, such giving up best gain? Clem at least would be happy, — and Mamma! It is well for us all that some are made this way. Very fair was the girl-face now lost to him. Not an hour ago had he seen it last. But already it shone far off and dim. The one that he saw up yonder in the twilight, though crowned with thorns, attracted him more.

REVEREND MOTHER'S FEAST

BY AGNES REPPLIER

"MOTHER's feast" — in other words the saint's day of the Superioress — was dawning upon our horizon, and its lights and shadows flecked our checkered paths. Theoretically, it was an occasion of pure joy, assuring us, as it did, a *congé*, and not a *congé* only, but the additional delights of a candy fair in the morning, and an operetta, *The Miracle of the Roses*, at night. Such a round of pleasures filled us with the happiest anticipations; but — on the same principle that the Church always prefaces her feast days with vigils and with fasts — the convent prefaces our *congé* with a competition in geography, and with the collection of a "spiritual bouquet," which was to be our offering to Reverend Mother on her fête.

A competition in anything was an unqualified calamity. It meant hours of additional study, a frantic memorizing of facts, fit only to be forgotten, and the bewildering ordeal of being interrogated before the whole school. It meant for me two little legs that shook like reeds, a heart that thumped like a hammer in my side, a sensation of sickening terror when the examiner — Madame Bouron — bore down upon me, and a mind reduced to sudden blankness, washed clean of any knowledge upon any subject when the simplest question was asked. Tried by this process, I was only one degree removed from idiocy. Even Elizabeth, whose legs were as adamant, whose heartbeats had the regularity of a pendulum, and who, if she knew a thing, could say it, hated to bound states and locate capitals for all the school to hear. "There are to be prizes, too," she said mournfully. "Madame Duncan said so. I don't like going up for a prize. It's worse than a medal at Primes."

"Oh, well, maybe you won't get one,"

observed Tony consolingly. "You did n't, you know, last time."

"I did the time before last," said Elizabeth calmly. "It was *La Corbeille de Fleurs*."

There was an echo of resentment in her voice, and we all — even Tony — admitted that she had just cause for complaint. To reward successful scholarship with a French book was one of those black-hearted deeds for which we invariably held Madame Bouron responsible. She may have been blameless as the babe unborn; but it was our habit to attribute all our wrongs to her malign influence. We knew *La Corbeille de Fleurs*. At least, we knew its shiny black cover, and its frontispiece, representing a sylphlike young lady in a floating veil bearing a hamper of provisions to a smiling and destitute old gentleman. There was nothing in this picture, nor in the accompanying lines, "Que vois-je? Mon Dieu! Un ange de Ciel, qui vient à mon secours," which tempted us to a perusal of the story, even had we been in the habit of voluntarily reading French.

As for the "spiritual bouquet," we felt that our failure to contribute to it on a generous scale was blackening our reputations forever. Every evening the roll was called, and girl after girl gave in her list of benefactions. Rosaries, so many. Litanies, so many. Aspirations, so many. Deeds of kindness, so many. Temptations resisted, so many. Trials offered up, so many. Acts, so many. A stranger, listening to the replies, might have imagined that the whole school was ripe for Heaven. These blossoms of virtue and piety were added every night to the bouquet; and the sum total, neatly written out in Madame Duncan's flowing hand, was to be presented, with an appropriate

address, to Reverend Mother on her feast, as a proof of our respectful devotion.

It was a heavy tax. From what resources some girls drew their supplies, remained ever a mystery to us. How could Ellie Plunkett have found the opportunity to perform four deeds of kindness, and resist seven temptations, in a day? We never had any temptations to resist. Perhaps, when one came along, we yielded to it so quickly that it had ceased to tempt before its true character had been ascertained. And to whom was Ellie Plunkett so overweeningly kind? "Who wants Ellie Plunkett to be kind to her?" was Tony's scornful query. There was Adelaide Harrison, too, actually turning in twenty acts as one day's crop, and smiling modestly when Madame Duncan praised her self-denial. Yet, to our unwarped judgment, she seemed much the same as ever. We, at least, refused to accept her estimate of her own well-spent life.

"Making an act" was the convent phraseology for doing without something one wanted, for stopping short on the verge of an innocent gratification. If I gave up my place in the swing to Viola Milton, that was an act. If I walked to the woods with Annie Churchill, when I wanted to walk with Elizabeth, that was an act. If I ate my bread unbuttered, or drank my tea unsweetened, that was an act. It will be easily understood that the constant practice of acts deprived life of everything that made it worth the living. We were so trained in this system of renunciation that it was impossible to enjoy even the very simple pleasures that our convent table afforded. If there were anything we particularly liked, our nagging little consciences piped up with their intolerable "Make an act, make an act;" and it was only when the last mouthful was resolutely swallowed that we could feel sure we had triumphed over asceticism. There was something maddening in the example set us by our neighbors, by those virtuous and pious girls who hemmed us in at study time and at our

meals. When Mary Rawdon gently waved aside the chocolate custard, — which was the very best chocolate custard it has ever been my good fortune to eat, — and whispered to me as she did so: "An act for the bouquet;" I whispered back, "Take it, and give it to me," and held out my plate with frank, defiant greed. Annie Churchill told us she had n't eaten any butter for a week; whereat Tony called her an idiot, and Annie — usually the mildest of girls — said that "envy at another's spiritual good" was a very great sin, and that Tony had committed it. There is nothing so souring to the temper as abstinence.

What made it singularly hard to sacrifice our young lives for the swelling of a spiritual bouquet was that Reverend Mother, who was to profit by our piety, had so little significance in our eyes. She was as remote from the daily routine of the school as the Grand Lama is remote from the humble Thibetans whom he rules; and if we regarded her with a lively awe, it was only because of her aloofness, of the reserves that hedged her majestically round. She was an Englishwoman of good family and of vast bulk. There was a tradition that she had been married and widowed before she became a nun; but this was a subject upon which we were not encouraged to talk. It was considered both disrespectful and indecorous. Reverend Mother's voice was slow and deep, a ponderous voice to suit her ponderous size; and she spoke with what seemed to us a strange and barbarous accent, pronouncing certain words in a manner which I have since learned was common in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and which a few ripe scholars are now endeavoring to reintroduce. She was near-sighted to the verge of blindness, and always at Mass used a large magnifying glass like the one held by Leo the Tenth in Raphael's portrait. She was not without literary tastes of an insipid and obsolete order, the tastes of an English gentlewoman, reared in the days when young ladies read the *Female Spectator*, and warbled "Oh, no, we

never mention her." Had she not "entered religion," she might have taken Moore and Byron to her heart, — as did one little girl whose *Childe Harold* lay deeply hidden in a schoolroom desk; — but the rejection of these profane poets had left her stranded upon such feeble substitutes as Letitia Elizabeth Landon, whose mysterious death she was occasionally heard to deplore.

Twice on Sundays Reverend Mother crossed our orbit; in the morning, when she instructed the whole school in Christian doctrine, and at night, when she presided over Primes. During the week we saw her only at Mass. We should never even have known about Letitia Elizabeth Landon, had she not granted an occasional audience to the graduates, and discoursed to them sleepily upon the books she had read in her youth. Whatever may have been her qualifications for her post (she had surpassing dignity of carriage, and was probably a woman of intelligence and force), to us she was a mere embodiment of authority, as destitute of personal malice as of personal charm. I detested Madame Bouron, and loved Madame Rayburn. Elizabeth detested Madame Bouron, and loved Madame Dane. Emily detested Madame Bouron, and loved Madame Duncan. These were emotions, amply nourished, and easily understood. We were capable of going to great lengths to prove either our aversion or our love. But to give up chocolate custard for Reverend Mother was like suffering martyrdom for a creed we did not hold.

"It's because Reverend Mother is so fond of geography that we're going to have the competition," said Lilly. "Madame Duncan told me so."

"Why can't Reverend Mother, if she likes it so much, learn it for herself?" asked Tony sharply. "I'll lend her my atlas."

"Oh, she knows it all," said Lilly, rather scandalized. "Madame Duncan told me it was her favorite study, and that she knew the geography of the whole world."

"Then I don't see why she wants to hear us say it," observed Elizabeth, apparently under the impression that competitions, like gladiatorial shows, were gotten up solely for the amusement of an audience. It never occurred to her, nor indeed to any of us, to attach any educational value to the performance. We conceived that we were butchered to make a convent holiday.

"And it's because Reverend Mother is so fond of music that we are going to have an operetta instead of a play," went on Lilly, pleased to have information to impart.

I sighed heavily. How could anybody prefer anything to a play? I recognized an operetta as a form of diversion, and was grateful for it, as I should have been grateful for any entertainment, short of an organ recital. We were none of us surfeited with pleasure. But to me song was at best only an imperfect mode of speech; and the meaningless repetition of a phrase, which needed to be said but once, vexed my impatient spirit. We were already tolerably familiar with *The Miracle of the Roses*. For two weeks past the strains had floated from every music room. We could hear, through the closed doors, Frances Fenton, who was to be St. Elizabeth of Hungary, quavering sweetly, —

Unpretending and lowly,
Like spirits pure and holy,
I love the wild rose best,
I love the wild rose best,
I love the wi-i-ild rose best.

We could hear Ella Holbrook announcing in her deep contralto, —

'T is the privilege of a Landgrave
To go where glory waits him,
Glory waits him;

and the chorus trilling jubilantly, —

Heaven has changed the bread to roses,
Heaven has changed the bread to roses.

Why, I wondered, did they have to say everything two and three times over? Even when the Landgrave detects St. Elizabeth in the act of carrying the

loaves to the poor, his anger finds a vent in iteration.

Once again you've dared to brave my anger,
Yes, once again you've dared to brave my
anger;

My power you scorn,
My power you scorn.

To which the Saint replies, gently but
tediously, —

My lord they are,
My lord they are,
But simple roses,
But simple ro-o-oses,

That I gathered in the garden even now.

"Suppose that bread had n't been changed to roses," said Elizabeth speculatively; "I wonder what St. Elizabeth would have done."

"Oh, she knew it had been, because she prayed it would be," said Marie, who was something of a theologian.

"But suppose it had n't."

"But it *had*, and she knew it had, because of her piety and faith," insisted Marie.

"I should n't have liked to risk it," murmured Elizabeth.

"I think her husband was a pig," said Tony. "Going off to the Crusade, and making all that fuss about a few loaves of bread. If I'd been St. Elizabeth" —

She paused, determining her course of action, and Marie ruthlessly interposed. "If you're not a saint, you can't tell what you would do if you were a saint. You would be different."

There was no doubt that Tony, as a saint, would have to be so very different from the Tony whom we knew that Marie's dogmatism prevailed. Even Elizabeth was silenced; and, in the pause that followed, Lilly had a chance to impart her third piece of information. "It's because Reverend Mother's name is Elizabeth," she said, "that we're going to have an operetta about St. Elizabeth; and Bessie Treves is to make the address."

"Thank Heaven, there is another Elizabeth in the school, or I might have to do it," cried our Elizabeth, who coveted no barren honors; and — even as she spoke

— the blow fell. Madame Rayburn appeared at the schoolroom door, a folded paper in her hand. "Elizabeth," she said, and, with a hurried glance of apprehension, the Saint's unhappy namesake withdrew. We looked at one another meaningly. "It's like giving thanks before you're sure of dinner," chuckled Tony.

I had no chance to hear any particulars until night, when Elizabeth watched her opportunity, and sallied forth to brush her teeth while I was dawdling over mine. The strictest silence prevailed in the dormitories, and no child left her alcove except for the ceremony of tooth-brushing, which was performed at one of two large tubs, stationed in the middle of the floor. These tubs — blessed be their memory! — served as centres of gossip. Friend met friend, and smothered confidences were exchanged. Our gayest witticisms, — hastily choked by a tooth-brush, — our oldest and dearest jests were whispered brokenly to the accompaniment of little splashes of water. It was the last social event of our long social day, and we welcomed it as freshly as if we had not been in close companionship since seven o'clock in the morning. Elizabeth, scrubbing her teeth with ostentatious vigor, found a chance to tell me, between scrubs, that Bessie Treves had been summoned home for a week, and that she, as the only other bearer of Reverend Mother's honored name, had been chosen to make the address. "It's the feast of St. Elizabeth," she whispered, "and the operetta is about St. Elizabeth, and they want an Elizabeth to speak. I wish I had been christened Melpomene."

"You could n't have been christened Melpomene," I whispered back, keeping a watchful eye upon Madame Chapelle, who was walking up and down the dormitory, saying her beads. "It is n't a Christian name. There never was a St. Melpomene."

"It's nearly three pages long," said Elizabeth, alluding to the address, and not to the tragic Muse. "All about the duties of women, and how they ought to

stay at home and be kind to the poor, like St. Elizabeth, and let their husbands go to the Crusades."

"But there are no Crusades any more for their husbands to go to," I objected.

Elizabeth looked at me restively. She did not like this fractious humor. "I mean let their husbands go to war," she said.

"But if there are no wars," I began, when Madame Chapelle, who had not been so inattentive as I supposed, intervened. "Elizabeth and Agnes, go back to your alcoves," she said. "You have been quite long enough brushing your teeth."

I flirited my last drops of water over Elizabeth, and she returned the favor with interest, having more left in her tumbler than I had. It was our customary good-night. Sometimes, when we were wittily disposed, we said "*Asperges me.*" That was one of the traditional jests of the convent. Generations of girls had probably said it before us. Our language was enriched with scraps of Latin and apt quotations, borrowed from Church services, the Penitential Psalms, and the catechism.

For two days Elizabeth studied the address, and for two days more she rehearsed it continuously under Madame Rayburn's tutelage. At intervals she recited portions of it to us, and we favored her with our candid criticisms. Tony objected vehemently to the very first line,—

A woman's path is ours to humbly tread.

She said she did n't intend to tread it humbly at all; that Elizabeth might be as humble as she pleased (Elizabeth promptly disclaimed any personal sympathy with the sentiment), and that Marie and Agnes were welcome to all the humility they could practice (Marie and Agnes rejected their share of the virtue), but that she — Tony — was tired of behaving like an affable worm. To this, Emily, with more courage than courtesy, replied that a worm Tony might be, but an affable worm, never; and Elizabeth headed off any further retort by hurrying on with the address.

A woman's path is ours to humbly tread,
And yet to lofty heights our hopes are led.
We may not share the Senate's stern debate,
Nor guide with faltering hand the helm of state;

Ours is the holier right to soften party hate,
And teach the lesson, lofty and divine,
Ambition's fairest flowers are laid at Virtue's shrine.

"Have you any idea what all that means?" asked Marie discontentedly.

"Oh, I don't have to say what it means," returned Elizabeth, far too sensible to try to understand anything she would not be called upon to explain. "Reverend Mother makes that out for herself."

Not ours the right to guide the battle's storm,
Where strength and valour deathless deeds perform.

Not ours to bind the blood-stained laurel wreath

In mocking triumph round the brow of death.
No! 't is our lot to save the failing breath,
'T is ours to heal each wound, and hush each moan,

To take from other hearts the pain into our own.

"It seems to me," said Tony, "that we are expected to do all the work, and have none of the fun."

"It seems to me," said Marie, "that by the time we have filled ourselves up with other people's pains, we won't care much about fun. Did Reverend Mother, I wonder, heal wounds and hush up moans?"

"St. Elizabeth did," explained Elizabeth. "Her husband went to the Holy Land, and was killed, and then she became a nun. There are some lines at the end, that I don't know yet, about Reverend Mother,—

Seeking the shelter of the cloister gate,
Like the dear Saint whose name we venerate.

Madame Rayburn wants me to make an act, and learn the rest of it at recreation this afternoon. That horrid old geography takes up all my study time."

"I've made three acts to-day," observed Lilly complacently, "and said a whole pair of beads this morning at Mass for the spiritual bouquet."

"I have n't made one act," I cried aghast. "I have n't done anything at all, and I don't know what to do."

"You might make one now," said Elizabeth thoughtfully, "and go talk to Adelaide Harrison."

I glanced at Adelaide, who was sitting on the edge of her desk, absorbed in a book. "Oh, I don't want to," I wailed.

"If you wanted to, it would n't be an act," said Elizabeth.

"But she does n't want me to," I urged. "She is reading *Fabiola*."

"Then you'll give her the chance to make an act, too," said the relentless Elizabeth.

Argued into a corner, I turned at bay. "I won't," I said resolutely; to which Elizabeth replied, "Well, I would n't either, in your place," and the painful subject was dropped.

Four days before the feast the excitement had reached fever point, though the routine of school life went on with the same smooth precision. Every penny had been hoarded up for the candy fair. It was with the utmost reluctance that we bought even the stamps for our home letters, those weekly letters we were compelled to write, and which were such pale reflections of our eager and vehement selves. Perhaps this was because we knew that every line was read by Madame Bouron before it left the convent; perhaps the discipline of those days discouraged familiarity with our parents; perhaps the barrier which nature builds between the adult and the normal child was alone responsible for our lack of spontaneity. Certain it is that the stiffly written pages despatched to father or to mother every Sunday night gave no hint of our abundant and restless vitality, our zest for the little feast of life, our exaltations, our resentments, our thrice-blessed absurdities. Entrenched in the citadel of childhood, with laws of our own making, and passwords of our own devising, our souls bade defiance to the world.

If all our hopes centred in the *congé*, the candy fair, and the operetta, — which

was to be produced on a scale of unwonted magnificence, — our time was sternly devoted to the unputtying exactions of geography. Every night we took our atlases to bed with us, under the impression that sleeping on a book would help us to remember its contents. As the atlases were big and our pillows very small, this device was pregnant with discomfort. On the fourth night before the feast, something wonderful happened. It was the evening study hour, and I was wrestling sleepily with the mountains of Asia, — hideous excrescences with unpronounceable, unrememberable names, — when Madame Rayburn entered the room. As we rose to our feet, we saw that she looked very grave, and our minds took a backward leap over the day. Had we done anything unusually bad, anything that could call down upon us a public indictment, and was Madame Rayburn for once filling Madame Bouron's office? We could think of nothing; but life was full of pitfalls, and there was no sense of security in our souls. We waited anxiously.

"Children," said Madame Rayburn, "I have sorrowful news for you. Reverend Mother has been summoned to France. She sails on her feast day, and leaves for New York to-morrow."

We stared open-mouthed and aghast. The ground seemed sinking from under our feet, the walls crumbling about us. Reverend Mother sailing for France! And on her feast day, too, — the feast for which so many ardent preparations had been made. The *congé*, the competition, the address, the operetta, the spiritual bouquet, the candy fair, — were they, too, sailing away into the land of lost things? To have asked one of the questions that trembled on our lips would have been an unheard-of liberty. We listened in respectful silence, our eyes riveted on Madame Rayburn's face.

"You will all go to the chapel now," she said. "To-night we begin a novena to *Mater Admirabilis* for Reverend Mother's safe voyage. She dreads it very much, and she is sad at leaving you. Pray

for her devoutly. Madame Dane will bring you down to the chapel."

She turned to go. Our hearts beat violently. She knew, she could not fail to know, the thought that was uppermost in every mind. She was too experienced and sympathetic to miss the significance of our strained and wistful gaze. A shadowy smile crossed her face. "Madame Bouron would have told you to-morrow," she said, "what I think I shall tell you to-night. It is Reverend Mother's express desire that you have your *congé* on her feast, though she will not be here to enjoy it with you."

A sigh of relief, a sigh which we could not help permitting to be audible, shivered softly around the room. The day was saved; yet, as we marched to the chapel, there was a turmoil of agitation in our hearts. We knew that from far-away France — from a mysterious and all-powerful person who dwelt there, and who was called Mother General — came the mandates which governed our community. This was not the first sudden departure we had witnessed; but Reverend Mother seemed so august, so permanent, so immobile. Her very size protested mutely against upheaval. Should we never again see that familiar figure sitting in her stall, peering through her glass into a massive prayer-book, — a leviathan of prayer-books, as imposing in its way as she was, — or blinking sleepily at us as we filed by? Why, if somebody was needed in France, had it not pleased Mother General to send for Madame Bouron? Many a dry eye would have seen *her* go. But then, as Lilly whispered to me, suppose it had been Madame Rayburn. There was a tightening of my heart-strings at the thought, a sudden suffocating pang, dimly foreboding the grief of another year.

The consensus of opinion, as gathered that evening in the dormitory, was not unlike the old Jacobite epitaph on Frederick, Prince of Wales. Every one of us was sincerely sorry that Madame Bouron had not been summoned, —

Had it been his father,
We had much rather;

but glad that Madame Dane, or Madame Rayburn, or Madame Duncan, or some other favorite nun had escaped.

Since it's only Fred
Who was alive, and is dead,
There is no more to be said.

The loss of our Superioress was bewildering, but not, for us, a thing of real concern. We should sleep as sweetly as usual that night.

The next morning we were all gathered into the big First Cours classroom, where Reverend Mother came to bid us good-by. It was a solemn leave-taking. The address was no longer in order; but the spiritual bouquet had been made up the night before, and was presented in our name by Madame Bouron, who read out the generous sum-total of prayers, and acts, and offered-up trials, and resisted temptations which constituted our feast-day gift. As Reverend Mother listened, I saw a large tear roll slowly down her cheek, and my heart smote me — my heart was always smiting me when it was too late — that I had contributed so meagrely to the donation. I remembered the chocolate custard, and thought — for one mistaken moment — that I should never want to taste of that beloved dish again. Perhaps, if I had offered it up, Reverend Mother would cross the sea in safety. Perhaps, because I ate it, she would have storms, and be drowned. The doubtful justice of this arrangement was no more apparent to me than its unlikelihood. We were accustomed to think that the wide universe was planned and run for our reward and punishment. A rainy Sunday following the misdeeds of Saturday was to us a logical sequence of events.

When the bouquet had been presented, Reverend Mother said a few words of farewell. She said them as if she were sad at heart, not only at crossing the ocean, not only at parting from her community, but at leaving us, as well. I suppose she loved us collectively. She could not have loved us individually, knowing us only as two long rows of uniformed, curtsying schoolgirls, whose features she was too

near-sighted to distinguish. On the other hand, if our charms and our virtues were lost to her, so were our less engaging qualities. Perhaps, taken collectively, we were rather lovable. Our uniforms were spotless, our hair superlatively smooth, — no blowsy, tossing locks, as in these days of libertinism, — and our curtsies as graceful as hours of practice could make them. We sank and rose like the crest of a wave. On the whole, Reverend Mother had the best of us. Madame Bouron might have been pardoned for taking a less sentimental view of the situation.

That afternoon, while we were at French class, Reverend Mother departed. We heard the carriage roll away, but were not permitted to rush to the windows and look at it, which would have been a welcome distraction from our verbs. An hour later, at recreation, Madame Rayburn sent for Elizabeth. She was gone fifteen minutes, and came back, tense with suppressed excitement.

"Oh, what is it?" we cried. "The *congé* is all right?"

"All right," said Elizabeth.

"And the candy fair?" asked Lilly, whose father had given her a dollar to squander upon sweets.

"Oh, it's all right, too. The candy is here now; and Ella Holbrook and Mary Denniston and Isabel Summers are to have charge of the tables. Madame Dane told me that yesterday."

Our faces lightened, and then fell. "Is it the competition?" I asked apprehensively.

Elizabeth looked disconcerted. It was plain she knew nothing about the competition, and hated to avow her ignorance. We always felt so important when we had news to tell. "Of course, after studying all that geography, we'll have to say it sooner or later," she said. "But" — a triumphant pause — "a new Reverend Mother is coming to-morrow."

"*Ciel!*" murmured Marie, relapsing

into agitated French; while Tony whistled softly, and Emily and I stared at each other in silence. The speed with which things were happening took our breath away.

"Coming to-morrow," repeated Elizabeth; "and I'm going to say the address as a welcome to her, on the night of the *congé*, before the operetta."

"Is her name Elizabeth, too?" I asked, bewildered.

"No, her name is Catherine. Madame Rayburn is going to leave out the lines about St. Elizabeth, and put in something about St. Catherine of Siena instead. That's why she wanted the address. And she is going to change the part about not sharing the Senate's stern debate, nor guiding with faltering hand the helm of state, because St. Catherine did guide the helm of state. At least, she went to Avignon, and argued with the Pope."

"Argued with the Pope!" echoed Marie, scandalized.

"She was a saint, Marie," said Elizabeth impatiently, and driving home an argument with which Marie herself had familiarized us. "She persuaded the Pope to go back to Rome. Madame Rayburn would like Kate Shaw to make the address; but she says there is n't time for another girl to study it."

"When is the feast of St. Catherine of Siena?" cried Tony, fired suddenly by a happy thought. "Maybe we'll have another *congé* then."

She rushed off to consult her prayer-book. Lilly followed her, and in a moment their two heads were pressed close together, as they scanned the Roman calendar hopefully. But before my eyes rose the image of Reverend Mother, our lost Reverend Mother, with the slow teardrop rolling down her cheek. Her operetta was to be sung to another. Her address was to be made to another. Her very saint was pushed aside in honor of another holy patroness. "The King is dead. Long live the King."

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS OF SCIENCE¹

BY E. T. BREWSTER

THE progress of knowledge appears immediately only in special papers, brief for the most part, highly technical, hardly readable except by the professional investigator. The amateur of learning, like another Lady of Shalott, sees but in a glass more or less darkly. Now the books which to the general reader mirror the gains of science fall rather naturally into three classes. There is, to begin with, the great negligible mass of works whose authors are more familiar with the type-

writer than with the instruments of scientific research. Not infrequently, however, it happens that some special occasion, the leisure of old age, a worthy desire to turn an honest penny, induces some man of science to climb down from his high tower and converse on level terms with the man in the street. Once in a while, often apparently by sheer accident, a new contribution to science comes in readable form. Books of the first sort give one some idea of the outward fact;

¹ *Rational Geometry*: a Text-Book for the Science of Space. Based on Hilbert's Foundations. By GEORGE BRUCE HALSTED. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1904.

The Face of the Earth. By EDUARD SUSS. Translated by Hertha Sollas and W. J. Sollas. In four volumes. Vol. I. New York: H. Frowde. 1905.

Principles of Physiological Psychology. By WILHELM WUNDT. Translated from the Fifth German Edition by Edward Bradford Titchener. Vol. I. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

The Evolution of Man: a Popular Scientific Study. By ERNST HAECKEL. In two volumes. Translated from the Fifth (enlarged) Edition by Joseph McCabe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

The Wonders of Life: a Popular Study of Biological Philosophy. By ERNST HAECKEL. Translated by Joseph McCabe. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1905.

The Evolution Theory. By Dr. AUGUST WEISMANN. In two volumes. Translated with the Author's coöperation by J. Arthur Thomson and Margaret R. Thomson. London: Edward Arnold. 1904.

Species and Varieties: Their Origin by Mutation. Lectures delivered at the University of California. By HUGO DE VRIES, Professor of Botany in the University of Amsterdam. Edited by DANIEL TREMBLY MACDOUGAL. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 1905.

Modern Theory of Physical Phenomena: Radio Activity, Ions, Electrons. By AUGUSTO RIGHI. Authorized translation by Augustus Trowbridge. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Physical Chemistry in the Service of the Sci-

ences. By JACOBUS H. VAN'T HOFF. English version by Alexander Smith. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1903.

Light Waves and their Uses. By A. A. MICHELSON. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1903.

"N" Rays: A Collection of Papers Communicated to the Academy of Sciences, with Additional Notes and Instructions for the Construction of Phosphorescent Screens. By R. BLONDIOT. Translated by J. Garcin. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

An Attempt toward a Chemical Conception of the Ether. By Professor D. MENDELÉEFF. Translated from the Russian by George Kamensky. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

Studies in General Physiology. By JACQUES LOEB. In two volumes. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1905.

Contributions to the Study of the Behavior of Lower Organisms. By H. S. JENNINGS. Washington: The Carnegie Institution. 1905.

Wasps, Social and Solitary. By GEORGE W. and ELIZABETH G. PECKHAM. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals: a Study in Mental and Social Evolution. By FREDERICK MORGAN DAVENPORT. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Science and a Future Life. By JAMES H. HYSLOP. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. 1905.

A History of Science. By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M. D. and LIL D. In five volumes. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1904.

only those of the second, and especially of the third, reveal the inner spirit of science, its efficiency and its patience.

I

In certain ways the most remarkable book ever written is Euclid's *Geometry*. Older texts are known to scholars, a few books as ancient are read by the multitude; what other work after twenty-two hundred years is still one of the best of school text-books and among the first authorities in its field? Moreover, for every schoolboy of a larger growth, the country which he entered by way of the Asses' Bridge remains his home as no other portion of the realm of knowledge ever does. Even though he remember the parallelo-piped only as a dragon of the prime, he will, until he die, continue to think in terms of that Euclidian space into which he thinks he was born; while the higher criticism of Euclid's axioms will always have a flavor of impiety.

Now for the first time in English, the writer of an elementary work attempts to go behind the intuitions which Euclid mistook for self-evident truths, and to introduce the race of schoolboys to a geometry based on pure reason. To be sure, when it comes to the parting of the ways, Professor Halsted's pupils are to follow Euclid in assuming that through a given point there is only one parallel to a given line, and are to accept the conventional opinion concerning the sum of the angles of a triangle. Unlike Euclid, however, they will do these things with their eyes open, recognizing their choice as a convenient assumption among a group of possibilities equally reasonable and equally in accord with their daily experience. No longer, if the Non-Euclidians have their way, is the human mind to be fettered to the superstition that space is continuous, or that a line rotated about one of its points still retains its original length. Thus is the innate idea hunted from its last refuge. Thus is self-evident truth crushed permanently to earth.

II

Three books, hardly older in decades than Euclid in millenniums, have lately appeared in translation from new German editions. Wundt's *Physiological Psychology*, Haeckel's *Evolution of Man*, Suess's *Face of the Earth*, are too well known to require comment; too important to be passed over in silence. Each is commonly thought to be the first authority in its field: together they set forth pretty completely all that is known thus far of "the bodily substrate of the mental life" of man, of the origin and history of the body itself, and of the outward aspect of the world on which it wanders up and down.

Haeckel, in addition to the translation of the *Anthropogenie*, has also a new book—this year—but in quite his old manner. As always, he is prodigious of learning, fertile alike in illuminating suggestion and extraordinary new words; and as always, totally at sea as to what may reasonably be said in a popular book. There are, in fact, two Haeckels, as there are two Kants and two Tartarins. Haeckel Sancho Panza, the "practical" Haeckel, is one of the great lights of nineteenth century science; Haeckel Quixote, the "pure" Haeckel, is the victim of a strange obsession concerning Monism and a violent antipathy toward persons in black coats. Haeckel I is a master of detailed evidence: for Haeckel II the eternal mystery of the relation of the soul to the nervous system becomes somehow plain if only each material atom be supposed to have a little soul of its own,—as if one hundred cents were fundamentally a different thing from one dollar. How the same man who wrote the *Anthropogenie* comes to write sentences like the following is one of those things which only the Society for Psychical Research can find out. "We find in crystallization, as in every chemical process, certain movements which are unintelligible without sensation—unconscious sensation, of course." "We are bound to

assume that there is a low degree of sensation (not of consciousness) in order to explain the orderly arrangement of the moving molecules in a definite structure." "I am convinced that sensation is, like movement, found in all matter, and that this trinity of substance provides the safest basis for modern Monism." What this means, I, at least, have but the haziest idea. Apparently it is intended to be "Monism:" obviously it is not Science.

The part which Haeckel took in the great controversy over the evolution of man was pretty accurately duplicated some two decades later by Weismann, in the debate over that extreme selectionism which, *lucus a non lucendo*, the world has taken to calling Darwinism. "When," writes Weismann, "a life of pleasant labor is drawing to a close, the wish naturally asserts itself to gather together the main results, and to combine them in a well defined and harmonious picture which may be left as a legacy to succeeding generations." From this worthy ambition have come Haeckel's three volumes and Weismann's *Evolution Theory*.

It is no slight evidence of the strength of his fundamental position that Weismann, who in absence of pride of opinion is hardly inferior to Darwin himself, after twenty years of battering, still stands to his guns. The course of a well-knit argument carries the reader along pleasant by-ways of insect coloration, protective mimicry, carnivorous plants, the marvels of animal instinct, and the strange lore of heredity which is the author's especial field. Sooner or later, however, everything comes back to the set of opinions which Weismann has most completely elaborated and of which he has long been the foremost exponent. Not *The*, but *My, Evolution Theory* should have been Weismann's title.

Weismann expressly declines to commit himself to the current doctrine that organic evolution must of necessity be so exceedingly slow a process that no appreciable advance can occur within the limits of one human lifetime. Nor was

this Darwin's opinion. Darwin, to be sure, took as a sort of motto, *Natura non facit saltum*; but for all that, he saw that Nature, if she does not skip and jump, may on occasion take very unladylike strides. He knew among other things that peach trees occasionally bear nectarines, and the common rose-bush moss roses, and he knew that wheat, though cultivated from time out of mind, still continues to produce new varieties. In short, he recognized the possibility that within somewhat narrow limits the transmutation of species might take place suddenly. He did not, however, follow out this idea, but confined his attention to evolution by the slow accumulation of minute differences, believing this to be the more common type.

It has been the special work of Hugo de Vries of the University of Amsterdam to develop the side of the Darwinian theory which Darwin himself touched but lightly. De Vries, nevertheless, was by no means the first man to enter this field. Some ten years ago, Bateson, a zoölogist, brought out a bulky volume of observations on the discontinuity of inheritance among animals, — cases of extra digits, teeth, ribs, and limbs; of bull-dog faced cattle; of hairy birds; of "angora" cats, rabbits, cavies, and mice; — dimorphic species of all sorts; in which individuals have differed from their nearest ancestors very much as certain animal groups differ from their nearest allies. From these, Bateson argued very naturally that organic evolution, far more than is commonly supposed, takes place by fits and starts. Therefore, Bateson suggests, it may fall to the lot of some man to see a new species come into the world. De Vries is this fortunate man.

The toad flax, the common "butter and eggs" of childhood, though normally bearing irregular blossoms, has a variety the flowers of which are always regular. This regular form, first observed by a pupil of the great Linnæus, has been found growing wild in several different places, some of them so well known to collectors

and so isolated from one another, that the plant must have originated somewhat suddenly and independently in more than one locality. Moreover, plants of the common type are known occasionally to produce one or two regular blossoms. In 1886, de Vries, chancing upon a plant of this sort, transferred it to his garden with the hope that the change to *Linaria vulgaris peloria* might take place under his eyes. Eight years of vain waiting gave him no more than sporadic regular blossoms; and, thinking the experiment doomed to failure, he destroyed all his plants except two, one of which had borne the single regular flower of that year. During the next season the two plants bloomed freely, but produced only the common labiate flowers and about a teaspoonful of seed. A portion of this seed gave rise to some fifty plants, and of these one produced regular flowers only. Here, then, for the first time in the history of evolutionary studies, a new form appeared spontaneously under experimental conditions, from a known parentage and under the eye of a competent naturalist. In spite of all theory, the new plant did as a matter of fact come *per saltum*. Its ancestry was known during four generations; its immediate parents had borne, during two seasons, only one regular blossom out of thousands. Yet the variant produced nothing else, and never exhibited the slightest tendency to revert toward its forbears. The break of continuity occurred once, and once for all.

Later work has, of course, carried de Vries far beyond his first success. He has found several cases like the toad flax, and, in the still more remarkable instance of the mutations of Lamarck's primrose, he has seen the origin of a really new species by one clean jump. The plant which had only *Oenothera Lamarckiana* for its ancestors has only *Oenothera gigas* for its descendants. Somewhere between one generation and the next the change occurs complete and final: there are no "links." Moreover, de Vries has shown, by a wonderfully keen analysis of facts

long known to every amateur botanist and gardener, how the essential phenomena of transmutation have been masked by their accessories; and has thus, for the first time, given a satisfactory account of the theory which underlies the rule-of-thumb devices of the practical breeder of domesticated animals and plants.

Species and Varieties, then, within the field of natural science, is clearly the book of the year. On the practical side it gives unity and significance to the random observations of every lover of plants; and makes clear how Mr. Luther Burbank, by applying on a characteristically Western scale the essential principles which have come down from pre-Darwinian times, has accomplished his marvelous results. On the theoretical side, the work articulates with Mendel's old doctrine of the unit character, the heredity atom which either is or is not, and never splits in passing from one generation to the next: while the facts which it sets forth appear to have their most obvious interpretation in Weismann's speculations concerning the mechanism of inheritance. Moreover, these strange breaks of continuity between parent and offspring, the sports of Darwin, the discontinuous variations of Bateson, the mutations of de Vries, have in them a curious flavor of the old-time doctrine of special creation. So far as this opinion admitted any precise statement, it connoted, apparently, phenomena of the same order, if on a somewhat larger scale, as that presented by the mutations of the great evening primrose and the toad flax. Once more, therefore, appears the ancient principle that no opinion generally held by serious-minded and able men is ever wholly wrong.

III

Physics, oldest of the natural sciences, so far from having settled down into respectable middle age, its field accurately delimited, its fundamental doctrines established once for all, has of late years, by its startling discoveries, quite put to

shame the youngest of its grandchildren. Curiously, too, this revolution of opinion, probably the most rapid in the entire history of science, though it has extended into regions very remote from common interests, is involved in no small degree in so commonplace a matter as the interpretation of what really happens when the cook salts the broth. For the great contribution of the new science of physical chemistry, even now hardly more than half way toward its majority, has been the theory of solutions. On one side this theory has run off into the doctrine of solid solutions, which for the first time makes possible a really scientific metallurgy and gives us at last some profitable insight into the differences among cast iron, wrought iron, and steel. On the other hand, while we now know that one solid may be truly dissolved in another, we know also that a solid, dissolved in a liquid, is essentially a gas; and that the osmotic pressure of a solution is ultimately the same thing as the expansive force of a confined vapor. Since, however, all the fluids of the living body are dilute solutions, the study of osmosis has done quite as much as any other one thing to make possible modern plant and animal physiology. To-day we know that osmotic pressure controls growth, and that even the artificial development of unfertilized eggs depends upon varying to just the right degree the osmotic tension within them.

Salted water, moreover, offers yet another set of problems. Sodium chloride in solution not only behaves like a gas, it also dissociates into free sodium and free chlorine. With the doctrine of ions comes at last an explanation of the cleansing power of soap and of the action on the body of poisons and drugs. All this leads naturally to the ionization of gases and to the interpretation of the mysterious "fourth state of matter," which is neither solid, liquid, nor gas. This in turn, most inappropriately, comes back to earth with a contribution to the theory of fogs. Nor is even this by any means the whole story.

The free ions of sodium and chlorine carry also their electric charges. In this lies the theory of electric batteries and the general behavior of electrolytes. But the negative charge of the chlorine ion, freed from its atomic bonds, appears as the cathode ray and also as one of the emanations of radium. With this goes inevitably the X-ray and the rest of the alphabetical forms of energy, which, in their turn, are more or less tied up with wireless telegraphy, the electro-magnetic theory of light, and the constitution of matter and of the ether itself. Not even the flower in the crannied wall can outdo a handful of table salt in revealing the nature of things.

The history of the astonishing discoveries of the last half dozen years has been set forth in a multitude of works which it were folly to enumerate. Many of them are excellent specimens of popular exposition in a difficult field; many, alas, are mere catalogues of signs and wonders hardly less confusing for an occasional lapse into accuracy. Beside these, however, there are some half dozen books which deserve special mention. All of them are by men who have made important contributions to knowledge in their special fields; all of them are untechnical without being fatuously popular; all of them, finally, are devoted less to expounding particular discoveries than to setting forth the relations and the real significance of the facts which most of us are supposed to have learned through the newspapers and magazines.

As an aid to orienting oneself in a field as obscure as it is interesting, I commend especially a little book by Professor Righi of the University of Bologna. One number of the *Atlantic* would contain it three times over; it presupposes on the part of the reader no more than a schoolboy's knowledge; but it brings together into one coherent view all the fundamental ideas of the newer parts of physics, from the ionization of salted broth to the nature of electrons and the ultimate constitution of matter. Van't Hoff of Berlin, equally brief but not quite

equally simple, keeps well to the chemical side of the field. He is concerned for the most part with the theory of solutions, its application to solid solution, and the physical chemistry of living organisms. Loeb of California takes up the last of these topics from the physiological side. His studies include the action of ionized salts on living tissue, especially their influence upon growth and the regeneration of lost parts. In his two volumes are included all the more important of the original papers in which he announced the successive steps of his famous investigation into the development of unfertilized eggs. The experiments here discussed include the set in which he nursed his little fatherless sea-urchins safely through their larval stages. Far away on the other side of the field, Michelson of Chicago takes up the nature of ordinary light, with special attention to his own fruitful work with the latest tool of science, the interferometer, while Blondlot, by assembling the original papers in which he announced his discovery of the somewhat problematical "N" rays, affords a model of straightforward exposition.

Least in bulk of the books of this group, simplest in form, most radical in opinion, is an essay by a father in the scientific Israel. Mendeléeff's "Periodic Table of the Chemical Elements" and the smell of hydrogen sulphide are the two items of school chemistry which are apt to linger longest in the adult mind. Mendeléeff's Periodic Law, with its hints at the compound nature of the atom and the transmutation of metals, used to give the one suggestion of romance to the student whose interest lay in other fields. Of the newly discovered elements, radium dropped at once into the place which has been waiting for it a third of a century, and there is no reason for supposing that any other of the new metals will prove less tractable. The inert gases of the atmosphere, on the other hand, have shown no lack of energy in resisting all attempts to bring them into the periodic fold. The

veteran Russian now essays to round out the great achievement of his life by corraling argon, helium, neon, krypton, xenon, the hypothetical coronium, and even the luminiferous ether itself. No bad way, this, to mark the completion of fifty years of scientific work.

IV

It now seems reasonably clear, in the light of recent work in Comparative Psychology, that there is but slender basis for the common assumption that conduct is either reasoned or instinctive. Far down below the level of true instincts lies the region of "tropisms." The plant sends its roots toward water and its stem toward light, the blossom closes at eve, " . . . the sunflower turns on her god when he sets

The same look which she turned when he rose,"—

by virtue of impulses which, in any proper sense, are no more "instinctive" than the behavior of iron filings in the field of a magnet.

Inevitably the doctrine of tropisms has colored all our interpretation of animal acts. It is no longer the fashion to admire the courage and intelligence of the salmon when it finds its way from the sea to its own birthplace among the hills; since it appears that the alleged instinct is but the exaggeration in the gravid fish of the general tendency of most water creatures to head up stream, like boats at anchor. This general point of view is especially well set forth by Professor Loeb, whose brilliant work in the no-man's-land which lies about equally within the spheres of influence of Physical Chemistry, Physiology, and Psychology has made him the most conspicuous American exponent of these almost Cartesian opinions.

But if there is a type of animal behavior too primitive to be called instinctive, there is also another type, neither instinctive nor rational, which, lying between the two, may simulate the appearance of either. In fact, no small part of

our own human conduct, to put the matter bluntly, which we flatter ourselves is determined by reason, is in reality the outcome of a series of random trials from which we have selected for repetition those of which the outcome chanced to be to our minds. Most of us seldom reason about everyday matters. We try one thing. If it works, we try it again. If it does not work, we try something else. Rarely in either case do we reason, save perhaps by analogy, toward an unknown condition. Practically most human conduct is intelligent, but not especially rational.

The great problem of animal psychology is to determine how far beasts, birds, and creeping things are only complex vegetables, and how far they are simplified men. On this point Dr. Jennings (for whom the life of even the simplest creatures is not altogether a problem of physics) has fairly carried the war into Africa by showing, as the result of a series of experiments extending over some half-dozen years, that even among the minute *Infusoria*, where rigid tropisms have been thought to reign supreme, there is nevertheless behavior founded on trial and failure essentially of the infrarational human sort. Unfortunately, Dr. Jennings's studies (though his account of them is straightforward and intelligible) lie in a field remote from popular interests. Fortunately, the same ultimate problem has been taken up in a group of animals which has always appealed to the amateur of natural history.

Wasps, Social and Solitary, on its face, differs from half a hundred other "nature books" only in being considerably better. Here is, in more than usual measure, the leisurely charm, the lively humor, the sense of summer afternoons and still leaves and holding down the ground with one's back, which one expects to find in books of this sort. Here, also, is no lack of amusing gossip concerning the doings of very fascinating little creatures. Beyond all this, however, there is "a hidden wealth of thought and of austerity" which makes the book a worthy contri-

bution to science and a monument of patient and skillful research in a difficult field.

The work of Mr. Peckham and his wife, done both in private and on the Wisconsin Biological Survey, has already given them a more than national reputation among professional naturalists. Possibly because two heads, not too much alike, are better than one, they have combined to an unusual degree the basal excellences of the field observer with the critical habit of mind and the ability to make their work count toward the solution of some definite general problem which mark the man of science. The almost unique value of their work lies in the fact that they have been able to do in the field, under natural conditions, what other students have done only in the laboratory.

Their evidence, because of the "strategic position" of the insects, cuts both ways. On the one hand, the everyday behavior of these most intelligent of invertebrates is utterly irrational; the most important acts of their lives have clearly no sort of meaning for them. So much for the sentimental "nature student." On the other hand, the insects as a group have been thought to be preëminently the bond servants of instinct, the last of well-equipped animals to do anything for themselves. Nevertheless, it transpires that there is no little individuality among wasps of the same species, and that when the inherited impulse fails to accomplish its purpose the creature may on occasion adapt its behavior to circumstances. So much for the believers in the all-sufficiency of instincts.

Of late years an increasing body of evidence has seemed to indicate that the behavior of the higher animals is, for the most part, neither instinctive, in the sense that it is fixed by inheritance once for all, irrespective of the animal's personal experience, nor rational, in the sense that the animal has any power of analyzing its own experience and recombining its elements to fit any new condition. An

unreasoning intelligence based on a group of somewhat fluid instincts seems to guide the actions of the creatures which we know best. The observations of the Peckhams support amply this opinion. Wasp conduct turns out to be of the same general type as that of Infusorians and *Atlantic* readers. But the wasps, more than most of their fellow creatures, have had their side of the problem discussed with singular clarity and charm.

One must, it seems, look upon the wasp as a creature which is at times essentially a Cartesian machine, and yet at times also in some dim fashion a free agent. Over and over again in the observations of Mr. and Mrs. Peckham one sees the momentary loosening of the bonds of instinct, the single intelligent act, ere the shades of the prison-house close in again and the nervous mechanism takes control once more. Professor Davenport's study of revivals of religion shows the same phenomenon under another guise. A being habitually intelligent, and occasionally rational, may also on occasion relapse into the life of instinct. The psychologists, indeed, will have it that we men have more different instincts than any other creature, and that only the conflict of diverse impulses makes possible our rational choice. But let any one of the great basal instincts, fear or imitation, burst its bounds and work its way unchecked, and it holds savage and philosopher alike in a grip like that of a tropism. In revivals of religion, as in other times of stress, shipwreck or theatre fire or financial panic, the fountains of the great deep are broken up and the blind primitive instincts submerge for the time the marketplaces and temples of the City of Mansoul. Who of us, after all, has not known occasions when his own conduct has been rather that of a wasp than of a man! For Professor Davenport revival meeting and lynching party alike show human nature stripped of its civilized garb and left naked to its enemies.

One may, however, admit in general terms that the essential phenomena of re-

vivals lie within the field of comparative psychology, without feeling that Professor Davenport has been especially successful in treating the resulting problems. Sociologists as a group are inclined to take too much to heart the admonition of Dr. McCosh to the psychologists, not to let their subject degenerate into a mere science; and our author, like not a few of his colleagues, while trying hard to be a man of science, still sighs for the fleshpots of a sentimental Egypt. Too often there is but a ha'penny worth of evidence to an intolerable deal of edification. The three prominent ideas of the book — that the great awakenings of religion in America have started in communities which previously had been badly frightened, that an old-time revival rests ultimately on instinctive terror and is therefore impossible in a well-ordered modern state, that converts are often in part hypnotized — are all generalizations important enough to warrant a more rigidly scientific treatment than Professor Davenport sees fit to give them. Logan, Simpson, and Todd counties in Kentucky were the centre of the great revival of 1800. "During the entire first half of the nineteenth century this region was the home of bloody feuds, and during the latter half of the same century it was the great centre of the lynching spirit in Kentucky. This is but a single piece of evidence, and we may have here simply a coincidence." Shades of Darwin! What does an investigator in the least of the real sciences do when he strikes a promising "coincidence?"

In the absence of anything corresponding to a coming-out party, it becomes a question of private judgment whether *Psychical Research* (for want of a better name) is a branch of science or not. Certainly Lord Layleigh, Sir William Crooks, Oliver Lodge, William James, Langley, Wallace, Henry Sidgwick, Balfour Stewart, are highly respectable chaperons for any scientific debutante. Moreover, the young science (if it be one) has done at least one good piece of work: to it, largely, orthodox Psychology owes the doctrine

of the Subliminal Consciousness. But for F. W. H. Myers and the Society for Psychological Research, the world would know even less than it does of the cellars and galleries, the measureless caverns and the sunless seas of our human nature which stretch underneath the tidy apartments in which the conscious soul keeps house.

No one can, I think, follow the work for the last dozen years of a group of men whose achievements in other fields are a warrant for their accuracy and their skepticism in this, without feeling that (all interpretations aside) one fact at least has been established. Certain persons are able somehow or other to tap stores of detailed information which are tight shut to other men. It takes a pretty skeptical man nowadays to believe in ghosts, and a somewhat credulous man to believe in "brain waves." Between telepathy and Spiritism there is at present neither a third possibility nor any considerable basis for a reasonable choice. The Society for Psychological Research commits itself officially to neither.

A modest volume by a vice-president of the Society sums up with admirable clearness the case between the two possibilities. Professor Hyslop's book stands related to the general mass of "borderland" phenomena just about as the group of books which I have already mentioned is related to the newer discoveries in physics and physical chemistry,—it is a popular digest of a considerable body of more technical works, in which, naturally, the results of the author's own investigations appear with some fullness. It belongs therefore with a group of books, numerable on the fingers of one hand, which, treating of matters occult, articulate with a body of fact and doctrine in aspect at least scientific. Now science, like the common law, has adopted certain conventions with regard to admissible evidence. Doubtless because of them many a villain goes unchanged and many a sound opinion is accounted superstition. Doubtless, too, in the long run, these

conventions do help to make truth and justice prevail. At any rate, there they are; and we are not supposed to hang manifest rascals nor accept obvious facts without conforming to them. That Professor Hyslop has taken the trouble to be formally scientific makes no small part of the value of his discussion. So far as it shall turn out that he is wrong, his mistakes are those of a just and competent judge, not those of one who lends money to a plausible stranger.

What, from any point of approach, is one to make of a fact like this? Here is a woman's hand, which, while its nominal owner is engaged in the give and take of question and answer (not, to be sure, quite *in propria persona*), maintains by means of pencil and paper its own independent conversation; replies coherently to remarks addressed to it; and in general behaves like a rational being, even when the left hand which goes with it is struggling undextrously to write out quite a different message! Moreover, it, or she, or he, claims to be a deceased member of the Society for Psychological Research, reminds one of its officers of a promise made in private to have a hand in the work of the society from the other side of the gulf; recognizes its alleged friends and belongings; exhibits (albeit with many unaccountable lapses) an intimate knowledge of its mundane affairs; goes to work systematically to prove its identity; offers valuable suggestion and advice concerning the conduct of the experiment; and in general comports itself as a member of the Psychical Society triumphant might naturally be expected to do. One's dogmatic slumbers must indeed be deep if he does not feel the jolt of facts like these in whatever way he interprets them. No longer, however, may the sleeper lull himself again to dreamland with gentle murmurs of "fraud;" "a fraud which is no assigned kind of fraud, but simply 'fraud' at large, fraud *in abstracto*, can hardly be regarded as a specifically scientific explanation of specific concrete facts."

v

Highly characteristic of the scale of values of the latest and most ambitious general history of science is the relative space allotted to some of the worthies whom I have mentioned. Van't Hoff and Wundt get half a dozen lines apiece, Suess and de Vries do not appear at all. Mendeléeff gets a page, and Weismann something more. Haeckel gets thirty-odd pages, some four times the number given to Bacon, Leibnitz, and Descartes together! For the reason, doubtless, that there is at present no very clear call for a critical treatment of his subject, Dr. Williams has frankly addressed himself to the general reading public, and has produced a work as interesting as novels once had the reputation of being, and interesting in much the same way. Inevitably, the murmuring shallows of science are more in evidence than its silent deeps; its thaumaturgies than its revelations. All this is somewhat trying to the student. For the student, however, there is already no lack of adequate works in this field; he should be the last to begrudge to the general reader the one book which best meets his demands.

I began this review with a book in which our deepest-seated intuitions are so far reduced to mere conventions that, for all we really know, a straight line indefinitely prolonged may return on itself after passing round through the other side of nowhere. Another maintains, against the universal consensus of mankind, that all the evil which men do, and all the good, are alike interred with their bones, so far as any effect on the heritage of their sons is concerned; while the author of a third would not need to revise his fundamental ideas if he discovered a bramble bush bearing some sort of grapes. A fourth treats of a mysterious ether, the basis of pretty much all the phenomena of the physical world, a medium at the same time "far more solid than steel and far less viscous than the lightest known gas;" yet in spite of this, "the only form of matter about which we know anything at all." For a fifth this same anomalous ether is merely a chemical element of the argon group. Finally, comes a book in which the dead speak with tongues. All but one of these opinions are respectable, orthodox science. Who, without being told, could guess which?

JESSICA

BY ARTHUR COLTON

FOUR persons were coming down the wood road from the Cattle Ridge in the following order. In front walked a pallid-faced man with thick hair and broad eyebrows; next came Cassidy, the county sheriff, big, red-faced, dominant, talkative; third, a slight girl of twenty or thereabout, whose handsome face with its heavy hair and strikingly marked eye brows showed some nearness of kinship to the captive in front; the fourth was Sanderson of Back Meadows. Sanderson was a youngish man at that time, with heavy yellow mustache and gray, quiet eyes, — slight in frame except for that breadth of shoulders characteristic of the Sandersons. Presently the woods broke away before them, and they emerged in the flat-bottomed valley, whose fertility and extent had laid the foundations, generations back, of Sanderson well-being in this world. Fawn-colored cattle grazed in distant fields. Nearer by were a half dozen mares and colts with reddish hides and sinewy necks, whereby one knew the Courier breed, that famous Sanderson stock. The white, wide-winged farmhouse, the huge red barns, the scattered houses of the farm-hands, the meadows golden with buttercups and purple with ripe grass, the hills with their forests, that sheltered and shut in the valley, the brook that wound and glimmered until at the valley's end it vanished under pine trees in a narrow gorge, all lay in the comforting sunlight, seeming to symbolize a security of anchorage on the earth, a peace sufficient to itself.

The four paused a moment at the opening of the wood. The man in front turned his white face to Sanderson and said passionately, —

"Give me all that to be born with! I'd have been as straight a man as you."

The taciturn Sanderson nodded considerably.

"Man, man!" cried the other, "I was a gentleman sport once, then a sport and no gentleman, and now I'm a common thief. I know it all. You make your living breeding horses for the turf, and I made mine backing the breed till that flecked stallion finished me."

"Bombay," said Sanderson. "Tricky horse."

The girl came up and stood beside the prisoner. She did not look at him, but he looked at her.

"And now, if you ask can a man fall lower than to be a common thief," he went on, dropping his voice, "I answer, 'yes.' He can beget a child to take up his shame after him. And if he says he lied and thieved for her, nobody but her will believe him. She'll believe him."

The last was all but inaudible.

Sanderson nodded again considerably.

"Anybody would that did n't know him," said Cassidy, in pursuit of more judicial estimates, "but I'll be damned if I swallow Miss Jessie's believin' it. Come off, ye was descended from the father of lies, an' the moral is it's no use cryin' over shpilt milk. Sure, that's the moral. My opinion of ye, Ben, my opinion is ye're a darn shlippery lot. Ye niver had an ounce of shtraightness in you. Your morals is meanderin', your sowl is a but-thery fraud. Ye niver was any use to Miss Jessie or her mother before her, a lady niver known to me, and as for their believin' ye — Aw! — Well, I may be wrong there, I may be wrong. I'll say this for ye, Ben, I niver knew a man confess his sins that ingratiatin'. Them sins is your workin' capital, Ben, ye gets regular interest out of it in the reputation of a wounded spirit. On me sowl, it'

wonderful. It's insidious nateness of ye to be callin' yourself a common thief, when you know we know you're an uncommon swindler."

The prisoner and Sanderson walked silently, front and rear, while Cassidy talked on to the sullen-looking girl; they came in sight of the house, where Sanderson's red mare stood saddled, and Cassidy's horse and roadcart were fastened at the gate.

"An' the truth is, Miss Jessie," Cassidy moralized, "'t is the warm nature of women makes trouble in this world, an' the cool raysonin' of man is its refrigeratin' preservation. An' here's me practical parable. Ain't I been afther Ben Hallow the six weeks? Well, that's long enough for any man to be shky-larkin' wid me. An' I sees Ben Hallow's daughter a gettin' off the 1.25 thrain, an' a shlopin' for the woods, an' I says, 'Happen she's lookin' for Ben,' an' she was. 'T would be kindness to her an' raysin in me to follow,' I says, for I'm a raysonin' man. Sure I had to follow me rayson. The moral is, unraysonin' affections is dangerous, an' yours was bad luck for Ben, an' sure they niver did you any good; but they fetched Ben fore an' aft this time, they did that."

"You're a sleuth hound, certain, Cassidy," said Sanderson, in his drowsy, drawling voice, "but you need n't be a common cur."

"I thank you for that, Mr. Sanderson," said the man in front quickly.

Cassidy looked blankly bewildered at this unprovoked, sudden, amazing insult. What could Sanderson mean by it? Cassidy flushed from forehead to neck a deeper crimson. They came to the gate.

"I won't trouble ye further, Misther Sanderson," he said with dignity. "If Miss Jessica wants to go along wid us, happen she's willing to drive me horse. I'll thank ye to miscall me no more names. I'm thinkin' Ben Hallow won't try to be funny, ayther, wid me gun to his backbone. I bid ye good-day, Misther Sanderson."

The three were soon seated in the roadcart, Cassidy in the back seat alone. The girl held the reins with a practiced hand, small, but sinewy. Sanderson did not answer Cassidy, but stood at Jessica's elbow, leaning on the wheel, and looking down at the nervous heels of the big bay horse.

"Why, then, the road is all right," he said to her slowly, "except one place in the gorge. You better look out for the bank there, on the left. It goes down ten or fifteen feet."

She lifted her sullen eyelids for the first time to look at him. Her voice, when she spoke, was low and tremulous.

"Where?" she asked.

"About a hundred yards in."

"I bid ye good-day, Misther Sanderson."

Sanderson did not stir.

"It's this way with Cassidy, Miss Jessica," he drawled on. "He's got a powerful mind, that always takes time — a minute or two to get under way, though after that, of course, he acts good and rational. Well — your father there, for instance, would n't, maybe, act so — so — rational — he never did — probably not — but I think — his mind would get under way — a minute or two quicker than Cassidy's, which makes him — a — ingratiating, as Cassidy says. But that's no real harm in Cassidy. Take it the right way, and it's a good point in him. I'm saying this — because — naturally, you are n't in a state of mind to see all Cassidy's good points. You might n't understand him."

He put out his hand to Cassidy, who hesitated, then laughed, and shook it.

"Don't ye miscall an Irishman names, Joe, or ye'll see him get undher way quick enough. Now, Miss Jessie, ye can hold him easy for the soft mouth of him."

They were gone, with a clatter of hoofs and flash of wheels. Sanderson opened the gate as if to go up to the house; then seemed to think better of it. He turned back, mounted the little mare, and cantered after the cloud of dust in the wake

of the flying wheels. Cattle were at pasture on one side of the road in lately harvested hay-fields. On the other stretched green acres of corn, where a half dozen men were at work in the hot sunshine. Crows flew over his head, with slow wings and meditative caws.

"She might," he reflected peacefully, "and she might not. It's an interesting gamble."

As he cantered into the gorge, he heard a shout down its dusky tunnel of rock and pine, followed by a confused crash, and the roar of Cassidy rampant.

Sanderson cantered on. Down the dim vista he saw the sheriff heavily climb the bank, run across the road, and plunge into the underbrush, which procedure, if he purposed a stern chase after Ben Hallow, and supposing that lightfooted gentleman were fleeing up the mountain side, seemed a more desperate than coldly reasonable procedure. Sanderson thought so.

He dropped from his horse. The swirl of the wagon tracks marked the spot where the bay had leaped from the bank. The tracks turned almost at right angles. The driver at that point had found the grip to draw a ferocious rein, the courage to dare a headlong catastrophe.

Sanderson slid down the gravelly bank. The bay stood knee deep in the brook, kicking to pieces, with deliberation and accuracy, the wrecked roadcart against his haunches.

The gully was half opaque with green dusk. The wind high up in the pine woods drew long, sibilant sighs. "Poor Jessica!" or something to that effect. "Poor Jessica!"

She lay, a little huddled heap among the boulders, the blood running in her thick hair, the water crooning at her ear.

With few words for a world of memories it is desirable to present the "Meadows," its people, and traditions; and therefore, going back but one generation, enters Israel Sanderson, born 1819, married 1841 to Marion Lorn, and begot Jo-

seph, born 1850. The portraits of extinct Sandersons surround the dining-room walls of the great farmhouse, and Israel himself is there, but beside him there is a vacant space. The portrait of Marion Lorn Sanderson hangs not there, but in Joe Sanderson's library, a long room opening from the dining-room—a very bookish-looking room, one would say, for a breeder of fancy stock to consider in his personal affairs. The vacancy beside Israel has its pathos, its symbolism. Mark how death and the coming heir shall do their wills with us and ours. Israel lived fifteen years after her, and of his solitude made no complaint, impenetrable, silent, enduring, as his own portrait on the wall, which made no complaint. Turf history mentions him as the breeder of Pendragon, a horse that made records in the late sixties. He is recollected now as one who held to justice and his word, a man slight but broad-shouldered, of medium height, thin cheeks, lips stiff, eyes gray, at the centres of converging wrinkles. As to what his loneliness may have been to him, as to the reason for Joe's removal of his mother's portrait after Israel's death, as to some differences of temperament between Israel and his son, who looked much alike, as to "Marion Lorn Sanderson, died 1856, *ætat.* 33," we may consult her face. Lord lead us to the like! To the sweetness, the patience, the compassion, the delicate home peace, that gives to obscure, unvarying lives their eternal worth, their power of witness to the substance of things hoped for. Behind infinite force is there an infinite love, or no? Your Marion Sandersons are your tangible evidence of the unseen thing.

Israel's house was kept for him those fifteen years by his sister, Mrs. Cullom Sanderson, a singular variant from the Sanderson slighthness of bodily frame and reserve of temper; a vast, fleshy woman, whose conversation was inorganic.

When Joe Sanderson came in bearing Jessica, her face stained and still over his shoulder, Mrs. Cullom plunged hither and yon irrelevantly.

"Why, Joseph! you've bumped her head, and I don't believe you've had a bite of dinner. Goodness! what's her name?"

But during Jessica's long illness and dull delirium Mrs. Cullom's devotion was consistent enough. Jessica hovered lightly on the verge and dizzy overhang of life, and Mrs. Cullom hovered ponderously about her. Jessica crept back toward health with a long white scar under her hair.

Mrs. Cullom's conversation, after all, had a certain consistency, too. It resembled an angleworm in this respect, that if you cut off and extracted any section of it anywhere, this section had the same general features of any other section, and yet each section so segregated seemed to have an independent vitality of its own.

"You'll be fattening up wonderful pretty soon like a growing pig, my dear, though you certain do look like a zigzag rail fence now, and all eyebrows and hair, and enough to shame good vittels, but Joseph's been putting up wire ones all over the place, and he won't keep pigs, but I'd like to know why not, when my Cullom kept pigs thirty years, and he was a respected man, to say nothing of savings in swill."

The fall race meets and fairs were already begun. Sanderson was away with the pick of his stock and stable. He saw Jessica once before he left in early September. It was in Mrs. Cullom's sitting-room. Thin as a winter-worn fox she looked, with hunted eyes, and though creeping back to life, yet apparently with no gust for it, rather with a sullen dislike.

Whatever Ben Hallow's flowing repentances, he was an ill man to be responsible for another human life, and that a girl's, and in particular through those years of it that are its springtime, when the sap flows upward to leafy expansions, when the whisper of spring is in the air, when green tentacles reach out wistfully. He took her from school at fourteen, easily led to do so by the flattery of her passionate adoration. The adoration had

faded into a kind of dogged championship. Her faith fought hard for its life, and died fighting. Of the race tracks and their populace, it seemed to her that most of the men were cruel and treacherous, and most of the horses were noble in body and spirit, keen, slender, and strong things, always ready to spend their last gasp for the duty and the hope they understood, namely, speed and the tape at the end of the lap. So she kept her faith in horses. But Ben Hallow was quicksand to whatever faith of man or woman was laid upon him. He swallowed them, and they were gone forever. And Jessica — if she had found life no sunny and substantial corner of a garden wall, but a place of salty, bitter, wind-driven waves, that tossed her like seaweed; if it had salted her to its own savor, it were no wonder. She looked as if it had, where she sat in Mrs. Cullom's sitting-room, limp and lean as seaweed, the hunted, sullen look in her eyes, overbanded by broad eyebrows.

Sanderson went his way thinking, "I guess she's paid Ben Hallow all that's due him;" and thought no further about it. Of Ben Hallow no more news seemed to be forthcoming. He seemed to have left that part of the country.

It was late in October when Jessica began to go about the "Meadows," and look at the fawn-colored cattle, the beautiful, nervous horses. The winds blew down from the hills and the wilderness of woods, now splashed with autumn colors. The cornfields were light yellow, the roadsides banked with goldenrod and purple asters. The long leisures and silences of the place, the quiet routine, the shelter and removal, the large, unirritated look of the world, and the slow speech of men there, all seemed to constitute a life of some kind, a book with a meaning in it, but written in a language to which she had no grammar or lexicon. She vaguely felt the elements of the phenomenon. She hardly knew whether it made her intensely bored or intensely happy. She looked at it suspiciously. Nameless dim emotions rose up and asked for names.

In November there were heaps of weeds behind the red barns, burning and smouldering. They drew her to watch them in a kind of trance, as the men of old used to watch the smoke of altar and sacrifice go creeping heavenward, and follow it with prayers. Is it out of that ancient human experience that one cannot watch long the drift of a smouldering fire without ancestral solemnities stirring in his heart? Jessica stared at the twisting, mounting, noiseless smoke, and knew not why she stayed. She knew that she hated her memories;—old despairs are hideous and shapeless as outworn garments;¹—that she had no plans and dreaded the making of them. The languor of her mind and heart seemed like a dragging weight. Her interest in the aspirations of the bonfires was a vague, effortless interest.

She went back to the house in the early twilight. It was a misty day, and settled into rain at night.

After supper Mrs. Cullom's conversation with drowsiness grew too confused to follow. It concerned "Israel," "Joseph," "Marion," and through a half-grotesque medium gave glimpses of the lady whose portrait with the searching compassionate eyes hung in the library, and whose spirit even after death seemed to have hung brooding, counseling, comforting, over husband and son; glimpses of the two silent men, whose habit it was each to shut his heart away from the world, and so go about his business with his generation. But when Mrs. Cullom seemed to be arguing that Marion's secluded life had resulted from Israel's dislike of cats, and that one or the other of these was responsible for the moths in Mrs. Cullom's muff, Jessica lost track of the argument, and presently, Mrs. Cullom having openly fallen asleep, she rose and went through the dining-room to the library. The room was cold, and she lit the fire. The wind and rain droned desolately at the windows. She drew a heavy leather-covered reading-chair before the fire. The lamplight, escaping over the top of a green shade, fell on the

face of the portrait above the mantelpiece, and lit it softly but clearly. Over Jessica's face, deep in the reading-chair, the wavering firelight sent red glows and pursuing shadows.

The noise of the rain without was unceasing, but the house within stayed mainly quiet from hour to hour. Mrs. Cullom went lumbering upstairs to bed. A servant girl opened the library door, and, seeing Jessica by the fire, closed it again, softly. The busy blaze on the hearth subsided to a bed of red coals. But Jessica and Marion maintained their still communion.

It was late when the door opened again, without warning. Sanderson stood in the doorway, dripping with the rain. He said, "Don't move," at her startled motion to rise, and threw off his rain coat, and bent over the fire in silence to warm his hands. "I brought Bombay home," he said at last, slowly. "He's been getting glory for himself this fall. Do you know McMahon and that crowd? Well, they tried to buy Bombay. I've been warned about them now, that they'd like to doctor him, or play some game on him before the New Orleans winter meet. It would clear the way for Kentuckian and Prince Charlie, if that's the way they're interested. Anyhow, I can watch Bombay better up here. He's tripled his value. Are n't you up too late?"

The race track gossip and scandal he fancied would interest her, and then fancied she had hardly heard him. Her eyes were fixed on the portrait over the mantel. She made no comment on "Bombay" or "McMahon," nor indicated if she knew whether "Kentuckian" was a man or a horse. Presently he felt his eyes drawn to follow hers up to the familiar place. When she said in a low voice: "What does she tell you when you are very sad?" he stood up quickly, and looked down at her, wondering at one knocking so quietly at the locked gate of Sanderson reserve, at the very door of its secret place, as if it were quite natural to knock and enter.

She felt the pressure of his silence, and, as if forgetting her question, leaned quickly forward, spreading out her hands to the glow of the coals.

"I have n't ever thanked you for helping me."

"I should think," said Sanderson dryly, "it was a dubious case for gratitude, that advice as to how you might break your neck with expedition — and — effect. It might be kindly meant and yet look dubious. I would n't guarantee the kindness, not taking any interest in Ben Hallow. As I recollect it, it occurred to me that crawling around behind Cassidy's intelligence was — was pleasant in its way. It occurred to me that whether you had the nerve to drive off in — the — general atmosphere that way — was an interesting gamble. It occurred to me to — think you'd do it."

"That's all I was grateful for," she said. "I knew that you thought so, and I was glad of that, else perhaps I could n't have done it. But then, it's easy to die in that condition. Somehow, I thought it would be the end, and it looked pleasant."

"What condition?"

"Oh, I mean — But you know, once — once on a time — to me — everything seemed so worth while, and — Ben — you know — he pretends so well that it was a long time before I saw it was all worth nothing, and that — that he did n't care in the least about me, you know. After that I thought I could stand it, because I thought he had to have me. But he does n't have to have me. So when even that — when all that — is gone, it leaves one very hungry and despairing, and one could die quickly, and not mind. Don't you see? Of course it's silly to feel that way, and wicked enough to want to get rid of one's life. When I came in here to-night, I was thinking it was silly and bad to have despair. But if one is — poisoned in spirit — it is hard — to find the way. I began to look at your mother's picture, and then I thought she seemed to say things — at first only kind

things, about understanding how hard it was — to live without — without seeing any use in it, and then she seemed to ask if I were good enough to be happy, and questions like that, and for hours to go searching through me for the answers."

"She knows what she's about," said Sanderson. "She asks me the questions first. If she reversed the order with you, there was reason in it. She tells me to keep a quiet, clean place where she can meet me, or else to be clean and quiet when I come, — that's the same thing. It comes first. But whether the place is in her soul or mine I don't know, but it was always for us two, my mother and me. I don't altogether see how you got in."

In the silence that followed she leaned still lower, with head bent to the fire, and looked something like the huddled heap among the boulders in the gorge.

"Do you want me to go out?" she asked.

"No, you'd never have got in without a key of your own."

The rain beat and dripped at the dark windows. The tall clock in the next room struck its midnight call, as if to signalize it a proper hour for the locked gates to open, and spirits imprisoned in the dungeon of themselves to come out, to cross estranging distances, and meet face to face and ghost to ghost.

The first heavy snow of the winter fell one gray afternoon in early December. It was a large, quietly determined storm to begin with, calm, mystical, incessant. The great flakes wavered down, and lay deep and contented on the hills.

But a wind, already stirring on the mountain sides, as the evening wore on crept down over low bordering woods to the level meadows, and whistled and capered in Wyantenaug Valley. It forced the dignified flakes into wild Bacchanalian skirt dances, piled the roadsides with fugitive and empty grave-mounds in mockery of Preston Plains cemetery, swept the spaces between so bare that it

seemed an indecent exposure, and sniffed along the fences like a thirsty bloodhound.

Cold. Not a ghost in the cemetery was stirring, or had come out according to regulations to read over his epitaph, but crouched, hugging himself unsocially in his narrow tenement. So cold that the traveler who got down from the ten o'clock train pulled his sealskin cap low over his ears and face, and his steps shrieked dismally as he hurried away from the lamplit space. He pushed over the long bridge that creaked in the wind, and so up the gorge where pine, hemlock, and spruce stood up sombre and murmuring in the night, where the brook under the steep bank chuckled in its icy throat. White, cold, desolate. The lights in the Sanderson farmhouse were curtained close or invisible in the storm.

The plodder in the snow was uninterested in the farmhouse lights, but in the dark windows of the barns and stables he took a singular interest, going close to window after window, peering in, now and then trying a fastening. At length he slipped a thin blade between the sashes of one, lifted the lower sash, crept through, and stood on the floor within.

The temperature was artificially moderate there, the darkness complete. The occasional sound of lifted and planted hoof came from the right. He followed the sounds, and felt his way to the boarded wall of a passage where the sounds were close to his ear. He halted and listened. He opened his coat and flashed a dark lantern along the wall, saw the long row of square stall windows. The narrow beam of the dark lantern slipped through the first square opening, and caused a startled plunge within. He saw a pair of wild eyes, a white splash on a flying black mane. "Bombay all right," he muttered, and knelt down on the clean-swept floor of the passage, drew from his pocket a bottle of colorless liquid and an injection syringe, shook the bottle, and held it against the beam of the lantern.

Then he leaped, startled, to his feet. He found himself in the bright area and control of a search lantern in a distant corner.

Whoever stood in the pitch blackness behind it realized the completeness of his control, for he stayed where he was, and enjoyed it, while the captive of his lantern put bottle, syringe, and dark lantern, one by one, deliberately back into inner pockets. The captor came forward behind his light.

"The surprise is mutual, Ben," said Sanderson, and smiled pleasantly. "You did n't occur to me."

He put the big lantern on the feed box, and sat down beside it, drawing his ulster around him. The light, brilliant from polished reflectors, streamed across the wide, clean floor of the barn.

"See here, I'll give you three messages," he drawled on. "They're for McMahon. First, that I'm on to him real clever. Second, that he can have Bombay at the price he named, because I'm not going to New Orleans. He can poison his own horse if he wants to, but I've changed my mind. Third, that he's a damn hound."

"And I?" asked Ben Hallow.

Sanderson looked at him with a kind of puzzled admiration, then studied the floor for some moments. Hallow's face fell into lines expressing patience and the victory of the spirit.

"Why—you're poison in this neighborhood," Sanderson said at last confidentially. "Why—you see, the reason I'm not interested in the New Orleans meet this year, is that I'm going to marry your daughter."

"How so?"

"Why, just that way. But I'm not after the paternal blessing. You see that. I'd rather the paternal did n't take any interest in it."

They talked across the lantern. There seemed to be no tone of hostility between them.

Ben Hallow said gently, —

"Of course, you'd rather, of course."

"Meaning you're a disreputable connection. Oh, that's all right. I can stand it. The trouble with the paternal is here. You're poison to her, Ben, same as that bottle of yours of insidious chemistry to Bombay. It would n't kill him. It would n't particularly make him sick, but it would spoil his nerve, and make him see blue devil ghosts, and fill his horse soul with corrosive despair. Well, whenever she thinks of you it acts on her something that way. You're a taint in the air, Ben, and there's an — an antiseptic — arrangement being made, that — well — poison — h'm — well — anyhow, seeing she gave you six years out of a time of life particularly valuable to a woman, so they say; seeing she threw herself head first at kingdom come and nearly got there, in order to take you away from Cassidy, who had a proper right to you, — now, it seems to me she's paid about all that's due you. Has n't she, to be candid? She does n't want you, Ben. She wants me. You don't need her, either, but I do. Now, put it your beautiful and benignant emotions are at flood, put it they rise up and swallow the situation, put it you see humility and the outraged feelings of a father are a nice line of goods, put it you think I'd be handy the next time you went broke, put it this county is too hot to hold you, and can be made hotter, put it any interesting way you please, so long as you stay as far off as the wind blows. Stay out of the state, and for God's sake let Jessie alone."

The other said, "All right," very low, almost inaudibly, buttoned up his coat, and followed Sanderson in silence to the stable door. Outside Sanderson said, —

"You have half an hour to catch the 11.45," and Hallow said, —

"Half an hour, — thank you."

He turned his white face against the storm, glided away, and vanished silently into its muffling drift. Sanderson stood looking after him.

"He's an ingratiating penitent, he is; very delicate; no melodrama, not a dram. Well, likely it does hit him, and likely it does n't."

He picked his way through the snow to the house, muttering sarcastic comments on Ben Hallow, and threw off his snowy ulster in the hall.

In the library Jessica lay huddled, sobbing, on the floor, before a smouldering fire.

"I'm not good! She thinks I'm not good enough, Joe!"

He dropped into the reading-chair, and drew her up to his knee.

"She and I settled that long ago. It's none of your business, Jessie. You've lost the clue."

She grew quieter, looking up at Marion above the mantelpiece.

"Will it cure us of trouble to love each other?"

"It's an insidious old chemistry. I suppose she taught it to us. She knew all about it. I suppose it comes down to us from old times."

KOREA AND MANCHURIA UNDER THE NEW TREATY

BY K. ASAKAWA

THE treaty of Portsmouth has, among other things, recognized the new situation which the swift progress of the war had developed in Korea and Manchuria. This recognition was demanded by Japan and granted by Russia, and one is amazed as he ponders the immense changes brought about by the war and the straightforward manner in which M. Witte recognized them in behalf of Russia. A prolonged diplomatic parley would have resulted, had he insisted, as his government had often done, that Korea was a sovereign state, and whatever advantages Japan had gained therein had issued from a flagrant breach of neutrality; and that the Russian rights in Manchuria had arisen from exclusive agreements between Russia and China, and were not affected by the damages Japan had so treacherously inflicted upon Russia. Instead, M. Witte frankly but quietly surrendered to Japan the Russian lease of the province of Kwang-tung and such legal title as Russia possessed over the Manchurian railway under Japanese occupation, and furthermore agreed to Japan's preponderating interest in Korea, and to the principles of the "open door" and of the Chinese territorial integrity in Manchuria. In so doing, the Russian statesman went far beyond the accomplished facts, and reversed the wonted method and policy of Russia in the Far East, as well as abandoned his own cherished desire of making Dalny the great emporium of Asiatic Russia. The harsh lessons of the war had awakened him from the dream of an artificial commercial empire, and Russia as an aggressive exponent of the exclusive trade policy has thus departed from the Orient.

The treaty, however, so far as it relates

to Korea and Manchuria, has not only recognized Japan's new position therein but also cleared the ground for new developments in these regions. It is the purpose of this article to review the present status of Korea and Manchuria, and to attempt an analysis of some of the issues likely to determine the further progress of events in these important territories.

I

The great and increasing community of economic interest between Korea and Manchuria on the one hand and Japan on the other, which has been discussed elsewhere by the present writer, and further confirmed by more recent statistical data, need hardly be retold. If the facts in this inchoate stage of trade are already so potent, it may be expected that the mutual economic dependence of these regions will eventually be so intimate that the political security of their intercourse will become absolutely imperative. Thus the economic readily passes into the political. Between Korea and Japan, in particular, political relations are known to be as vital as the economic, and closely interwoven with them. Let us now briefly observe what the Japanese have thus far done in order to foster their political and economic relations with the peninsula, or, in other words, in what status the treaty has found Japan's "preponderating interests" in Korea.

After her quick entry into Seoul at the outbreak of the war, Japan found herself precisely in the position which she had long desired to establish. The plan of joint non-intervention in Korean affairs as agreed upon between Japan and Russia in 1896 and 1898, which had again

and again resulted in competitive intervention, had proved disastrous to the interest of Japan and of general reform; but now Russia had abruptly withdrawn from Seoul, and Japan found herself free to move alone. Thereupon she hastened to impose upon the Korean Foreign Minister a treaty of alliance, on February 23, 1904, which laid the foundation for all Japan's subsequent conduct in the peninsula. By this treaty, Japan insured for an indefinite period of time the safety and repose of the Korean imperial house, and guaranteed the independence and the territorial integrity of the Korean empire. Korea should adopt Japan's advice concerning reform. She should also allow Japan to take necessary measures in case Korea should be in danger of foreign aggression or an internal revolt. Neither party should conclude without the other's consent an agreement with a third power contrary to the principles of the present treaty.

Details in connection with this fundamental agreement were to be arranged later between the two governments according to the circumstances. And the details, as they have gradually unfolded themselves, have proved to be of the most extraordinary character. One of the first demands proposed by Mr. G. Hayashi, Japanese Minister at Seoul, was embodied in the so-called Nagamori scheme, whereby the right of cultivating all the waste lands in Korea exclusive of the government lands was to be granted to a Japanese subject, T. Nagamori, for a period of fifty years, subject to a renewal. This exhaustive proposition was met by the most widespread clamor of protest that had ever greeted a foreign demand in Korea. It was of no avail to explain that the ownership of the lands would remain with the Koreans, and that the cultivation would bring vast amounts of imported money, greatly increase the wealth and the export trade of the Korean people, and double the customs revenue of the government. The officials and peasants forthwith identified in their minds the use

of its soil with the sovereignty of the Empire, and were, moreover, impervious to the argument that a ruthless exploitation of the soil was one thing and an economic development of its resources another. The extreme tension was removed only by the temporary suspension of discussion on the matter by the Japanese in July, 1904. Purchases of both cultivated and waste land in tracts of varying sizes have since been made by the Japanese settlers in Korea, especially in the south and along the Seoul-Fusan Railway, where some of these tracts are said to be becoming important as models of an improved method of culture. Such an exhaustive enterprise, however, as was contemplated by the Nagamori plan seems now most unlikely to be demanded again.

A less drastic concession of the fishing rights along the entire coast-line of Korea was granted on request, in June, to the Japanese fishers, as well as to the Koreans, and in return the latter were rewarded with similar but unexercised rights on the northern coast of Japan. Concerning mining, also, the Japanese have made surveys, and have furnished an expert as adviser to the Seoul Government. Thus far extensive mining operations have been successfully undertaken only by the Americans at Yunsan and by the British at Yinsan. New mining laws will now probably be promulgated, and, together with the development of the railways, and river navigation, capital will flow in from Europe and America, as well as Japan, to develop the great mineral wealth of the peninsula.

A far more important work than in these industries has been achieved by the Japanese in transportation, communication, currency, and other politico-economic matters which directly and profoundly concern the native and foreign interests in Korea.

The Seoul-Fusan Railway, the concession for which was promised by Korea so early as 1894 in her treaty of temporary alliance concluded with Japan on July 23 of that year, but the building of which had,

since August, 1901, progressed very slowly, was finally at the close of 1903 given a helping hand by the Tokio government. The latter guaranteed the payment of ten million *yen* of the capital of the railway company and its interest, and granted two million and two hundred thousand *yen* as special subvention. The company was then reorganized, and the work of construction was pushed so vigorously that the entire length of two hundred and seventy-four miles was completed in November, 1904, and opened to the public on the first day of the present year. This railway, with its well-known branch to Chemulpo and another branch to Masampo, not only possesses an immense strategic value, but also runs through by far the richer half of the Korean Empire, comprising nearly seventy per cent of both the cultivated area and the farmers' families of the entire peninsula, as well as sixty or seventy towns in which fairs are held regularly three times each month. It is beyond a doubt that the cultivation and improvement of the rich soil, and hence the exporting capacity and importing power, of this region will receive a great impetus from this railway, and the general mode of life of the people will undergo profound changes through contact with Japanese influence, which is now flowing into South Korea with increased facility. The tourist may now reach Seoul from Fusan in thirteen hours; or in fifty-six hours, and presently perhaps in less than fifty hours, from Tokio. This ease of transportation will be doubled and trebled as the Seoul-Wiju Railway now under construction, and the Seoul-Wonsan and other contemplated railways, connecting the four quarters of Korea by rail, are completed. Eventually, from the northern frontier, railways will be extended by the Japanese toward Niu-chwang and to Liao-yang or Mukden, and thus be connected with the Northern Chinese and the Manchurian Railways, so that a through connection by rail will soon be established from Fusan to Peking and to Europe. Of these lines, the concession for the Seoul-

Wiju Railway had often been demanded by the French, but the Korean government had accepted their proposition only to the extent of employing French engineers, the government declaring that it would construct the line by its own capital and under its own control. Before this plan had at all materialized, however, the opening of hostilities between Russia and Japan suddenly changed the situation, and the concession was at once granted to the latter early in March, 1904. The line, which is two hundred and eighty miles long, is now in active construction under the supervision of the Japanese military authorities. It may be added that, along this and the Seoul-Fusan lines and around their stations, extensive tracts of land have been acquired by the Japanese "for military necessity," some of them through purchase and others by seizure. In this procedure of the Japanese authorities the political significance of these lines appears well exemplified. The enormous economic value of the great railway system must seem in the minds of many Koreans not a little compromised by the political fears which the system has entailed upon them.

Hardly less sweeping than the other concessions that have been described is the right of the river and coast navigation reluctantly granted by the Korean government to the Japanese on August 13, 1905. The entire coast line of the peninsula, more than seventeen hundred miles long, as well as all the numerous streams which flow out from the main mountain range, has been thrown open to the Japanese shipowners. The latter may also at any landing-place rent land and build warehouses and wharves, which provision would as much facilitate colonization as navigation. The Korean coast to the west and south affords many harbors and anchorages, only a few of which have been open to foreign trade, so that within a few years the maps will show several new ports hitherto unknown to the world. As to the rivers, their navigable courses are, owing to the soft beds and extensive

erosion, rather long in comparison with the short lengths of the streams. Consequently, the civilization of Korea has from ancient times grown along the great rivers, so that their navigation leads to the wealthiest and most populous parts of the peninsula. This concession, therefore, together with the railways, may be said to have opened practically the entire economic sections of the Korean empire to Japanese enterprise. The rivers and harbors will naturally be improved, and the natives and foreign traders will alike be benefited by the new activity, the latter of whom always enjoy, in this as well as all other matters of commerce and navigation, the most-favored-nation treatment in Korea.

Over the means of communication, also, — namely, the post, telegraph, and telephone system of Korea, — Japan has secured as complete a control as over the railways and navigation. Hitherto there had existed two parallel systems in Korea, the one under Korean and the other under Japanese management, causing a continual friction and embarrassment to both parties and greatly retarding the communication with the outside world. The native postal system inaugurated in 1895 still depended on horses and human shoulders for conveyance, handled no parcels or money orders, and in 1901 carried only 1,380,000 messages, as compared with the 8,200,000 carried in 1903 by the Japanese postal system in Korea. In telephone, also, the Korean system in operation in Seoul and Chemulpo was subscribed to by less than a hundred persons, while the Japanese service in the same localities and in Fusan was supported by nearly a thousand. The telegraphic service had been so unreliable and at times so utterly out of order that the Japanese army was obliged, at the opening of the Chinese war in 1894, to construct a military line between Fusan, Seoul, and Chemulpo. Until the outbreak of the Russian war, however, the Japanese had made little further progress in telegraphic construction, while the Korean system had in

the meantime been considerably extended. The latter still continued to be cumbersome and sometimes unreliable. The entire system of post, telegraph, and telephone under Korean control showed in the budget for 1904 receipts of 100,080 *yen* and a deficit of 230,589 *yen*, an excess of the expenditures over the revenue being an annual feature of the system, whereas the parallel system in the peninsula under Japanese management actually brought in the same year an income of 477,136 *yen*, or an excess of 151,199 over the expenditures. In spite of its comparative inefficiency, however, the Korean government had more than once requested the Japanese to withdraw their postal service from Korea, and also had brought numerous obstacles against telegraphic communications. As the recent war swiftly changed the situation, however, the Japanese system in Korea made vigorous progress, to the clear advantage of all parties concerned. Mr. Ōura, Japanese Minister of Transportation, and a party of experts, made an inspecting tour of Korea and Manchuria toward the end of 1904, and a result of his observations has now appeared in the agreement signed on April 1, 1905. By this contract the entire system of communication in Korea, excepting the telephone service in the Imperial household, was, with a view to incorporating the system with the Japanese, transferred to the charge of the Japanese government. The latter should assume the financial responsibility for management and extension, and make reports and pay part of the profits to the Korean government. When the Korean finances were sufficiently strong, the entire system should be returned to the charge of the Seoul government.

Japan's control has extended also over the public finances of Korea. The well-known evils of the free nickel coinage in Korea were at last brought to an end when the mint was closed on November 30, 1904; the monetary union of Korea with Japan was decreed on January 19, 1905; and, finally, the redemption of the old

coins was begun in June. The new coins are on the gold basis, and the old coins which are now declared to be on the silver basis are, as was the case with the old Japanese coins in 1897, when Japan adopted the gold standard, exchanged for exactly one half their face values under the new system. The Japanese First Bank at Seoul has been entrusted with the entire business in connection with the monetary arrangement, and is in return allowed to issue notes against its strong reserves. Those who have studied the diplomatic history of Korea before the war know that these Japanese banknotes were at once a great lubricator of foreign trade and a bone of contention between the Russian and Japanese diplomats. For the purpose of carrying out the new system, the Bank undertook to float a six per cent loan of two million *yen* at Tokio last July, which was more than four times over-subscribed. The Bank was further given charge over the national treasury. Deposits of the government are to receive no interest from the Bank, which in return is under obligation to loan to the government without interest any amount not exceeding 300,000 *yen* beyond the entire deposits, or between 300,000 and 1,000,000 over the deposits at six per cent. If this arrangement may not be expected to produce an effect of preventing corrupt practices of the Korean tax-collectors, integrity has at least been largely assured in the handling of the issues of the taxes after they once reach the central exchequer. It should also be remembered that by far the most far-reaching importance of the new financial agreement consists in its monetary section, for the advantages of a stable currency to the entire economic life in Korea can hardly be exaggerated.

Of the other details of reform which have not advanced so far as those already discussed, we may omit all but one. It may be said that in some respects a more urgent need of reform than in all the branches of administration that have been enumerated is found in the local

government of Korea. For it is universally known that the illegal exactions of the provincial officials and land-owning nobility are largely responsible for the improvidence and penury of the Korean peasant. He finds it unwise to improve his work or to increase or save his earnings, for all his surplus capital would invite the extortions of the ill-paid official or poor landlord. All the industries of Korea, the excellent products of some of which have at one time or another in history been the pride of Korea, have for this reason deteriorated so far that one finds to-day the remains of her past glory rather in China and Japan than in Korea herself. So long as this state of things is allowed to persist, the industrial habits of the Korean people, and consequently the material basis of their national progress, may hardly be expected to improve. The reforms in currency and transportation, in navigation and trade, and even in agriculture, would even tend to enrich foreign *entrepreneurs* faster than the Koreans themselves. It would be rash to say that the habitual laziness which the latter have acquired during centuries of oppression is hopelessly beyond remedy. The removal of the prime cause, that is, official corruption, together with the creation of new opportunities of life, such as the already mentioned reforms would bring, might serve to make the Koreans unlearn in decades the evil traits they have acquired in centuries. The experiment would, at any rate, be worthy of high statesmanship. What, then, have the Japanese reformers done in the way of improving the local administration of Korea? It is perhaps just to say that this work has only been begun from several directions, and that with the return of peace Japan may be expected to apply herself with zeal to this most complex and delicate of all reforms. In the North, General Hasegawa, commander of the Japanese army in Korea, has placed the provinces of Ph'yŏng-an and Ham-gyŏng under martial law, whereby the police of the army has been vigorously suppressing

the illegal conduct of the Korean official and of the Japanese soldier. In many respects the people prefer the stern military administration of the Japanese to the irregular but extortionate rule of the Korean officialdom. It is said that the magistrates now shrink from holding offices in the North. The military régime must, however brief its duration, leave a distinct impression upon the people of a clean administration of local affairs. The Japanese Minister at Seoul also took an unusual step when he proclaimed through the Japanese Consuls to the Koreans at the ports that the latter might henceforth appeal from the local officials to the Consuls or the Minister. The anomalous privilege has been exercised by many a Korean. More regular and permanent measures are, however, being taken. An adviser of police affairs has been employed from Japan, and the old police force of Seoul has been reduced from 1723 to 1000 men on increased salaries, four illiterate chiefs and more than a hundred of the personal guard of the high officials being dismissed. The reform at the capital will presently be followed in the provinces, and it is expected that the new police force will assume the power of collecting the taxes which has hitherto been vested in the civil officials. These measures are potent, but are mere beginnings, and the future task of official reform seems colossal.

These remarkable changes in Korean administration which have been enumerated in the preceding paragraphs have not always been designed and proposed by the Japanese Minister at Seoul, but largely by the various Japanese advisers whose service the Korean government has secured by special contracts. In accordance with the agreement of August 22, 1904, Mr. Megata and Mr. Stevens, the latter an American citizen long in Japanese service and formerly Counselor at the Japanese Legation at Washington, were employed, for an indefinite period, as financial and diplomatic advisers, respectively, with the following broad powers: that all the

important undertakings in these respective departments should be approved by the advisers, and that the latter might make propositions to the Cabinet or confer directly with the Throne. Besides these two, there are Japanese advisers with more or less similar powers in the departments of agriculture and commerce, of the army, of education, and of police, and the European advisers, including the versatile Miss Sonntag, who had hitherto been employed by the Korean government, have been dismissed one after another since the outbreak of the war. The last to leave was Mr. McLeavy Brown, the honored director of the Korean customs, whose highly useful service ended at the close of last August. Concerning the Japanese advisers, who now virtually control the important affairs of the state, one may observe a common characteristic, which distinguishes them from their compatriots who in a similar capacity flowed into Seoul ten years ago, during and after the Chinese war. These were for the most part adventurous spirits with more schemes for reform than special attainments in their respective departments, while the present incumbents are mostly recognized experts with ripe knowledge acquired during their long terms of service in Japan or abroad. They seem to have thus far worked in harmony, and will probably be organized into a definite relationship to one another and to the Japanese Minister.

Under the impulse of these and other forces, the Korean government has, besides agreeing to the changes proposed by the Japanese, undertaken to institute a few innovations of its own initiative. Wiju and Yongampo on the northern frontier have thus been opened at last to foreign trade. Some changes have been made in the military organization, which has proved of little service, but consumed annually a third of the expenditures of the impoverished State. The official system of the central government has been remodeled on a conservative basis, three hundred sinecures being abolished.

From this broad survey of the works of the Japanese government in Korea, one may say that it is an altogether extraordinary state of affairs that the treaty of Portsmouth has found in the peninsular empire. Within a brief year and a half, and under the exigencies of a war, Japan has gained a partial control of the foreign affairs and the local administration and a complete mastery over the transportation, communication, currency, navigation, and fisheries of Korea, and thus has succeeded in laying a broad foundation for the economic enterprise therein of all industrial nations of the world. Side by side with the activities of the authorities, private citizens of Japan have migrated in large numbers into Korea, where they are now reckoned by tens of thousands, and the entire peninsula is already assuming an air of great fermentation. The schools are filled with pupils, periodicals and books are eagerly bought, men of the two nationalities are jostling one another, and the local officials are subjected to the merciless scrutiny of the unwelcome foreigners. The older people are compelled by circumstances to adjust themselves to the fast growing new surroundings, while the younger generation are forced, in spite of themselves, to take more and more heed of what passes in a sphere wider than that of their self-interest. On the one hand, "the war helped rather than hindered trade," says an American consular report, "the commercial highways being held open. Cereals yielded large crops and sold high, both Japan and Russia buying. Labor was abundantly supplied with work at good wages. Much of this had to do with the movement of troops. This brought in millions of dollars of unexpected and unusual money. It is interesting to note that the Koreans never had so much money to spend, and that they spent it freely; hence any improvement in Korea or in the East is bound to be followed by advantages to foreign trade. One disadvantage, doubtless due to the war, and partly to the increased wages, was the increased cost of living. This ad-

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vanced fifty per cent, in some cases fully one hundred per cent." On the other hand, wherever the two races meet for practical purposes, unpleasant incidents occur, and often cause bitter complaints by the Korean and unfavorable reaction upon the Japanese. Amid this stimulus and this jar, a new nation is being moulded to meet the new conditions which are fast gaining control over the entire situation.

One would naturally ask, to what general course of events would these new conditions tend. An analysis and interpretation of the forces which the war has set loose and which are bringing their inevitable consequences would be highly instructive. Let us, however, content ourselves here by pointing to the Korean clauses in the three important documents concluded within the last two years, in which the rapid development of the Korean problem is easily traceable, — namely, the Korean-Japanese treaty of alliance of February 23, 1904, the Russo-Japanese treaty of peace signed on September 5, 1905, and the Anglo-Japanese agreement of alliance concluded on August 12, and published with Lord Lansdowne's dispatch to the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg on September 26, 1905. It will be remembered that the first instrument at once placed Korea under Japan's military protection and administrative guidance, and bound Japan to uphold Korea's independence and territorial integrity, including the safety of her Imperial house. One will readily observe that two distinct points are here involved. These two points the further progress of events, some of which have already been described, seems to have put so far apart, that in the treaty of Portsmouth Japan's preponderance over Korea was recognized by Russia, while little was said of the independence of the peninsular empire. It was even said that M. Witte insisted during the discussion of the clause that Baron Komura should declare in his proposed terms that Japan intended to make of Korea a province of the Japanese

Empire. This the Baron is reported to have emphatically declined, presumably because he would not consider the protection by Japan and the territorial integrity of Korea incompatible with each other. The difference between the theoretical and practical situation is, however, reflected unmistakably in the Anglo-Japanese agreement, the third article of which reads: "Japan possessing paramount political, military, and economic interests in Korea, Great Britain recognizes Japan's right to take such measures for the guidance, control, and protection of Korea as she may deem proper and necessary to safeguard and advance those interests, providing the measures so taken are not contrary to the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations." In other words, Japan is left free to control Korea and then prevail upon the latter to open her door equally wide to all nations, including Japan herself. After specially dwelling on the substance of this article, Lord Lansdowne says in his dispatch: "The treaty at this point differs conspicuously from that of 1902. It has, however, become evident that Korea, owing to its close proximity to the Japanese Empire, and to its inability to stand alone, must fall under the control and tutelage of Japan. His Majesty's Government observes with satisfaction that this point has been readily conceded by Russia in the treaty of peace, and there is every reason to believe that similar views are held by the other Powers with regard to the relations which should subsist between Japan and Korea." Thus are Korea's alleged incapacity of self-government and Japan's need of control over the peninsular affairs openly recognized by a third Power, and it is taken for granted that no other Power will deny these points. Such a declaration could not be made, it is admitted, in 1902, when the first treaty of alliance was concluded, nor perhaps even at the time when the Korean-Japanese protocol was signed in February, 1904. Yet the doctrine of Korea's independence is still not

theoretically contradictory with this situation now recognized by the Russian and British governments, nor has it become less effective than in the last year, for, while the control by Japan has since been tightened, Korea remains a separate empire with all the sovereign rights of an independent State. Japan, speaking technically, exercises a supervisory control and discharges administrative functions entrusted to her care. The future trend of affairs — whether the Korean independence will vanish into a mere fiction as the Japanese control advances, or whether under the latter the peninsular people will be trained to an effective self-government — must largely be determined by the mutual interaction of the complex factors, both Korean and Japanese, public and private, conscious and unconscious, which are steadily working out the destiny of the peninsula, but which can hardly be adequately discussed here.

II

The new situation in Manchuria is less advanced in evolution, but is, in its legal aspects, more complex, than that in Korea. This difference is well illustrated in the treaty of Portsmouth, which contains less exhaustive but more numerous clauses about the Three Provinces than about the peninsular empire. Any one who is familiar with the diplomatic history before the war and the recent changes brought about in Manchuria is aware that there are in that vast territory three spheres, one including another, each of the smaller of which is under special conditions in addition to those governing the one next larger than itself, — namely, the entire Manchuria, the territory under military occupation of the Japanese, and that part of the Liao-tung peninsula which was leased to Russia in 1898 for twenty-five years, subject to renewal, and which the Russians have named the province of Kwang-tung. Of these three spheres, the new treaty has provided, regarding the whole of Manchuria, that the

Russian and Japanese forces should simultaneously and completely evacuate it, that China's full sovereignty should be reinstated therein, and that both the contracting parties should agree to the principle of equal economic opportunities therein for all nations. The importance of this triumphant concession made by M. Witte in behalf of Russia needs no emphasis. Concerning the lease of Kwang-tung, including Port Arthur and Dalny and the adjacent islands, it was stipulated in the treaty that it should be transferred to Japan.

Regarding the second sphere, it was agreed that the railway south of Kwan-cheng-tsu should pass into the hands of the Japanese, the Russians holding the line from that point to Harbin, together with the trans-Manchurian railway which connects the Siberian and the Ussuri railways, and that both Powers might station reasonable numbers of railway guards along the lines under their respective control. This arrangement will leave 478½ miles of rail in the Japanese hands, and 146½ miles to Harbin and about 936 miles between Manchouria and Grotekovo in the Russian. Also, the rights of the Japanese to construct certain branch lines and utilize the Yentai and other coal mines, which had been operated by the Russians, were recognized. It will be remembered that the railways in Manchuria were originally constructed, in pursuance of the Russo-Chinese agreements of September 8, 1896, and March 27, 1898, by a semi-official Russian organization called the Eastern Chinese Railway Company, and that they were really managed by Russia, but were nominally under a joint control with China, which country might purchase the lines after thirty-six years, or else take them over without payment after eighty years. From this it seems to follow that Japan must specially treat with China as to whether the old terms should rule the disposition of the railway surrendered by Russia, or whether China should purchase it sooner than at the end of the stipulated period. Japan, however,

will, in accordance with the treaty of Portsmouth, guard the line with the necessary forces, so long as it is under her control, as Russia will likewise in regard to the railways under her management. Japan will also, as has been pointed out, construct with her own resources a railway from the Korean frontier toward Niuchwang and possibly from the same starting point toward some strategic and commercial centres on the main line south of Kwan-cheng-tsu, together with a branch from the latter to Kirin, the Chinese concession to Russia for this last line having been transferred by the new treaty to Japan.

The arrangement between Russia and Japan regarding the railway guards was natural from the perpetual danger to life and property from the so-called mounted bandits who infest nearly all the inhabited parts of Manchuria. There is in every large section of China an unsettled population ready to create great disorder whenever troubles arise. Provincial troops are largely recruited from these men, and after disbandment their lawless habits become intensified. They are a peculiar product of Chinese society and politics, and have been an important historic factor throughout the ages. They have, however, nowhere been so turbulent in recent years as in the two southern provinces of Manchuria, where they have successfully utilized the native instinct of the Chinese to aggregate, and formed powerful bands of marauders. The leaders of these bands may at a moment's call gather the hundreds, and often thousands, of their followers, who appear at other times as farmers, woodcutters, petty pawnbrokers, and the like, but may in an instant turn robbers and incendiaries, and become a law unto themselves. Their predatory expeditions are so frequent that farmhouses are often found armed for defense, and many a wealthy youth even joins the band in order to make his house immune from outrages. During the war both the Russian and Japanese armies employed bandits as laborers, as spies, and even as

volunteers. It is improbable that the marauders would return to a quiet life immediately after the ravages of the war, and the railways and other properties would be open to their depredations but for the guards provided for in the new treaty. It must not be expected, however, that the Chinese government will view the guards with complacency, for not only will their existence be a continuous reminder of its incapacity to maintain order, but also the memory is still fresh of the political dangers which the so-called railway and frontier guards of Russia have recently caused in Manchuria. Only under the wisest rule would the bandits disappear, and only then may the foreign guards be withdrawn. In the meantime, the numbers of the guards to be stationed are strictly defined within safe bounds, and China is no longer likely to agree to their increase.

The most momentous question to all minds about the future of Manchuria will be whether China will henceforth prove sufficiently strong to govern the territory and prevent all possibilities of another disastrous war. As Sir Robert Hart has said in his memorial recommending an increase of the land-tax, the ultimate cause of the Russo-Japanese war was China's inability to safeguard portions of her own empire. It is well known that the policy of the late Li Hung-chang to allow the absorption of Manchuria by Russia was hardly opposed by any Manchu prince in Peking, and that the outburst of indignation against Russia which took place finally after April, 1904, came more from the patriots in the eighteen provinces than from the authorities at the capital. Those who have followed the recent events in China, however, must also have noted that an important change has latterly come over her official mind. The latent and often suppressed desire for reform has, since the failure of the Boxer uprising, and especially since the outbreak of the late war, gradually become such a potent power among the more enlightened Chinese that the policy of the Peking

government already reflects signs of its irresistible influence. What is more to the point is that the patriots regard reform as a necessary means for the strength of China. The motive force is beyond a doubt the growing jealousy of China as a sovereign nation. A full discussion of this significant movement, with its far-reaching consequences, would extend into a prolonged article. Let it suffice here to suggest that the growing national sentiment must in no small measure have been inspired by the incidents of the war, but that the same jealousy, once aroused, is directed against all foreign Powers, not excepting the United States and Japan. Concerning the United States, we need not be reminded of the boycott movement and the Canton-Hankau railway affair. As regards Japan, it would be erroneous to suppose that China would meekly submit Manchuria to the guidance of the Power which is of a similar race and culture with herself, and which has, at an enormous sacrifice, saved the territory for her from Russian occupation. Influential persons, in and out of office, have manifested deep concern lest Japan merely displace Russia as usurper of the Three Provinces. As soon as the Japanese army occupied Ying-kau (Niu-chwang) and established its civil administration, the Peking government demanded an immediate restoration of the city to the Chinese authorities. It will be remembered that China desired to be represented at the recent peace conference, and when her wishes were not complied with, hastily notified the Powers that she would not consider herself bound by the terms regarding Manchuria which Russia and Japan might conclude between themselves. China even contemplated sending special envoys to the neutral Powers in order to ascertain their views on Manchuria, and seek their moral support for China against any unfavorable agreement between the belligerents, but the plan was defeated by an opposition. It is evident that there are in China two classes of patriots, one of which is animated by

national jealousy with little regard to the complex requirements of the modern state, and the other possessing a clearer understanding of the real position China holds among the Powers. It seems probable that the practical wisdom and enlightened patriotism of the latter class, though it is the smaller, will prevail over the former, the extreme wing of which must be strongly anti-foreign. To this abler class seem to belong Yuan Shi-kai, Viceroy of the metropolitan province of Chili, which is the most closely related to Manchuria, and the new Viceroy of Manchuria, Chao Erh-sun himself. These and other statesmen have frequently met together and deliberated plans for the reconstruction of Manchuria. From the understood views of these persons, it may perhaps be inferred that their plans include, among other things, the assimilation of the official system of Manchuria with that of China Proper, a conservative invitation and adoption of Japan's advice and assistance for reconstruction, and a gradual upbuilding of an efficient army and police force.

Under these circumstances, it seems reasonable to suppose that, so far as China is concerned, she is at least fully alive to her sovereign rights in the birthplace of her reigning dynasty, and, what is more, is determined to do her utmost to insure its safety. She will tolerate the preponderating influence of no Power over the territory. Within Manchuria, moreover, there is little probability of a renewed aggression by Russia so long as she is bound by the terms of the treaty, for her railway guards will at no time be powerful enough to occupy the vast territory. Nor is Japan, a Power which has persistently declared her adherence to the principle of China's sovereign rights in Manchuria, likely suddenly to become so short-sighted as to infringe them, to the detriment of the moral prestige she has acquired there at an immense sacrifice. In the last analysis, the only possible source of danger is in the diplomacy at Peking. For, if Russia has now lost her

last hopes of an exclusive trade policy in Manchuria, has she also outlived her old diplomatic methods? In such a country of contradictory forces as China, a tremendous issue might hinge on this question. A Li Hung-chang at Peking might, under the venal influence of a covert diplomacy, be yielding the vital interest of Manchuria or Mongolia, and be steadily undermining the work of reconstruction zealously carried on by a Chao Erh-sun at Mukden. The world has yet to be convinced that its hopes of the change of Russia's methods are not unjustified. If she should persist in her old art, it may be safely predicted that Japan would by all means prevail upon China to strengthen Manchuria against a renewed danger by a virtual coalition with herself. The consequent régime in that territory may be either a joint administration by China and Japan, as in the case of Egypt and England in Soudan, or a supervisory rule by Japan, as that of England over Egypt, or, perhaps more likely, an entrusted administration (*Übertragene Verwaltung*), as that of England in Cyprus, or that of Austro-Hungary in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Hoping that such a result is a remote possibility, it must still be admitted that Japan has acquired so great a moral influence over China, and Manchuria in particular, that no degree of chauvinism on the part of the reactionary Chinese will be able to obstruct certain reasonable suggestions which Japan may be expected to make. These suggestions will be political as regards Kwang-tung, the lease of which has been surrendered by Russia, and mainly economic for the whole of Manchuria. Of the former, Japan will request China to recognize her assumption of the lease either under the old terms concluded between Russia and China, or under entirely new terms to be settled between China and Japan. As for Port Arthur, it is idle to speculate at this stage whether it will be refortified by the Japanese during the term of the lease, or whether it will be completely dismantled.

For the rest of the leased territory, the Japanese authorities will be able to maintain therein a wise administration, matured by their experience of governing the natives of this part in 1895 and 1904-05. Japan's probable economic policy for the whole of Manchuria calls for a few words of explanation.

The vast mineral and agricultural resources of Manchuria are well known to-day. During his recent campaign, Prince Kuni even discovered near Liao-yang some rice growing wild among tall millet, which fact suggests the possibility of an extended culture in Manchuria of the upland (*okabo*) variety of rice. In spite of these facts, however, thoughtful observers from Japan have concluded that the primary work in this class of industry in these regions may well be left to the Chinese immigrants; or, in other words, that it would be unwise to undertake the Japanese colonization of Manchuria on any large scale. The climate is too vigorous and changeable, the natural scenery is too monotonous, the farming implements are far too large and heavy, and the Japanese settlers are too unsteady and sensitive, for the latter to be successful farmers in this new land. The Chinese, on the other hand, who now constitute nine-tenths of the more than ten million inhabitants of Manchuria, are, in their habits and mental aptitude, an ideal agent for its development. It is not the Japanese farmhands who may succeed here, but the Japanese capitalists and organizers. Under these peculiar conditions, Japan's economic policy in Manchuria should rather be commercial and manufacturing than colonial.

From this point of view, the policy appears comparatively simple. Japan will insist, in all her undertakings, here as well as in Korea, that, however narrow the entrance may be, the door for trade and other economic enterprise shall be open equally to herself and all other nations. This policy on the part of Japan, which is so imperative for her true welfare, and has been so repeatedly declared before the

world, and so successfully enforced by war against the arch-enemy of the policy, has now been freshly announced in the preamble of the new treaty of alliance with Great Britain concluded on August 12. At present there are four "ports" in Manchuria open to foreign commerce: namely, Mukden, the scene of the great battle; Antung and Tatung-kau near the mouth of the Yalu; and Ying-kau, better known as Niu-chwang, at the mouth of the Liao. The opening of Mukden, which took place in January, 1904, may be considered in conjunction with the temporary opening to the Japanese made during the war at Liao-yang, An-shan, Hai-cheng, Niu-chwang (not Ying-kau), Ta-shi-chiao, Kai-ping, Hwang-feng-cheng, and Sai-ma-tsi, some of which may remain open to foreign trade after the war. All of these towns are in the interior, and have varying importance as producing or distributing centres. Of the other three open ports, all on the coast, Antung and Tatung-kau, which were opened at the same time as Mukden, are important primarily as stations of the great timber traffic on the Korean border and eastern Manchuria. Their hinterland is otherwise limited in resources, the harbors need improvements, and the waters are frozen for more than three months each winter. At present, and for several years to come, Niu-chwang (Ying-kau) must be considered by far the most important trading port of Manchuria. Although its waters also are frozen during the winter months and its harbor needs dredging, the navigation of the Liao River by thousands of junks leads to the productive soil of western Manchuria and southern Mongolia. The present writer has discussed elsewhere the nature and the recent progress of the trade of this port, and the controlling position Japan occupies therein. Since the evacuation of the Russians in July, 1904, the Japanese have made some improvements here, and the trade which had been suspended by the war has resumed its activity. When the railway connections with the Korean

lines are completed, the trade at this port will receive a new impetus, and, with the peaceful development of the interior, may within a few years reach very high figures. Between Niu-chwang on the one hand and Antung on the other, however, there is the great port of Dalny, upon which the Russians had once built their hopes of a great commercial empire in the East, and which, with its gigantic though unfinished improvements, has passed into the Japanese hands for the remainder of the term of the lease of Kwang-tung. Dalny was once declared a free port by the Russian Emperor, but, owing to the barren nature of its hinterland, the trade of this port has never been a great success, in spite of its railway connections and practically ice-free waters. There has been some discussion among the Japanese as to the future possibilities of this port, some condemning it, from its geographical position, as an artificial mart never to be successful, and others holding that its importance will eventually excel that of Niu-chwang. These people say that the sterility of the hinterland of Dalny, which itself may be improved by a careful irrigation and afforestation, is more than made good by its unexcelled means of transportation inland. For, in addition to its unfrozen waters and great improvements, Dalny is in connection with the valleys of the Sungari and the Amur rivers, which are after all the most productive parts of Manchuria, and from which the freight is cheaper by rail to Dalny than by water and rail to Niu-

chwang. If this argument is sound, the prosperity of Dalny must largely depend on the development of mining, agriculture, and manufacture in the northern districts through the major part of which the Russian railways pass, and this important economic necessity may have more influence than any other factor toward a harmonious coöperation between Chinese, Russians, and Japanese in Manchuria.

We cannot conclude this article without again referring to the new Anglo-Japanese agreement of August 12, 1905, which for the period of ten years has bound the parties to uphold the principles of the integrity of China and of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in that empire and Korea. The treaty is designed not only to maintain the territorial rights and special interests of the two Powers in East Asia and India, but also to "consolidate and maintain general peace" in these regions, and to "preserve the common interests of all the Powers in China." The impressive manner in which these humane and progressive principles have been again proclaimed in the East may be said to be largely owing to their successful enforcement by means of a war. Its horrors and sacrifices, it is cheerful to see, have not been without abiding results. These even the defeated nation has frankly recognized through the treaty of Portsmouth, while the powerful coalition of the victor of the war with the greatest seapower of the world would seem to have insured them beyond all perils.

"AND NO BIRDS SING"

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

THERE comes a season when the bird is still
Save for a broken note, so sad and strange,
Its plaintive cadence makes the woodlands thrill
With sense of coming change.

Stirred into ecstasy by spring's new birth,
In throbbing rhapsodies of hope and love,
He shared his transports with the listening earth
And stormed the heavens above.

But now how should he sing — forlorn, alone —
Of hopes that withered with the waning year,
An empty nest with mate and fledgelings flown,
And winter drawing near?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MR. TORRENCE'S METRICAL ART

For the sake of the making of English verse in America, attention should be asked to that which an American poet has lately accomplished in a rich and, in America, seldom exploited field. Mr. Ridgely Torrence's *Threnody at the Hunting Season* in the September *Atlantic* is, to write only of its technique, a technical triumph in which every one who is interested in the future of poetry and who knows how to examine and delight in its methods and potencies must share.

To the charge that for the majority of even the responsive and appreciative the demesne of blank verse is closed, there is, unfortunately, no denial; but indeed too few "lovers of poetry" read any verse with "the satisfaction of the rounded comprehension." Certain inventions in workmanship — harmony, the con-

quest and subtleties of words, melody, felicity of imagery — are open to these perceptive ones, but the medium of these, namely, the mechanism which lies deeper than the poem's form, is unregarded, and thus the "thrill within the thrill" is lost. This mechanism is not more attended to than, by the opera devotee absorbed in vocal feats, is the intricate Wagnerian orchestration. There is even a popular belief that blank verse and irregularly rhymed forms are easy matters, in craftsmanship not comparable to the chant royal and the double ballade. And what may be expected from the layman, when a distinguished and, in other respects, cultivated American critic and poet has of late openly declared that "blank verse is laziness?"

Briefly to expound the direction which taste must take to make the complexities of all verse its own is not easy, but, un-

like the love of poetry, a fuller appreciation of poetry may be taught. And the principle which can hardly be too frequently enunciated is that verse is not constructed upon a basis of syllables, but of stress. To feel this alone is to suffer revolution, but to proceed with its application is to "open innumerable doors."

Such perception is able to greet the poet's reason in rushing his reader breathless down a colonnade of unaccented syllables to some splendid throne at the end, as Swinburne's

The savour and odour of old-world pine forests;
or, to turn to Mr. Torrence's *Threnody*,
in touching out stroke after stroke upon
just the magic number of successively accented syllables, as in his
Multitudes, multitudes, under the moon they
stirred!

or

Of love's long utmost heavenward endeavor;
or in his line which it is physically impossible not to read as if each of its first four syllables were a full iambus, —

Once dashed long music down.

So also the ear delights in his line crowded richly with syllables, —

Then on the earth, in the sky and the heavenly court, —

which much of the criticism of the eighteenth century, and too much of the nineteenth, would have called mere cacophony, triumphantly pointing to the redundancy of syllables and the "erroneous" fall of accent. But, if one will remember that poetry is greater than arithmetic, and not to be counted off upon one's fingers, and if the ear and the spirit of the line alone are consulted, it will be found, in its stress, to be a pure, full-flowing iambic pentameter.

Again, one notes how the bells' resonance is contrived in

Recount how souls grown tremulous as a bell,
much as Milton made a brook by saying
"Siloa's brook" instead of holding to the tranquil, still-water word "Siloam."

And how the trained ear finds pleasure in that extra syllable laid boldly upon the end of the line, —

Shouted the shame of which I was persuaded;
or when it is left clinging to that wailing eleventh syllable in

Ancestral urges out of old caves blowing;
or is laden with cadences in the many-devised stanza, —

Soon will the mirroring woodland pools begin
to con her; —

or is caught, at the poet's will, in three varied effects of indescribable sadness: first, in that next heavy-footed, unaccented, many-syllabled

And her sad immemorial passion come upon
her;

or second, in the line (strewn with those prodigal *o's*), with its accents exquisitely *déplacés*, —

Bringing one more loneliness on the world,
in which the effect would have been ruined by the tripping iambus of "upon;"
and third, by the dragging Alexandrine,
Of folk who in next summer's meadows shall
not meet.

And what imagery of burdened boughs and wind is released from the line with its extra-metrical syllable in "heavy," —

Or any orchard heavy with fruit asway
Withered away.

All these are matters which are as far beyond the critic's precept as is the birth of poetry itself, and to be alive to these pleasures is comparable to having knowledge of the speech of the sea; while never to have known them is to denominate blank verse "laziness," or to deplore the "liberties," forsooth, taken by the poets.

Lately, in talk with a cultivated gentleman who is engaged upon a play to be executed in blank verse because he feels that he "does not sufficiently understand metre to attempt anything else," Shakespeare was named.

"Ah, yes," said this gentleman, "Shakespeare was exceedingly careless in his use of metre. But of course he could do what he liked. In fact, one is always finding most inexcusable liberties taken with metre, by all the great poets."

Truly, Shakespeare played havoc with the iambic pentameter. But, as Mr.

Henry Newbolt has said, in his admirable essay upon *The Future of English Verse*, the only possible answer to these people is: "Whose iambic pentameter?"

Indeed, there is virtually no limit to the possible deviations of verse from the colorless normal of its form; and these deviations — and this is the point to be emphasized — are essential to English verse. Page after page of rhymed or unrhymed pentameter — in which, as Mr. Lang says,

The wave behind impels the wave before —
is no more truly poetry than the intoning of *do re mi fa sol* an infinite number of times is song.

It is in these difficult and delicate particulars that Mr. Torrence has succeeded in the composition — in the painter's sense — of his *Threnody*. Consider, for example, his first two verses, —

In the middle of August when the southwest
wind

Blows after sunset through the leisuring air,
and note the rush of the first anapests subsiding to the orderly iambic beat, with the delicate fall of accent upon "blows," where, according to the precepts, it "does not belong," though thus the very wind of dusk is in it. In the third verse, —

And on the sky nightly the mythic hind, —
the single lawless trochee modulates the entire line, and, one may incidentally note, isolates itself as the voice would isolate "nightly" in speech. And not until the fourth verse does the waiting ear greet the beat and tread of a full *ri-tum, ri-tum, ri-tum* iambic pentameter, —

Leads down the sullen dog star to his lair, —
which holds something of the march of the stars, as, similarly, the march of days is in its next use two lines farther on, —
Passed up the ways of time to sing and part.
Then, the approach having been made, occurs the first trimeter, —

Grief also wandered by,
followed by three slightly "irregular" verses given over to imagery, —

From out the lovers and the leaves of June,
And by the wizard spices of his hair
I knew his heart was very Love's own heart.

Thereafter the movement sweeps on, spurred forward by the initial "misplaced" accent, trochee and iambus dovetailed at will, —

Deep within dreams he led me out of doors
As from the upper vault the night outpours,
And when I saw that to him all the skies
Yearned as a sea asleep yearns to its shores, —
and so to the tranquil iambs which close the first scene, —

He took a little clay and touched my eyes.

So the *Threnody* proceeds with fine art and inspired touch in the control of its music, and it is hardly too much to say that there is not a deviation or an eccentricity or a surprise in stress that is not impelled. But if, by this analysis, the unprogressive are answered who regard all such variation as caprices and the "ignoring of accent," there arise now the more imaginative critics who cry that all such effects must be instinctive, compact of the poet's inspiration. Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick has already quoted George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, who, in accepting the dedication of Cotton's translation of Montaigne, actually said of that artist and artificer, —

"He sheweth by a generous kind of negligence that he did not write for praise . . . and dependeth wholly upon the natural force of what is his own."

This ignorant opinion attacks more than any other the art of writing, forgetting that there can be no flame unpreceded by an infinite process of building up that which burns. No one regrets that "day of small and laborious ingenuities," the time of "buzzing in a corner, trifling with monosyllables;" but the business of taking infinite pains is more than these. And this is admitted to the prose stylist, yet where more than in poetry is Mr. Pater's dictum true, that "all beauty is only *fineness* of truth, or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within?" And where, save in his sole medium, words and metre, is the poet to strive for that fineness of truth in bodying forth his vision?

The poet's right deliberately to secure effects by his choice of words has long been admitted; his right to secure effects by his metre would seem to be a grave offense. There will be many, for example, to whom metrical triumphs are unknown, who will readily note, in the lines just quoted, the effect within an effect by which variety is secured when in "doors," "pours," and "shores," though the ear is kept upon one note, the eye detects no rhyme; and yet one is prepared by past performances to hear some methodical commentator even go a step farther and announce that these are not true rhymes for this very reason! However, he may be anticipated by commendation of the taste which dictated the offering of "noon" and "June" — an isolated instance, instead of true rhymes, of that "partial resemblance, that perfect use of imperfect rhymes which is an element of beauty." Indeed, these word felicities are within the ken of every "lover of poetry;" as will be the *Threnody's* singing bird that "burned aloud;" or

Who has not seen in the high gulf of light
What, lower, was a bird, but now
Is moored and altered quite
Into an island of unshaded joy?

or

A thousand, thousand sweet;

or even the opposite effects secured in two successive lines by the mere use of o, — namely, the gladness of the russet verse, —

Or underfoot the meadows that wore gold,
and the dolour of its fellow, —
Die, and the leaves go mourning to the mould.
And, too, there is hardly a "lover of poetry" from whom will be hidden the noble elevation of

Take from our eyes the glory of great flight.
Let us behold no more
People untroubled by a Fate's veiled eyes;

or of what may be termed the poem's peroration, beginning with

Then, then — be fair.

And these will commend the absence of all sensuous color effects, or effects se-

cured by any luxurious use of words; and even the total absence of the exclamation point — that offense too often allowed "in a kind most hateful to the Muses" — even though that clarion

Then, then — be fair,

might have tempted it. And yet, alert for all like gratifications of diction and taste, there will be many who will miss the essential musical structure of the poem, as of all poetry. They respond to the singing ecstasy of verse, and never fathom the utter sweetness and solemnity of the orchestration.

But in truth there is not heard with frequency in modern verse such an orchestra as this which in the *Threnody* Mr. Torrence has summoned to his hand.

AN INNOCENT IMPOSTOR

I AM one of those unfortunate mortals of whom "something" has always been expected. Now expectation without specification is as unjust as taxation without representation; yet, being of a docile disposition, I have striven honestly to achieve the greatness that has been thrust upon me. My grandfather, sternest of taskmasters, punctuated his drill with the unqualified assurance that talents such as mine would command a place second to none in whatever I might undertake. My mother, constantly on the watch to nip budding conceit, overawed me in expansive moments by the authoritative prediction that I could make of myself anything I pleased. My teachers prophesied great things for me in the strongest and vaguest of general terms.

Up to my twelfth year I expected to be a famous landscape painter. When I had filled half a dozen drawing-books with sketches, I confided my ambition to my mother. "But you cannot draw," she assured me. "Could n't I learn?" I pleaded. "Don't all artists have to learn?" "Yes," she answered, "but they show signs of talent before they begin their lessons." By two short sentences the foundations of the earth had been overturned;

for I had believed implicitly in my mother and my grandfather, yet the one thing I longed to undertake, the one thing I hungered and thirsted to make of myself, had proved impossible.

Out of chaos I emerged with a new resolution. Since I could not create beauty, I would at least be beautiful. I had heard that plain girls sometimes grew up ornate, and I had not entirely lost faith in the family superstition. When I was fifteen I heard my father say: "Susan has a good, honest, sensible face, but she will never be pretty, and somehow I like her better than if she were beautiful."

Another cherished ambition had come to nought, but a fresh inspiration animated me. I could at least be good. Along that line of effort, hope and perseverance would surely count. I practiced good works with a zest that had never before been felt. My zeal for self-effacement lubricated all the wheels of family life. "See here, Susan!" said my brother one day. "What's the matter with you? It's no fun living with you any more. You have got to be so good that you might as well be dead." I gazed at him in silence, shocked by the failure of my first success.

After that I followed some famous advice, and laid aside ambition. Life was sufficiently interesting without an aim, and I no longer believed in my potential greatness. But I could not so easily escape my fate. Unintelligible demands were made upon me. Only inertia, I was given to understand, prevented my shining like a bright particular star. I would have been willing to walk ten miles a day, scrub floors, dig potatoes, climb to dizzy heights (of which I have had a lifelong terror), if by any means I might have accomplished my destiny. But misdirected energy is the modern formula for sin, and such measures as I vaguely contemplated would make me the chief of sinners. In earlier days writing had stood next to painting in my dream of dazzling possibilities, but I had been assured by my instructor in English that, while I might do anything I pleased in other lines of effort,

in composition I would always be limited to a straightforward statement of facts, because I had no imagination and no sense of humor. How, then, could I ever be a George Eliot, or even a Mrs. Humphry Ward? Yet once, in my adolescence, my love of literature and the faith of my friends created for me a mirage of authorship. In a white heat of creative ardor I wrote a story. It was returned with a printed blank that decapitated my hopes.

Finally, having now arrived at the age of discretion, I became a clubwoman, and then, at last, unquestionably and dazzlingly, I shone! But my family were not satisfied. I need not explain; other families have been dissatisfied for similar reasons; being yourself, Indulgent Reader, either a cause or an effect, I am sure you understand. Our club was a working club. I wrote papers of an unfathomable depth. But sometimes we played, and in an hour of relaxation I wrote a sketch for one of our less strenuous occasions. "Publish it! Publish it!" my fellow members reiterated. "Let all the world know what a genius Our Club has produced."

Skeptically but stoically I yielded, and sent my sketch to a magazine. Miraculously it was accepted, and another turn was given to the screw. "I cannot understand why you are not one of our star writers," the most literary of my friends said to me. "It must be because you have simply neglected to cultivate your talent." Her words threw a new light on my problem. I had not thought of literary art as something that had to be learned; I had imagined that it came by nature, like reading and writing. I now cultivated my talent; ploughed it, harrowed it, tried to raise a crop by main force, as one would pull rutabagas from a heavy soil. My bones still ache at the memory of my industry, but my labor resulted in nothing more valuable than a choice collection of courteous regrets. It finally ceased to seem my duty to make the most of my ability, and in a light-hearted moment, such as had not visited me for months, I

wrote "a long farewell to all my greatness." Unguardedly I showed it to a friend, and so, unwittingly, thrust my hands and feet into the stocks. "You must have it published!" she cried. "Any of the magazines will be glad to take it."

I now desired to collect postage stamps rather than refusal blanks, but I am, as you may have surmised, of an accommodating disposition. My joyous abdication was sent and was accepted, — by "one of our leading magazines," one of The Four! Literature is like happiness, I concluded: pursue it, and it eludes you; turn your back on it, and it follows you. But my family and friends were not so penetrating. They now expected me to succeed, and their expectations were as authoritative as a goad. Time (and your patience) would fail me to tell of my tragic struggles.

The romance of a friend had bloomed in my mind for years. Following an idle impulse, I transplanted it to paper, and behold, I had written the short story of the year, unequaled in imagination, in humor, and in dramatic power. "That is the sort of thing you can do best," my friends agreed. "Now do set to work in earnest, and score a tremendous success. Your ability is too unusual to be trifled with."

I thought of the teacher who had assured me that, while I could write a clear statement of facts, I was absolutely deficient in imagination and in a sense of humor. Of all the people who had known me, she alone had understood me. Where could I find another collocation of facts, so surcharged with imagination and humor as to leap from my brain, Minerva-like, at the tap of my pen, and stand revealed before the reading world as a full-grown short story? I reflected upon the tempers and heart-histories of my friends and acquaintances. If I were to turn upon any one of them the searchlight of truth, what had been labeled imagination would be promptly considered mendacity, what had passed for humor would

take another color. Manifestly, if I were to be a recorder of facts, a fate which my mental deficiencies and the faith of my friends had forced upon me, I must tell my tales about strangers. And so I started on a pilgrimage among those distant relatives and early friends who had known me before the demon of literary ambition set his mark between my brows, and who had married and settled in remote places of the earth. Among them, innocent, unsuspected, unshackled, I could pursue my quest of the true romance and the humorous episode, and departing from them I could seek a retired spot and measure off the pages of my notebook into short-story lengths, never to be read and recognized by the happy villagers depicted.

"Why, how you have changed, my dear!" was the greeting of my cousin three times removed, as she met me at the door of her house in Wayville. "I should never have known you, you have grown so thin and so old-looking, but I suppose that is from your literary labors. Why have you never sent me any of your writings? Did you think I could not appreciate them? Cousin Jemima wrote me that Cousin Sophronia wrote her that she heard you had a splendid story in the *Eccentric*, but she did not know what number it was, and so I subscribed for it, for I did not want to keep on missing your things. See, here are the last three numbers, but I have not seen anything of yours yet, or do you write under an assumed name? Cousin Euphemia sent me that funny piece of yours in the *Scribbler* last year, but I didn't know it *was* funny till I showed it to the president of our literary society, and she said it was the most deliciously humorous thing she had read in a year and a half (or was it two years and a half?) and ever since that I have been so proud to think that I was related to such a brilliant writer, and when you wrote that you were coming to visit me I rushed right round to Miss Jones (she's our president) and said: 'O goodness! what *shall* I do? My cousin that

writes for the magazines is coming to visit me, and I can't talk to her, for she's literary and I'm *not*, and she always *was* brilliant, and I *never* was, for I don't believe in such things for women, for they ought to get married instead;" but of course all women can't, and if you *must* write, I am glad you are so famous, and I'm just as proud of you as I can be, and so I told Miss Jones, and she said, 'Never mind, don't worry. Our Club will give a reception for her and she shall meet *all* our literary ladies!' So to-morrow there is to be a reception in your honor. What do you think of *that*?"

I was not prepared to say what I thought. I knew only that the opportunity of a lifetime was before me, and that I could not put it into a story, because it was related to me, and because it was eagerly watching the magazines for my next contribution. I need not continue my harrowing tale. Wherever I found a friend to welcome me, I found a still more eager welcome for the phosphorescent fame that had preceded me. My experiences were as unvarying as the symptoms of measles: "We always knew that some day, with all your ability, you would do something remarkable. Do tell us what you are going to do next?" That is just the question that puzzles me: What *am* I going to do next?

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE

It is quite improbable that one will ever find again so complete and perfect an example of misplaced self-confidence as that furnished by the author of *English as she is spoke*. One does, however, occasionally meet with lesser examples of the same type, which lack any serious educational intent, and aim merely to inform rather than to instruct. As we must furnish so many ourselves, in our first travels abroad, we may not be denied the privilege of gloating over some especially good (or bad?) example from the opposite side.

While returning from Greece to Italy

a few years ago, I was looking through one of the large volumes which advertise the excursions of the Italian Line steamers. Among others an illustrated account of a visit to the Island of Malta attracted my eye, for not only was it in Italian, but in parallel columns was printed an English translation, that the ignorant Americans who ran might the more easily read. I read — the first sentence. Then I read it again. Then I wandered with increasing amusement through all the grammatical labyrinths that followed, and which follow. The reasons for many of the misuses of words are evident, but some of the combinations are hard to explain, and some hard even to interpret with surety. The "kind inhabitants' fierceness" seems at first sight paradoxical. I must needs go to Malta, or find some one who has been there, before I shall know with certainty the true character of a "reduce discarding railway." I at first thought it was a narrow-gauge, but on looking at the map I incline to the belief that it is a funicular. It would be hard to find a more delightful anti-climax than that of "rocks, precipices, and inaccessible stones." When I read the description of "S. Paul at Sea" and the "islet with a monument to S. Paul there unloaded avoiding the Romans' persecution," I can raise no other picture in my mind than that of a persecuted saint being put ashore from the end of a derrick-boom.

This is purely a commercial effort, and as such, apart from its literary value, is certainly a success. It impresses on the mind the fact that "Malta comprehends three islands" far more forcibly than any correctly worded advertisement would do, and as a result one is far more likely to swell the coffers of the Italian Line.

A Walking in Malta

Really the Maltesi are right calling their country "Flower of the World," being here always a clear sky, mild climate, splendid panorama, infinite horizons of sea, rich churches, palaces, fortresses, kind inhabitants' fierceness, and

beautiful sparkling eyed women, under their black monkish linen. Fine and pretty flower modest violet licked by intensely blue waves of the Mediterranean from Italy they bring sweet perfumes and from the opposed coast of Africa shining colors. Space and time do not consent us presently to speak of the glorious history, rich monuments, very florid commerce and about the political strategic importance of Malta, we will do this with more tranquillity, serious designs, and gifts in the next edition, this time we will only take a rapid walk in the principal cities and villages of Malta, hoping that our words whatever they may be unequal to describe this "Paradise Border" will be sufficient to be known abroad, drawing over here the "touristes" that it seems they avoid this country, convinced that in Malta there are only some rocks, fortresses, cannons, and soldiers. It's true that only in Malta's Port there are so many man-of-war almost permanent to make a nation strong and superb, that very often you see potently armed bastions, lunettes, terraces, immense barracks, soldiers of any arms. But all this nothing destroy the beauty of this country but they are the spring of commercial activit and wealth of it.

The Maltesi are Maltesi, I explain myself. To avoid the French dominion, they asked and obtained protection by England, but with their surrender they did not intend to render themselves vassals; superb of their past, loving their traditions, their honors and liberty they would remain Maltesi as they were neither subdued nor vanquished, and they loyally requested and accepted a nation's protection, without resigning however their rights and dignity. They are devout to England that protects them, affectionate to Italy from which they generally took origin, friends to every people, as the same position rends Malta a country of international meeting, where travelers, merchants, speculators of every nation go there.

Who approaches Malta (Malta com-

prehendes three islands; Malta, Goso, Comino) turns a look in the direction of earth feels a desolating impression. We only see rocks, precipices, and inaccessible stones, everything is confused in a grey pale colour that we cannot perceive whether there are some naked mountains or immense buildings. The reason of such an illusion is that all the houses, quarters, fortresses, churches are built with stone of Malta, therefore the cloud which envrones everything, everything is confused, houses mountains and rocks make all together a confusion. Only some majestic dome and church steeple are distinguished in a very clear sky.

Valletta

From the barrack a small garden with a plat form placed on the highest point of Valletta, we rule over all the port, the ills, the circumiacent willages is undoubtedly one of the finest panorama of the world. In the evening the spectacle is absolutely fantastical. The streets in Valletta are straight and they cut themselves perpendicularly three sides from towards the sea; they hurl down in long dizzy staircases, the effect is very original. The principal road (Royal street) specially the space that runs from the homonymous gate to S. George Sq. where you see the Governors' palace, is beautiful, rich of splendid Warehouses, well paved, merry especially in the evening when the walking-place is animated. The Royal Theatre very spacious is of an imponent architecture, it's certainly in Valletta one of the finest monuments. S. John church is to be visited, its rich of worthy art, works and at last the library, armour and Castaglia Palace.

A continual service of boats joins Valletta to the three opposite towns which the traveler must visit well for they present a special sight with their massy gates and high wall curtaining them. Between Gospiqua and Senglia there is the vast dock of the Naval army in which hundreds of well requited men are working; and that concures giving to those towns

a wealth and welfare looking. Going round Vittoriosa, we descend to Calcara, a small country which remembers us the picturesque village of Como's lake. From Cospicua you can take a drive as far as Birgebuggia where you find a good Hotel and where every day some merry companies are there. I remark passing, from Valletta, best Hotels and furnished rooms are found.

A reduce discarding Railway joins Valletta with Notabile passing near several villages, the railway runs almost parallelly the street by which a coach may go is pryferred by those who wish to make a conceit of the country. The Florianana has two fine churches (Roman Catholic the one, Protestant the other) and a splendid public garden.

Hamrun

It is a broad industrious subuth; there are mills, nourishing pastes and cementation bricks fabrics.

Birchicara is placed in a fine valley, a large street by which you may go in a carriage conductes to Musta notable for a very large church, built like the Pantheon in Roma.

From Musta we descend to S. Paul at Sea. An enchanting country rich of Hotels and Villas: opposite the gulf there is an islet with a monument to S. Paul there unloaded avoiding the Romans' persecution. Near Birchicara the Governor's Villa with a splendid garden.

Notable is divided in two villages, Rabato and Citta Vecchia, is visited by all touristes for it possesses a rich of ancient objects museum uncovered there and some vaults which spring out and extend for several kilometers also the cathedral, roman villa, grove, goose-foot, and S. Dominic church are to be visited.

Sliema

You arrive there in a short time from Valletta in ferry boats that make a continual service. The city's looking is really pretty, especially from the sea it offers a splendid panoramas. Every wealthy Maltesi has made there his refuge in summer and a great number of Villas have been of a late built. There are some good Hotels, well furnished of all species shops and beautiful walkings are to be taken.

